

We Cumin' For U

Esham

I'm coming for you
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I know you wish I was dead form the shit i be makin up
Reality's nightmare, dead men don't wake up
In and outcha mind, flatline, straight up through the darkness
I'm heartless and regaurdless, the wicketness, i'ma spark dis
Now let me kick the wicket shit that got me paid bitch
Triple six, the unholy, back up boy you don't know me
I'll slit ya fuckin thoat plus the murder i wrote
Daddy will blast for me, wicket catashrophy
When I got spliff wrote my name on the wall in grafitti
I takes from the rich and I gives to the needy
Punks don't know my steelo man I rock up a kilo
My undrstanded zero plus i'm no super hero
You say you want a revolution, well bitch
A young nigga sittin on ammo plus i'm rich
The fallen angel strangled sev-er-al
N-A-T-A-S got federal
Fuck the radio and public broadcast it
Timothy Mcbay need to be wrapped in plastic
Shoot you in yo face for my mothafuckin respect
Judgement day in my god damn tape deck

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I'm the wicketest demon ever bless the microphone
As i spit this curse, I watch ya brain burst
It gets worse
Nigga what the fuck you thought
For murder raps, ghost writers never get caught
Can't understand the spell i cast to the mass
I make a young nigga blast if i give 'em the task
I got master sterea in ya area
And in america, i'm bringin the terror
On devils night
I'ma watch ya city burn

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