

Popa Wu, Come One, Come All

(Intro)

Yeah yeah (yo)
Turn my mic up, one two
East Coast Gangsters (straight Brooklyn right here)
(East Coast Gangster, East Coast Gangster)
Come to let ya niggas know
One time and one time only
We ain't playin

(ShaCronz)

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Stay charm, livin, everybody wanna know cons position
I'm in the strong condition, plus there's no competition
Pop dons, twistin up, arm glisten
RZA truck, lean dudes in the hallway, sittin, spittin up
Don't think about gettin up, this world ain't forgettin us
On the streets, we crizzin cuts, too late me missed the bus
So I hop in the train, poppin them things
Shootin stupid, hittin every cop in my lane
Hip hop is my game, my job, my hustle
Had to rob and scuffle, when the projects, the god struggle
In the public, you know for thuggin crew
Little rugged dude, comin thru
Like the man in front of you, you can't do nuthin dude
Who is he? Catch me in a pair of shoes, pissy
Seen more grands than you, lizzy, when it comes to crime
Ain't nuthin, my first guns a nine
Summertime, frontin on the block, we get ones with nine
Who's wild? New style, some say I'm too foul
Ya rap dudes is curtail, sit back and watch my loot pal
Slot Time eliminatin, ya rhymes a criminatin
Shine innovatin, two dimes in rotation, mind insinuation
God, ya dudes is weak, sometimes I be losin sleep
To write that shit, that make ya move ya feet
My fuse is deep, on tape ain't confuse my speech
Lock me up, behind bars, cuz I refuse to speak

(Chorus 2X: ShaCronz)

Come one, come all, if you wanna ball
All weak niggas on the floor
We can take it to the courts, guns involved, my sons involved
Can't fuck with it, if there's no ones involved

(Freemurder)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo
I squeeze heaters, take you out of here on some
I don't need ya, Swiss cheese ya
Keep you runnin like cheetahs
Squeeze 16's, thru they 9 millimeters
Ram came back, short stop like two re-ups
Get money, fuck squeezers, send my dogs to get out ya
With sweepers, Lil' Free a sneak ya
Splash ya, put 3 strikes on ya like Adidas
Ya causin blood on my sneakers
Squeeze with ease, shot sound like four speakers
Affiliated with Streetsweepers
That's why they get sprayed in the night with red beamers
Get laid in broad daylight, ya fools don't want it
Click all you, run up on you
Rob pools, on they floor, jewels, gun on you
Grimy when I want to, no tellin what I'm gon do
What ya niggas wanna do? Throw shots at ya Mom too
Can't beat me, call me, ya faggots disappoint me
Throwin shots at ya head, back frontin for me

Shootin for my block away, I'm blazin a ack
Ya niggas quick to but ya glock away
Ya niggas can't rock with me, ya niggas ain't stoppin me
Most bitches be clockin me
Can't bag one bitch with the other chick clockin me

(Chorus 2X)

(ShaCronz)

I burn the enterprise, with recognitative
We don't surrender to faggots
You got to shoot me to try to injure my status
The things you do, make a lot of these contenders the maddest
But not me I visit cabbage, make ya render the karat
This in the average of 8 shells, cape swells
On these streets peak with my tape sells
Look how we creep in eight wale
Hoes in barrettes, scheme boatin on the coast of Java
Bloods loke, bust guns for Dada
I'm defensive, a lineman like "Mean" Joe Green
Sell no dreams, hold the fort in my Polo jeans
Blow cream, blow steam, I make hoes scream
In front of the stage, I watch the hoes fiend
I want the bread, fuck the law
Hustle with guns, gotta cut the raw
The devil my one, pedal touchin the four
Dudes fumble when I come, my metals bustin for war
We never settle the score, devils watchin ya door, what?

(Chorus to fade)