

# Soulja Slim, Gun Smoke

[Soulja Slim]

A-K-A Gun Smoke, yep, as if you didn't know bitch ass nigga

Nigga you could expect nothin' but war shit  
When dat nigga Soulja Slim runs it  
Nigga my heart beat slow & pump blood  
Souljas been around wit before they had thugs  
I'm gonna give it 2 ya raw I'm gon' tell it like it is  
I'm still in tha battlefield & I been real for years  
I stepped on bullets shells & crossed over dead bodies  
I looked up to niggas like Glen Master Skully so fuck Gotti  
Tha N-O been way bout it 'fore P told ya  
I'm a real soulja lets go to war & I'mma show ya  
I don't have a damn conscience about nathan  
How ya figure I won't cut your throat & leave ya shakin'  
Down south money makin' dats all a nigga know  
Niggas I used to run wit still like to snort coke  
Lay it down, let tha gram go around, yeah yall get full  
Me i don't fuck wit it no more but if I could I would  
Cause ain't nothin' like dat boot up nigga, suit up nigga  
Lets go & get 'em, I got some niggas I wanna shoot up nigga  
Now I get high off stackin' my mail  
Dodgin' back uptown, don't wanna see no more jail cells

[Chorus x2: Soulja Slim]

Is dat gun smoke I smell?

What's dat? niggas lying dead on bullets & shells

Is my city really livin' hell?

Do I gotta keep my pistol everywhere dat I dwell?

[Soulja Slim]

Nigga my mind is made to be respected  
When you get disrespected dats when shit gets hectic  
I flex wit automatics dat will bang ya up  
Once ya end ya fucked, better have ya shit clutched  
I take nuts & have 'em for souvenirs  
Brains bust & so does guts when shit gets real  
Blood spills on tha curbs of dat 3rd  
Killa connection train to serv, Magnolia niggas words  
Why's dat? they say uptown's a cut throat area  
They same nigga dat killa ya be one of your paul bearers  
Dope fiends don't give a lilly fuck about nothin'  
You ain't never been thru what I've been thru  
You ain't never seen what Ive seen  
Street machines dat'll take off body parts, if you get caught  
Slippin' in tha dark, by niggas dat bang & by niggas dat snort  
Play it smart if you wanna live life on life terms  
Cause niggas get third degree burns behind jiggas & ferns

[Chorus]

[Soulja Slim]

Out of towners don't want no beef & I know  
Cause they keep it on tha low, what they gots about tha N-O  
Fuckin' right my city's all dat & then some  
Small boy from tha south murdered out tha income  
Which one fuck I might choose tha crowd I'mma hit one  
Innocent bystanders don't be standin' dats how shits done  
Where I'm from? New Orleans tha killa capital  
On Washington Avenue hustlers a hassle you & jack you too  
You at your own risk walkin' up 6th  
Tha last nigga got mac-90'ed & blowed a kiss  
Picture this I fuck wit souljas dat hop outta tha trees  
Put pillow cases over their heads damandin' ki's & G's

At broad daylight, you niggas take life for a joke  
Is dat gun smoke, gun smoke?