

# DJ Clue, Coming For You

(feat. Beanie Sigel, Freeway)

[DJ Clue] New Beanie Sigel! Freeway!

[Beanie] Don't get scurred

[DJ Clue] Fat shout, Beat Street

[Chorus 1: Beanie]

1, 2 - Sigel comin for you

3, 4 - I'm bout to kick in your door

5, 6 - Man I want those bricks

7, 8 - You gon' give up dat weight

9, 10 - I'll put the glock to ya chin

11, 12 - Man I'll see you in hell

[Verse 1: Beanie]

I handle tools like hammers and wratches

Gats wit metal attachments, how you want it metal or plastic

Disrespect your fam bastard, close your casket

Then I give 'em a can of hold your ashes

Visions of the killer for we rose a passin

True killer, true thug, never show no passion

Hit your rug, hit your ceiling, if I know if you stashin

Wrong, nigga the rug, nigga know who you passin

Fresh year from rammin off the zany's fours and perks

Keep the semi handy jammin you for war or work

Niggas like the border goin bizurk

On the roof bangin dat swat, lettin off shots and spurts

Dey tryin to trap me in the back of the yard

Man I'm lettin every cat fall hittin from the cap to the sarge

Can't see me back in the yard, two wacks back to the wall

Use the two gat stash pack in the wall

Picture Mac liftin up racks in the yard

I had a block shiftin up knocking off racks by the yard

The dope from dem dudes, smokeless confused, shit

They ain't know if they want a crack or the saw

Switch they life, straight from the pipe to the straw

Coke in they vein, what you want the dope or the cane

I open the game, to sniffin the D, X to the Z

Hot shit from B-Sig consecutively

[Chorus 2: Freeway]

1, 2 - Freeway's comin for yo' ass

3, 4 - You better watch yo' stash

5, 6 - Have you duckin from dem clips

7, 8 - Fuck it I can't wait

[Verse 2: Freeway]

Y'all niggas crazy think Free won't draw the lev'

Prefer the nine but I got the four four instead

I move dymes who your dyme get your whore in bed

Tell that triflin bitch I want more than head

Free might spark at ya clip take more than bread

Guns and bricks while young bulls hug the block

Dey love the strip, help 'em get chains and watches

Guns and kicks, Freeway my name is priceless, flow is sick,

And remember if you lie on Free

Lie in the lake, while your bitch lies on Free

She ride on the snake and my whip over her key

We ride in the jakes, empty clips hop on Amtrak

Out of the state, broody shit, you and yo man, right outta ya case

Hold dis clip blow your brain right outta ya face

Flow legendary, hotter than Mase

Dude Free never where we outta the case

Roc-A-Fella pop criss til we outta the case

Form the hood nigga Nikes, Delts, and 'Lo Sport  
Hood niggas just like me, belted and blow court  
Hood chickens just bite me well and blow squad  
I was 16, 12,000 wit no job  
And I skipped school, gripped a bitch wit no ride  
See the crack smoked leave bitch wit no thighs, no tits  
Rob hustlers wit no clips, no guns, left niggas wit no chips  
And the flow runs like the Mississippi River  
And your hoe comes, ya bitch hear me when I whisper  
Silence all guns hit 'em fo-fo-fo-fo-for dey hit ya  
If we comin for you than nigga we gonna get ya

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]