

# Menace Clan, Da Bullet

You can run  
You can hide  
You can wear a bulletproof vest  
But I'll catch ya  
There is no escape  
I'm the bullet, nigga  
You'll never get away from me  
I'm the bullet, nigga

[VERSE: 1]

I sit all day in the clip  
With 15 others, hollow point tip  
Waitin for a nigga to set-trip  
I might be on your hip  
Or under the car seat  
It's cold outside so niggaz always carry heat, that's me  
The motherfucking b-u-l-l-e-t, nigga, everybody depends on me  
You cock the Glock, squeeze the trigger  
I get hit by the pin and then exit through the barrel  
Trough your skin, through your heart, break off your spine  
When I come out the 9, .380, Uzi or the Tec  
Make your brand new t-shirt wet  
Groovin through your set  
Fuckin up your party, don't know, ask somebody  
You'll probably die, out the window I fly drive-by  
I make your mama cry, don't doubt me  
See you niggaz can't survive without me  
Fuck the ballistics, you know nothing about me  
Ain't no name on me  
Watch your aim, homie  
You can make me, but can't break me  
I'ma make you break yo'self, nigga, break yo'self  
Gimme the cash, the jewels, the keys to your car  
You can run, you won't get far, I'll catch you  
I'm the bullet, remember?  
Niggaz call me heat, I'm cold as December  
When I enter the chamber  
I'm known for fuckin up the LA gang banger  
The 9 is a bitch, she talks shit, starts battlin  
Now I'm in your body travellin  
Your whole world's unravellin  
Never thought them niggaz would come back like this  
Menace niggaz be movin when I be groovin  
You can find me where the murder at  
Trace me back to the gat  
But you gon still get jacked  
And I

Sit all day in the clip, waitin for a nigga to set-trip  
16 motherfucking hollow point tips  
Biaaatch

Ain't no wars without me, nigga, don't never doubt me  
I'm the motherfucking sure fire, murderer for hire  
Nigga, you can catch me in any pawn-shop  
Motherfuckers know I go pop  
You'se a fool  
And I'm the motherfucking tool  
Ha ha ha, nigga

[VERSE: 2]

Niggaz like to roll with me  
I'm a toy when I'm empty  
Government-issued, miss you, nah don't toss me

In a fucking back yard, I'ma make a nigga hard  
Plus when we on a coupe I gets to roll with his broad  
Got to keep me cocked, I'm a-fuckin when I'm buckin  
Go in with me and I bet ya comin out with something  
A case of the cash, plus a hole in yo ass  
When you hear me speakin hear a motherfuckin blast  
Penetentiary steel, smoke, grain or chrome  
Fuck 911, I was hip before the phone  
Everybody's heard of me, I cause emergencies  
Keep your hands off of me, and everything'll be cool  
I make a civil man a fool, they got me in the schools  
Cos there ain't no motherfucking rules  
The extension of a Menace, the start and the finish  
Populations diminish, all because of me  
22, 45, Glock 23, I'm a son of a gun  
My grandpa's a rifle, trifling trick  
Stare down my 8-inch dick  
You don't want a motherfucker pullin my leg  
Headshots are comin, a hinder me  
And motherfuckers runnin for they life, I was there  
When a cracker shot his wife and his two kids  
Then himself in the head, laid me on the bed  
I ain't dead, I'm a killer  
The realest of the realest, I'm the one who did it  
My nuts ain't got no name, so who you gon' blame?

1 shot to the dome  
The guns  
The bullet, the gun..