

Came Thru/Easily (feat. Ab-Soul & MAC MILLER)

Chuck Inglish

Came thru
Doing them things that those who gone insane do
I'm getting turnt like a page, fool, white girl on my table
TDE, that's the label, stallions in my stable
Fuck what them hoes say, Canseco, we balling
But this ain't no ball game and I ain't got no bat
And all y'all niggas small change, and ain't getting no change back
Saber tooth, coldest cat
She rode the dick, I wrote a rap
My lips black, I look like Eazy-E (Soulo!)
Snapback to the back (Soulo!), y'all can't fuck with me
I do it! (easily), if you saw me then you seein' 3
Still off of that PMP but I trade Patron for promethazine
Puff half a P in like half a week, my face all in the magazines
Martin Luther had a dream, that's why my broad is European
HiiiPower, bitch that's the team, The Cool Kids up in this thing
Young Mac, and as for me? I run rap (easily)Came thru (easily)
Ab-Soul, the new Eazy E
That mean Mac is Ice Cube
Got lean on top of these ice cubes
Beat done by Chucky
Did the show, hit the door
Bagged your bitch (easily)
And she ain't never leavin' me
Yo I came thru easily
Bitch trippin off DMT
Word of Mouf that's DTP
Put yo ass in that DDT
Ab-Soul, that's TDE
Pass a blunt, grab a cup
Keep it cold, these hoes
Free your soul, it's Mac and Chuck
High as hell, resting on a window pane
Heath Miller jersey on, watch the Steeler game
Got a couple homies out there who be dealing 'caine
That really ain't my thing, I just fill my brain
With all this information, bitch my dick is waiting
You gon suck it or not? That's your invitation
These bitches hatin' while some sayin' that this kid's amazing
Keanu Reeves, hoes they leave then I get replacements

Me, I'm shaded out in Vegas in the latest shit
Only 20, funny I've been killin shit since '86
Came thru easily, and I'm livin so great
Popped molly back in '09, all y'all bitches is late
I'm Chuck English, that's my name
Point fingers, I do my thang
Shooters, scooters, cruisers, who can get through there to you
Slingin chains, swangin' swingers, something cleaner (y'all don't see it)
Think I'm tweaking bruh? For them features bruh?
Fuck around with me and blow your re-up cuz
Tryna keep up, this ain't yo game my G
Everything that you see is probably styled by me
I'm rockin OG's, with the Nike Air, slightly rare
Fluffy OZ's of the Jack Herer [?]
Listen here, we outta there, the block in here
[?] Cutting, Chopping broccoli spears
Real with the dishes like Stockton here
Swish, I gotta shoot my shot in here
Focused on the prize, that's why I squint my eyes for real
See it, people's eyes wide-eyed like you popped a pill
Real deal Bill with the highly-skilled copped a deal

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>