

Young Buck, Gunz Go Bang

(Chorus-Young Buck)

Shots ran down, if you aint got a gun
Then you dont want none then that ass better run
You can get hit in the middle of this shit
Bullets dont have no eyes when them muthaf**kas come
Letcha GUNZ GO BANG, Letcha GUNZ GO BANG
Squeeze the trigger nigga, do the damn thing
Letcha GUNZ GO BANG, Letcha GUNZ GO BANG
Anybody can get it, thats all im sayin

(Verse-Young Buck)

Two Fo-Five's, tattood on my side
You'll die nigga, before i lose my pride
I dont hide nigga, This aint a bulletproof ride
I be out shit, before any nigga wanna try
Aint a vest that they make that can take a chopper
A unsolved mystery if its done proper
Partna, look what happened to Jimmy Hoffer
They still aint found his ass so who shot em
AK'z i got em, i mean alot of em
I got it lookin like Fort Knox in this bitch
A .40 Cal glock shoot 32 shots
Cant tell me i aint ready to get in some shit
Make a lane for me, homie get out the way
Been outta control and i aint got no brakes
Like a G would, i just do it for the hood
If i rob you, then my whole block could

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(Verse-Lil' Fame)

Yo i been f**kin with these Brownville niggas for a long long time
We put it down for a long long time
Scufflin these streets for a long long time, and aint too many f**kin with mine
Now i been spittin at you bitches for a long long time
Gettin at you bitches for a long long time
Brownsville stat, head patrol, anti-actional
Thats how i do it yall, thats how i duz it
Dont give a f**k (blllllaaattt) if you blood or 'causein
Keep ya ear tuned, nigga i be dancin with the grim reaper
Stuck in this bitch gettin reefer
So, gangsta with it with the face the
Face the boogy with the gangstas, gangsta boogy come on
Every street nigga aint a rapper
And every rapper aint a street nigga, so holla at me

(Chorus-Young Buck)

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(Verse-Billy Danze)

Dont bitch out now nigga, you see comin with the magnum
Heavy copper tops SPIT, clear out ya block QUICK
M.O.P. faggot we at it again with G-UNIT!!
Look, roll up in ya truck and i'll pump sumthin thru it
CASHVILLE, Buck said they love me
'cause im side steppin and grippin my weapon when its ugly
And yall cant touch me, easy how you rub me
I'll show you the meaning of what a true thug mean
Brooklyn, home to the black bags and the white sheets
Its where we be position niggas of their feet
Its rugged in the street, FA' SHO!
We learn to, kick off a clip and open ya shit at the door
No sudden moves, dont do it
You'll get foul chopped in a bag and stuffed in a Buick
The moral of the story is We Get To It
Where the G's roll, and dude i never walk alone

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