Army Gunz

Birdman & Lil' Wayne

Yeah, yeah, yeah
(I got army gunz)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
(I-I-I got army gunz)Yeah, yeah, yeah
(I-I-I got army gunz)
Yeah, yeah, yeah
(I-I-I got army gunz)
Like father like sonNow you know I play it like a pro in the game
Now you know I play it like a pro in the game
Now you know I play it like a pro in the game
Now you know I play it like a pro in the gameOkay, I'm outcha, you *** done started it ya ordered it
Bullet find a home in ya arteries, pardon me
But them n****** won't touch not a part of me, bet on it
Them n****** belong in a sorority, ain't that a ***Burn they bodies up for the authorities no evidence
You gon' stop f****** with them warriors from New Orleans
And I really think that it'd be better if
I just hit ya block with that beretta and hop out and let her ripLet her bang, let her bust etcetera, etcetera
You n****** is scared of the southern part of America
Here it come, got her done, never caught without one
N****** wanna ball, so I guess I gotta bounce 'emSmokin' on a ounce of that s*** from the mountains
People say I need to stop, no I need a counselor
And I'm here you are gonna need a chopper
And I'ma need a lawyer and you gon' need a doctor
Why? BecauseYeah, yeah, yeah
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Now you know I play it like a pro in the gameYeah, get at 'em we hit 'em up if they rattin'
N****** ain't f***** with the boy them *** softer than satin
I'm feelin' awfully aggy, yes I walk with the maggy
I tell him park in a alley and leave 'em parked in the alleyN****** talkin' about me but they ain't talkin' it at me
'Cause if they talkin' it at me, then I'm just talkin' to caskets
All that talkin' is ***, *** you better make ya words strong

'Cause the s*** gettin' chiseled on ya tombstoneWhat they do I got a chopper in the uhaul
Make a real *** bring it back to '92 dog
Bring his *** to the river drop the fool off
Hope he can swim with them concrete shoes onI got the gun right beside me, who don't?
Got beef homie I was just gettin' hungry
When you come ***, you better bring a army
We can do it in the streets and throw a gangsta party ***
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Now you know I play it like a pro in the gameYeah, thirty shots in the clip n****** let's trip
Line 'em up, put 'em down on the guest list
These *** 'bout to make me go Rambo
I'ma take the s*** as far as it can goWar is the answer if ya questionin' the general
Snap shots at'cha baby you are just a centerfold
And less Kenneth Cole, *** seem plenty bold
Pull that *** out alright, don't make me get my fishin' poleThem n****** hoes really doe
I would swing down there with any o forty-fo' and let 'em go
Let 'em know that I ain't never been sweet and won't be
Yes I'll be right here on the ground when you want meMake a n**** have to come back like wit' the smack
Thomas *** I promise I'll kill ya and that's a fact
And I ain't never killed no one jack
But I'm honest *** I promise I'll kill ya and that's a fact
Why? BecauseYeah, yeah, yeah
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