

## We Comin'

Sheek Louch

We comin Get up out my way - hey, get up out my way  
New York, Down South, Bay Area  
I roll on down and look around  
A lot of muh'fuckers don't know me now  
So I cock my pound, pull out my chain  
Look for a bitch wanna give me brain  
Let her know I'm really there to sell 'caine  
If it's good I could be on that train  
On that flight, by tonight  
Long as the dope boy price is right  
Get up out my way  
Last time, next time I'll spray  
Pop that trunk, Sheek and UNK  
Tell Montay yo let that bump  
I ain't no chump, move over dawg  
Clear my space out when I walk  
Elbows thrown, yeah I'm grown  
I ain't no king of no microphone  
I'm the king of my house, king of my son  
Feel like a king when I'm holdin a gun  
Ain't no killer but I'll vouch you two run  
Five up in you boy ain't no fun  
'fore they chalk it out  
Got a little stressed I'll "Walk It Out"  
'fore your ass be dead lyin on the floor, hot ass led  
White t-shirt be straight up red (YEAH!)

Yo! I ain't gon' lie, I done came out set the world on fire  
To the top slot couple niggaz got retired  
Some lost then some got downsized  
Everybody know me, everybody know thee  
Oomp Camp, introduce them to the O.C.  
Ay, why a B wanna try me?  
See, now you plugged to the IV  
And, when I'm in N.Y.C.  
Sheek Louch got the plug, I ride by thee  
G code, when I'm on the road  
Connected with the realest that keep the good smoke  
that pack, nigga where you at?  
I'm way up front why y'all haters in the back?  
I'll tell you that, pop a few tracks  
Spend a lil' money you'll get it right back  
'Specially when UNK's on that track  
It's Oomp Camp, D-Block, nigga pump it to the max  
That's right, niggaz got it now  
Cuttin, gunnin, nigga lay it down  
Seven, runnin, niggaz in the ground  
Money, mo' money, all on my round  
Get it by the pound, shut the block down  
Oomp Camp, D-Block, we run this town  
We comin

Geah, don't stop, get it get it  
In the South with my Yankee fitted  
In New York with my Down South rented  
Hammer cocked but my windows tinted  
You don't know me, from one of the three

(LOX) hottest groups in history  
I'm Sheek, Louch, Jadakiss  
and that's my homey, S.P.  
Go go shorty  
And leave that deadbeat home cause homey pushin 40  
He just want a stay, yeah he don't wanna play  
Nah, you know what you say? Get get get up out my way  
I talk what I know, liquor drugs  
money guns and them thugs  
Street life, I get it poppin  
Sheek ain't home I'm car shoppin  
24's, slip up doors  
Candy paint on all them whores  
Hold it down, whatever town  
Play me close and you'll hear that sound  
Pow!

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