

50 Cent, Gunz Come Out

[Chorus x2]

Ya'll niggas know (wut wut ya'll niggas know what I'm about)
Ya'll niggas know, find me at my do' when the guns come out

[Verse 1]

I do this all the time, stuck with a little shine
Walk with a little nine, case I get in a bind
They say I'm fuckin' crazy, they think I'm out my mind
Cause I'm down to bust a nigga head all the time
Now you know the hoes, they know how I roll
In that new Rolls with the suicide doors
22 inch chrome, a nigga money low
You try to touch me, I put out ya get ya brains blown
You go against the grain, pussy and you on ya own
You right there in my zone, welcome to the terridome
The ice blowin' my chain, blood blow in my veins
Blue still in the range, I'm doin' my thang
The semi auto spray, run if you get away
I'll find your whereabouts and clap at you another day
nigga play with the bread, get a hole in ya head
You touch a dime of mine thug and your ass dead

[Chorus x2]

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[Verse 2]

In the hood, hoopty, hate low, niggas don't know I'm around
Hop out, hit 'em up, lay my murder game down
You see me in ya projects, 187's in progress
Hard niggas finna' soften up when that lead touch 'em
You cut 'em once and keep fight, fuck it just keep cuttin' em
Its real killa instinct, kill or be killed
Trust me, you don't wanna feel how hollow tips feel
Fuck around and get ya cap peeled
nigga you know the drill, Brownsville
Flat bush, ground heights, Brooklyn Zoo
Feed the wolves, they eat the food
And they ?? fathom too
nigga welcome to the jungle, New York New York
Gangstas who signed with me actually let their guns talk
I'm cool with some bloods, I'm cool with some crippes
I'm cool but if there's a problem, nigga I got extra clips
I don't know karate, but I split the bricks
I don't love 'em loverboy, we the shit bitch

[Chorus x2]

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[Verse 3]

I'll come through and touch ya, walk out then cut ya
In case your dumbass wanna tussle
AR-15, co-exist to make the shell case muffle
Scope, infrared, run you're still dead
Hit your calf, hit your ass, hit ya back, then your head
Contract killa, murder for the scrilla
Search, find a nigga, run up behind a nigga
Shoot car windows out to flatline a nigga
Gun pop, heart stop, homie this is heavy
You on your way to meet your maker, nigga are you ready
No exception to the rule, death is promised
Plus I just bought my niggas new macs and llamas
Got respect for you, ?? I will comodate you

One phone call and niggas will exterminate you
No future fuckin' with me, there's no tomorrow
niggas'll run up on you tonight and hit ya the hardest

[Chorus x2]

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