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 f**k 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 motherf**kin 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 motherf**kin grave digger Yeah motherf**ker 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 motherf**kin 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 motherf**kers and punk-ass suckers that wanna injure me Step up and play me like I'm soft Bitch I don't knock motherf**kers out, I'm knockin motherf**kers off Leavin the scene like Machine Gun Kelly Two to the head about four cross the belly Steady givin niggaz the runs F**kin 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 motherf**kers 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 f**k if you know Judo Cause I'ma blow your motherf**kin 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 would a died a long time ago Ran outta luck when I struck on you sucker ducks No uppercuts you'll be another motherf**ker bucked Gettin all rumps in stuffed up boots Hell no, I'm givin motherf**kers 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 motherf**kin 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 f**k is up now man? What? Where my money at man? Hey yo, yo I told you I'd see you when I see you Aww man you act like you wanna fight What what? Yeah yeah alright yeah, I wanna fight" *BOOM*

Verse Three:

Rollin up on niggaz wearin wigs Cause I got a Sig for you nigs and all you motherf**kin pigs Kool G Rap's a bad decision F**k front page I'm puttin niggaz on television I got heart kid if you want we can throw it out But you ain't got no heart motherf**ker when I blow it out Straight out your back Cause you got attacked by the mack let's see you black belt dat Picture me doin some pushups, and get ambushed up And put in a box all squooshed up So motherf**ker be a learner Cause I can't hit or wrestle a niggaz without pullin out my burner So when a motherf**ker want to fight You f**k around with G and you'll be fightin Death tonight So you don't wanna get loose G Cause I'm givin more flat lines to niggaz than loose-leaf So come on Bruce Lee Yo I'ma show you who the motherf**ker is with all the juice G So if you wanna intimidate A nigga like me, great, will make your f**kin head disinigrate I'm sendin niggaz to Bedrock Look out for the red dot Or get your motherf**kin head shot Niggaz are dialin 911 Huh, you little bitch niggaz go for your guns