

Anybody Killa "Come Out To Play"

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(featuring Jamie Madrox)

[Verse 1]

Where you at motherfucker heard you been talking shit
But everytime I come around it's like you seem to
forget

Shut your mouth you little hoe before I scalp your lip
In other words you'll be a dead little punk ass bitch
I won't forget you every time I'm pissing over your
grave

Or when I'm slanging payote in hoods that you once
claimed

Learn about the tribe you're dissing cause we all ain't
the same

Tomahawk steady swinging as I'm dancing for rain
So come and play with me, at least until the sky turns
grey

Shooting off my arrows like AK's
Amazing situations, four colors of man, represent the
wicked nations

Underground street level, running this course
Keeping you shady bitches scared to come up off your
porch

So come and hang with me, unless you blaming me
Because the native hydro keeps changing me

[Chorus]

Come and play with me (even if it means your death)
Though you hated me (my tomahawk swings right to
left)

You bet just wait and see (I'll be a juggalo till my very
last breath)

Then you hate to see (these hatchet men up on our
chest)

[Verse 2]

Warriors, come out and play

Roaches I spray, I'm ABK

I'd rather be dead than fade away

All my life I been a scrub, I wouldn't change a day
What I'm saying quit playing I'm a tell you how it's
slaying

See me in the streets psychopathic chain just swaying
Anybody Killa so it ain't no delaying
Dead body six feet in the ground decaying
When I come I'll rub the serial numbers from my gun
out
The tribal war paint on my face will make you run out
Bust shots in the sky and shoot the sun out
An keep us in the clip until every last run out
Erasing all the drama that this world brings
Moon light shine bright on shattered dreams
Keep away from a killer with a god damn fiend
Get your own fucking bullshit scheme

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jamie Madrox]

Twiztid Madrox and the ABK
Buying automatic weapons from renegades in Bombei
Fuck Alize and a fake ass bitch
We the sharks in the water, y'all popcorn shrimps
So you can eat my cocktail sauce and ass
Throwing east in the air when we walk past think fast
You can be a hater with a lot to say
But you're talking from the door so come out and play

[Chorus: Repeat x 2]

Come and play with me (even if it means your death)
Though you hated me (my butcher knife swings right to
left)
You bet just wait and see (I'll be a juggalo till my very
last breath)
Then you hate to see (these hatchet men up on our
chest)

These hatchet men up on our chests (until fade out)

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