

Funkmaster Flex, Come Over

(feat. Nelly)

Yo, whattup baby girl - fuck is the deal?
Nah youknah!m'sayin I'm on my way fo' sho'
Nah well Kejuan and Murph they with me already
And you know Leezy on his way we gonna be out there in a minute
But what's goin on with you though? Cause I hope you ain't frontin
Cause it's too late at night for that y'know?
Nah no doubt though aight?

(here.. we.. come..) Here we come now girl!
(all ov-er.. you..) Baby girl, uhh uhh

[Nelly]

You know I, spend hot shit when need be
Only nigga that can take a still picture in 3-D (What?)
If need be I'm leavin the party with Cindy (Who is that?)
Cocky bowlegged long hairr and Fendi
That ain't nuttin - how bout her twin sister Mindy
I spit game like that, I get brains like that
Butter-soft leather seats, it came like that
If sex was football, I'd be a runningback
I can only get low and I never fumble
Make ya throw ya hands up when I break in the zone
So if it's on it's on, shit I'm takin you home
I got my own doghouse, own thrown, own bone
She like my bizza, my bad, lil' dawg
You Lunatics - and that's what I be sayin bout y'all
Hell, not an M.D. but I'm always on call
And I got a stick for ya guaranteed not to stall
So

[Chorus]

(here.. we.. come..) Here we come now girl!
(all ov-er.. you..) Baby girl, uhh uhh, cause we be
Vokal'd down from the sky to the ground
Sippin Alize, steady puffin on a pound
Hollerin whoa now! Slow down, switch it up
Mami don't frown, go down, heat it up! Hey! (here.. we.. come..)
Full countdown, from the sky to the ground
Sippin Alize, steady puffin on a pound (all ov-er.. you..)
Hollerin whoa now! Slow down, switch it up
Mami don't frown, go down, heat it up

[Nelly]

I'm like a New Edition; y'all not Ronnie Bobby and Mike
Not even Ricky Ralph or Johnny, instead it rain tonight
Is this the end? Damn right I, turn out like Ike
Until Vanessa Del Rio like over Bryan McKnight
Said OH NO, babydoll kissin me as she goin down low
Peepin that demo oh +I+ can tell that you a pro
Swore up and down you never did this before..
Whatever just go slow
Hated by all types, baby fathers and dykes
The type they ready to fight cause I'm the one they women like
He think he tight, he think he got more game then spike lee
Running through his veins like an IV, highspeed
Tightest nigga for five G's of Al D.
Better catch me now while my price is low
Demandin five digits when the Lunatics blow
Another zero for a show, just to let you niggaz know, now what?

[Chorus]

[Nelly]

You see me and my niggaz only come out on the weekends
Cause the weekdays too busy creepin
Freakin, wit yo' rat, now picture that
When she with you she not speakin, but she weaken
Lettin me know, that she really been thinkin
about a nigga (oooh) even when I'm not wit her
I'm frosty all year while you only in the winter
My pockets gettin fatter, your pockets gettin thinner
I ain't baptized so you callin me a sinner
Overpaid, 29, callin me a young tenor
Nelly stop don't leave, don't stop when I'm in her
SherReady for whatever and I ain't even bought her dinner
I, started the game on the bench with splinters (uhh)
Beggin your coach let you play for a minute
The last seconds of the game you still waitin to enter
I aint gotta hear the buzzer boy I know who the winner, come on

[Chorus]

[repeated until the end]

Here we come y'all, here we come