

Da Lench Mob, Who Ya Gonna Shoot Wit That

"I am pleased, to have the opportunity to discuss,
your new gun with you."

[J-Dee]

I heard you had beef on your block
so you bought you a Glock, the one with the 17 shots
Nicknamed Smith & Wesson
Gonna teach them punks on your blocks a little lesson
But, who you gon' shoot with that, homey?
You'd rather blast an original instead of a phony
Chewin' macaroni, you don't even know me
And why does your gun say, 'Niggaz only'?
But you need to get an angle on an anglo
I mean shoot your bucks at the Ku Klux
Got your gat, but you ain't thinkin of 'em
'Cause deep inside, I know you love 'em
Point your gat at me and I'll blast ya
But first I gotta ask ya..

Fool, who you talkin to?
What you gotta ask me?

[Cube]

But first I gotta ask ya..

[Chorus]

Who ya gonna who ya gonna shoot wit that, punk?
Who ya gonna shoot wit that, punk?
Who ya gonna who ya gonna shoot wit that, punk?

Yo man, whassup with the jack move fool?
I ain't got no money man!
What you aimin' that pistol at me for man?
Ay man, why don't you go on with that?
Go up to Beverly Hills or somethin

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[J-Dee]

I'm drivin down the street, and I ain't got much more than you
but you still wanna jack for my six-two
Impala, it's all about the dollar
You claim you're gonna bust if I holler
Don't say nuttin as I jump out
But why you gotta blast me, before you stomp out?
Start runnin' cause I'm terrified
Two shots from his gat made me realize
You woulda let me through if I was a caucasian
a jew or an asian
But I see you wanna do me, do me
Is it 'cause, I'm black as you be?
Don't talk about a rep to me
'Cause deep inside, I know you're white as a deputy
Sold my car and bought a brand new gat
Punk, but who you gon' shoot with that?

Chorus + J-Dee (line 4)

[J-Dee]

I hope they find your ass dead in a trunk!

"I am pleased, to have the opportunity to discuss,
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Hey yo man, I just got jacked man
They always talkin that black on black crime man
I'm fin' to go put in some work man

"I am pleased, to have the opportunity to discuss,
your new gun with you."

[J-Dee]

Now it's time to trip
This fool done caught me slippin and he jacked me
I'm off to the house to take my pistol and my khakis
Never ever thought I would get, got
So I grabbed the fo'-fo' with the thirteen shots
Hunted him down like an animal
Caught his ass slippin with a scandalous hoe
I crept up behind him, put my hands around his mouth
Fo'-fo' to the dome, yo punk we breakin' out
I ducked in the alley off the boulevard
Jumped in the back, trailed by one car
I'm thinkin to myself I can't kill him he's a brother
even though he keeps robbin, and stealin from my mother
He's lookin in my eyes, he's gazin at my gat
And then he said, "Who you gon' shoot with.." {*BLAM*}

[Cube]

Sit Boo-Boo, sit..