

Master P, Bullets Gots No Name

hahahaha

we got a bag full of bullets in this bitch with no name on them
you know what I'm saying
when you been hit by the bitch
you know it was ment for your punk ass

my nigga Ski whats up
my nigga C whats up
my nigga P whats up
I'm read to tear shit up
coming straight from the land of the O-A-K
and now listen to Ral, ruler of the bay
no matter where you at, be it rain or snow
on a motel floor with a front row hoe
partna pull out, get up, I want your undevided
forget the nut, I got the shit to ride with
let me tell you bout this little fool I know
he was swift and fast, always on the go
anybody was his target, just to let you know
to make it blunt, yo this nut was bisexual
he was all about peace, nothin more or less
always headed for your head, to avoid the vest
he was hollow at the tip, with a metal frame
get in his way, you're shot on the spot
cause he has no name

CHORUS: 4x

hollow tips in ya, bang!
so duck when you hear that rat-tat-tat
cause bullets got no name

cover your nuts nigga, what the fuck is up nigga
you got your name in my mouth
I got to wash it with the millimeter
95 motherfuckers won't be playing
bodies will be laying
cuase motherfuckers keep on playa hating
run up and get the four-four
open his chest with the full metal jacket
and put that nigga to rest
I ain't gonna fuck around and play the silly shit
my bullets have no name
so your partners better scatter bitch
so motherfucker now you know I'm from the O
got niggas from the mobb and some niggas that's doing death row
so think again if you think that you can handle
get caught up in a motherfuckin 187 gangsta scandle
kill at rando, here's my motherfuckin anthem nigga
shoot to kill, cause if you don't, that other nigga will
I check my steel cause I feel the ghetto's trying to kill me
Master P warned a nigga so now I gots the Uzi
motherfuckers wanta do me
but run up and get some slugs from a nigga
you thought was your homie
ain't no love in this town huh
so you gonna love the way these slugs travel around huh
yea, who's the first to bust a cap
I thought you knew nigga
I'm leavin bodies on the ground cold and blue nigga
you fuck around
I'm puttin your ass in the house of pain
keep your partnas out this shit
this bullet has no name

CHORUS 4x

about yay short, about yay tall
about so big, but had the ball's to kill all ya'll
I represent, the town called the Rich
where niggas don't give a fuck about you or your bitch
HK's pop, a young nigga drop
2 hours later, here come the fuckin cops
cause ain't no love in this dope game
young niggas in my hood losing their life slanging this cocaine
so when you hear that fuckin rata-tat-tat-tat
you better duck or get your motherfuckin cabbage patch
or lose your shoe, or watch your mama sing the blues
you be the next motherfucker on the 10 O'clock news
took out the game, I run the game of life
cause in the ghetto, niggas out to get stripes
smoke that crank, fermalgahide, and dank
heroin and crack, and out to do ??????
and the music shit don't change
cuase rappers go to jail or even kill like the dope game
so what's the deal nigga, how you feel nigga
Infa Red and No Limit Records
I mean some real niggas
done hooked up, out to make some bucks
off the record, on the record
Master P can back it up
E-40 said 1 Luv
but it's the same shit every state, every city, every club
and every fucking concert
there's either some nigga, some bitch
with a bloody red shirt
or under the fuckin white sheet
this shit won't change
cause it'll happen again fuckin next week
and these bullets aint gots no names
and these niggas in my hood wanta live like John Wayne
you got your gat, we got our gats
and we can end this shit in some rata-tat-tat-tata