

# What You Came Fo

Soulja Slim

[chorus x2]

You gone get what the fuck you came fo  
I got that shit you wanna bust my brains fo  
It could be this nigga, that, niggat this, nigga that  
But you gone get what the fuck you came fo

[Soulja Slim]

Yeah I'm comin 'round ya'll muthafuckin set, wit my gun in my hand  
Not to kill ya, just to get it off my chest like a man  
I use ta, fuck wit cha, now I gives a fuck about ya  
Tryna jack a jacker?, bitch I'll blow ya mama house up  
You know how we do, them 3rd ward nigga  
Don't fuck wit Soulja Slim, I gotta grave yard nigga  
They say ya'll niggas gettin beside yourself  
Ya playin wit cha life gone jeprodize ya'self  
I'ma natural born, hustla hitta, go getta, 6 Co' fa  
sho nigga, whoa nigga, you aint sayin nothin  
I'm sprayin somethin, I'm willin to die behind mine  
My AK pump the party, that's my Partners n Crime  
If you only knew, what goes on in my mind  
I see murder, and do murder, fuck it, I'm "Trapped in Crime"  
It's kinda hard for me, to walk a straight line  
I'd rather give a nigga somethin 'fore I let em take mine

[chorus]

[Trenity]

I heard these niggas wanna murder me, bury me, carry me, back to the grave  
Was first, bein in a hearse, or bein in a cell block packed wit the slaves  
Get smacked in the face, tried to see my body stacked in the case  
A lack of the trace, I don't never get out tracked in a race  
Cause I'm that nigga that learned to respect the game that my ho's gave me  
And aint no need of me livin for God cause I know heaven can't take me  
And the devil can't make me, Not prison or them bullets can break me  
I done went from leg wounds to the head wounds, what you been thru lately?  
I tried to be down to earth but it's like I'm slowly fallin off it  
I'm by the bridge awaitin hell, but I'm ready to walk across it  
Let-a-nigga-chalk-it, let it come and find the human target  
Cause nigga I married the game and we left 4 blood stains at the Paupet  
And I'm still lost to the world, but if you wants it come and get me  
But I aint that nigga to be sittin around thinkin bout what you did me  
This nigga done bent me, this bitch gone fell me all in his kidney  
Bitch I'ma soulja for life and I'm too real for you to sell or rent me

[chorus]

[12 O'Klock]

Papa was a rollin stone, had a hat filled wit dice  
Taught me "Son get yo own, give no ho your life"  
Thru struggle, there's progress, I'ma livin testimony  
I went to Range Rovers and writin checks, when I  
started out as a junkey, Fuck Love!  
I don't trust love, I don't need love in this picture  
Cause the one you choose to love, no doubt, will be the one to get cha  
Actin off of impulse, is a weakness fools keep (damn fools)  
Thinkin wit the index finger, gets many put to sleep  
What goes around comes around, I don't believe that friend

Cause if you let me get you now, I'm bound to strike again  
How you live is how you die, that's words of the good book  
But I was born into this sin, So I guess I'ma die a crook  
A man that stands for nothin, falls for anything, and  
A man that stands for somethin, calls for many things  
Me, I'm like Clint Eastwood, wanna Fist Full of Dollars  
Fuck the bitches, fuck the fame, just give me the power

[chorus: until end]