

# Yung Joc, Hear Me Coming

[Chorus x2]

All the hoers lose they mind when they see me stunting  
Dope Boys lose they mind when they hear me coming  
All the haters get to running when they hear that choppa drumming, Blllluuupp, blllluup bumping

[Yung Joc]

Y'all ready know, ya ain't even gotta wonder  
I was voted number one rapper to drop this summer  
A one hit wonder, how the hell ya figure that?  
My rhymes like crack, fiends screaming, "Gimmie that!"  
I'm being like a monkey, and that '73 dope  
Need a desert eagle, reefer smelling like a skunk  
Got a bitch named Judy, with a real big booty  
Blue star keep a nigga riding cuji  
If it's a problem, I suggest you let it go  
Got some killas over there, more hellan than the lord  
I beat the block up  
You can hear me when I'm coming  
If it's a problem then the choppers start drumming, drumming

[Chorus x2]

My niggas flip birds  
Your niggas flip burgers  
My niggas got work  
Your niggas just workers  
My niggas, we get heard  
Your niggas is unheard of  
My niggas murder  
Your niggas get murdered  
My niggas win niggas  
Your niggas get drenched  
My niggas play the field  
Your niggas ride bench  
My niggas is quarterbacks  
Your niggas just receive  
With a single flinch boy, your niggas retreat  
My niggas take the coke and they let the shit cook  
Your niggas experiment with dope and get hooked  
Now ain't that something, let the story get told  
As the plot thickens and the script unfolds

[Chorus x2]

I get back around three  
We can do it more again  
Message to them hater middle finger to the wind  
Let my chain swang, with a limp in my walk  
Baby hush ya mouth, respect a pimp when he talk  
Everybody know that I do it for the hood  
Help feed the hungry, now my homies all good  
Word on the street, Joc got the heat  
Suede on the seat, 28's on the feet  
Two bottle of Crys, baby go on spend money  
When ya add it up now I'm drinking red money  
My wrist gone froze  
Make em jump out of they clothes  
Go ahead drink tonight, 'cause tomorrow you gotta go

[Chorus x2]

Ha ha ha, nigga  
Rookie of the year, play ya position nigga, ya'll fuck boys stop ya husstling, ya'll niggas know how v  
Ya'll know what it is.

All the way from the motherfucking west side to the south side nigga.

ML king, Fabora, Four-five, the whole Four block, Three-twenty.

What's up Koolaide? Yeeaahh.

Rest in peace my nigga Steve, Chris Terry, Lil' Mike, Black Horace, we gonna take it to the motherfucking College Park! Ya know what I'm talking about. Born and raised, Shady P nigga. What it is. I see ya there Tony V. Carl Moe, what up nigga? Fresh stat from college park. I see ya nigga. Ain't nothing but love, ya'll know how we do it. Yung Joc! Block entertainment. Bitch! Shorty Slick, where ya at? Ya outta here. And I'm outta here.