

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo, Go For Your Guns

"Get down let's see your hands, see your hands!
Let's see your hands, everybody, hands!
Everybody let's see some hands! Huh?
Don't nobody move!
Don't get out of the car, stay where you're at"

Verse One:

Niggaz in the street that I dislike
You better get this right
These days what the fuck is a fist fight
Picture me puttin niggaz in headlocks
When I can lick off shots, and put they ass in a box
Cause if you steppin to me tryin to throw a right hook
You're just lookin to get your motherfuckin life took
Cause I can't wait to be a niggaz fate
So while you lift weights, I'm liftin lite-ass nickel plates
So if you wanna misbehave nigga
I'll have to kick it to the motherfuckin grave digger
Yeah motherfucker you heard it
Doin all that rope-a-dope shit, nope, your dopey-ass murdered
Niggaz'll be the Karate Kid
But I'll be in prison doin a motherfuckin body-bid
So you can take all that Rocky shit home
Sylvester Stallone ain't shit against Al Capone
Cause I ain't got no patience or energy
for motherfuckers and punk-ass suckers that wanna injure me
Step up and play me like I'm soft
Bitch I don't knock motherfuckers out, I'm knockin motherfuckers off
Leavin the scene like Machine Gun Kelly
Two to the head about four cross the belly
Steady givin niggaz the runs
Fuckin clam put your fists down and go for your guns

"Alright, on the ground, face down face down on the ground
Get on the ground
Hands behind your head"

"So, so what are you gonna do?
Beat-beat the crap out of me?" NO!

Verse Two:

You punk-ass niggaz better hop or chill
Cause my glock can kill twenty motherfuckers with boxer skills
That's how I put a niggaz head out
The murder scene needs more than Visine to get the red out
And I don't give a fuck if you know Judo
Cause I'ma blow your motherfuckin ass to Pluto
And when I blast the trey niggaz pass away
Put in the ground til your silly clown ass decay
So all you niggaz with the jokes
(Is everybody ready?) Well dibbida-dat's all folks
Cause nigga you don't want the nine to go (boom)
Niggaz like Tyson woulda died a long time ago
Ran outta luck when I struck on you sucker ducks
No uppercuts you'll be another motherfucker bucked
Gettin all rumps in stuffed up boots
Hell no, I'm givin motherfuckers burial suits
Your little T.K.O was A.O.K.
My way is R.I.P., niggaz are D.O.A.
Dead on Arrival
So nigga you better come with your gun if you want survival
From the Mak-11

And those are real shots on the motherfuckin track 7
I ain't kickin niggaz buns
If it's a bitch I'ma wetta you better go for your guns

"Yo wassup, what the fuck is up now man?