

# Come Along

Joe Budden

Funk, funk, ready?  
Check me out now Come along, come-a, come along  
But I don't trust niggas so make sure you come alone  
I hand picked you you think sensibly  
They friends with you, don't need them to be friends with me Come along I'm gonna take you to  
some spots that you might like  
But bring shades, you gonna need them for the bright lights  
Grab a drink and invite dykes that like Vic's  
We always end up fighting 'cause that's my vice Come along, come-a, come along  
And you'll see how it feels when you're sitting on the throne  
When you're so much better but they act like it ain't known  
So if somebody else is on it's a temporarily loan  
Hard to compete when there ain't no competition  
If everybody's the best why I feel like the comp missing  
Forced to find inspiration when I never had to  
So I go against myself it's a better battle Now come along, come-a, come along  
Turn up the volume on a favorite song  
We got so much in common  
Except when it comes to rhyming She feel like lyrics are so intrusive  
I feel about her the way she feels about music  
Shes cute, she don't like the words  
She just like the beat and I'm thinking me too, bitch Let it breathe  
Come along, come-a, come along  
Can't we dim the lights let me get in my zone  
Come along, come-a, come along  
But I don't trust a soul so make sure you come alone  
Now let it breathe  
Come along, come-a, come along  
And watch these niggas that's doing it all wrong  
Throwback swag, nigga still doing rims  
Still doing throwbacks, you still doin' Timbs? Looking for a way to save, you ain't earning no  
cake  
Move back in with moms she won't turn you away  
Then you all on the blogs showing off on CL  
When it's followed by a K gotta know it's a mistake Benefit of the doubt homie, if that ain't your  
daughters car  
I suggest you stop rapping about a automar  
'Cause in return I'm just going to call a fraud  
Every time I hear a bar about the balla you are Now listen  
Come along, come-a, come along  
She gonna prolly drop her draws if she step into my home  
She probably going to be on cock

It's big enough to get lost in without Jack or John Locke  
 On the water like an island thinking she  
 on the dock  
 So she puttin' in work so I'm thinking she on the clock  
 Slow down, baby, girl what you trying to prove?  
 When you live like me, it's funny what one night can do  
 Now let it breathe  
 Come along, come-a, come along  
 Can't we dim the lights, let me get in my zone  
 Come along, come-a, come along  
 But I don't trust a soul so make sure you come alone  
 Now let it breathe  
 Come along, come-a, come along  
 Is you niggas out your mind?  
 Is it hard to recognize when you out your prime?  
 Maybe they can't imagine living life without that shine  
 Walk around Hollywood like you're so  
 in demand  
 But when label stop acting, nigga, so do the fans  
 Nigga, you ain't a superstar, no allure bout you  
 And when you talk about me, it says more about you  
 Now come along, come-a, come along  
 Wonder why I ain't around niggas changing tone  
 That's the way it looks but they really think  
 Whatever they say behind my back, will manage to stay put  
 We know the same people, go the  
 same places  
 From the same hood, can only be so evasive  
 Come along, come-a, come along  
 When you're from where I'm from  
 You're going to prolly meet the chrome  
 It ain't just me, its like that where we all from  
 Thought some of them niggas just do it out of boredom  
 Some just preppin' for the day they see a war come  
 Hanging in the wrong place if you never saw one  
 Now come along, come-a, come along  
 I don't know who you done dealt with in the past  
 Better be self sufficient ma, you don't get a pass  
 'Cause your thighs are lil' thick and you got a lil' ass  
 You lookin' for a suga daddy then go for it  
 Twenty something years old with nothing to show for it  
 Talkin' 'bout she was raised different  
 Well, get your own pockets, bitch, so was I now really  
 Come along, come-a, come along  
 I don't call them, they similar to poems  
 Similar to scriptures, similar to pictures  
 You can stick to rap what we doing is much bigger  
 Now let it breathe  
 Come along, come-a, come along  
 Can't we dim the lights, let me get in my zone  
 Come along, come-a, come along  
 But I don't trust a soul so make sure you come alone  
 Now let it breathe

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>