

Qadir, Nickname

Yo,
(Are you Ready?)
I got a name for all my guns
I nickname 'em ya dig?
(Let's get it on)
Qadir, check

I got a nickname for all my guns
a Desert Eagle that I call Big Pun
a two shot that I call Tupac
and a dirty pistol that love to crew hop
my TEC 9 I'm-a call T-Pain
my 3-8 snub I'm-a call Lil Wayne
machine gun name Missy so loud
it go e-e-e-ow e-e-e-e-e-blaow

I ain't a tag popper (No)
or a collar popper
I pop cops case sound like a helicopter (blow)
bullets move rocket g-force
hit 'em full force with the impact of C4 (yeah)
I bang out change you route give you detours
walk in my shoes guaranteed to make your feet sore
my P80 make you do three eighties
straight jacket on my block cuz I drive the street crazy

Qadir
I'm about to blow up
Peter Pan Baby 9 it'll never grow up
if I ever catch a body I never throw up (no)
there's DNA on the crime scene over for ya (yeah)
if you dudes got ice that's really nice
got my Mossberg shotty that I call Kelly Price (a big girl)
here to sing you a gospel
if you niggas is hostile
firearm might fuck up your posture (ouch)
and you know I got the TEC with the inf
take your diamonds and pearls with my pump named Prince
keep the leather glove no hints
cops come calm down case closed no prints (sorry)
you haters won't make to the mornin'
so much heat it could cause global warmin' (it's gettin' hot)
and you know I keep the room for somethin foreign
so when you hear shots just know it's not a warnin'

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