

# Came Thru/Easily (feat. Ab-Soul & Mac Miller)

## Chuck English

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 <http://counterlikes.com/>