

Kelly Willis, Come On Y'all

Check it out, yeah
Rottin razkals, cruddy click, nigga
I'll have your back on that wall
Get your back off that wall, boy
Ill town, inglewood, boy
Get your back off that wall

Hey, word is bond I ain't the one to be played like a fool
Get my temper out of place I'll smack your face with a stool
Hey fam, man
Girl, you know your swinger's in the house
Grab a hold of your spouse
Cos they're checkin us out
Huh, hip-to-the-hop
And let the glock pop
I knock the fluid out your mouth and watch it drip (drop)
Cos I ain't fakin the funk, you silly chump
I'll be high of that skunk
I mean, really, I mean a philly blunt
Puff the herbs, then get wicked with the words
Throwin curbs in verse that you never even heard
I'm naughty as hell
Even rottin as well
And be ridin your ass
Like an animals' tail
I got the flow
Only you got the flow
Just to let em know
Here we, here here, here we go
I don't know you
So you can't show me nuttin new
Who got it like that?
Nigga, you know we do