

# Pistol Pistol

## D12

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, welcome to Amityville (Detroit, nigga!)  
The reason why rappers gotta pack pistols (Why is that?)[Chorus]  
Slick criminal wit, the shit I spit chews  
Like a bullet came back that just missed and hit you  
I say the type of shit parents slit their wrists to  
Need an anthem to amp you, then this the shit to  
Too many enemies on my list to sift through  
Nobody got my back in this bitch but this do  
Sorry officer I don't care how pissed it get you  
But I don't go nowhere without my pistol pistolNigga, we violently active, so fuck with us  
See I'm backwards, I slap niggas and punch bitches  
Just for asking, they musta been wanting to meet the Lord  
When my parents talked to me, they got mean mugged and ignored  
They were snooping through my closet, seen drugs on the floor  
Shells from the 44 scattered over they porch  
Busting pistols in your windows with intentions to destroy you  
Tryna break your neck to conversate? Bitch, I'll do it for you  
Catch me laughing at your funeral when they lower you  
You and your ho, you gots to go, bitches died slow and horrible  
There's no tomorrow for any nigga we'll shower you  
We young strapped and powerful and I ain't gotta lie to youStepped in the door, waving the 44  
Blazing at po-po, escaping and lay low  
They call my tongue ya-yo, but I spit fire  
I lit five inside a fucking dick-rider  
The clip slider, love to blast a Mag  
You a fag, you love being ass to ass  
Grab a gun by the nose with the butt to gat-spank ya  
Never say that I'm a gangsta (Now that's gangsta)  
Y'all niggas sound like Jigga but act like Pac  
Yo my trigger got the flu and this gat might cough  
It ain't nothing to tell, empty shells for the witness  
I'm the hot nigga that's gon' put hell outta business

It won't be the same since we touching the game  
Make the hardest nigga in your crew, tuck in his chain  
Y'all think this shit's a game and I'm bluffing for fame?  
I'll squeeze off this tec until nothing remains[Chorus]The only time that I'm at peace is when I'm close to one  
Cause I don't know what's waiting for me when my vocals are done  
Tote the gun, it's my way of life and it works  
These cowardly niggas'll put your fucking life in the dirt  
Cause it was wrong how they left my dog, he was priceless  
Alone in the streets, bleeding, staring, laying lifeless  
That's why I'm heated, you never know who starts creeping  
Waking you up with AK's while you lie sleeping  
I'd rather pack the heat and not need it  
Rather than need one and not have it, I married this Glock-matic You know the sound when I'm spinning round  
Spitting these rounds from four pounds  
While the whole crowd screaming as loud  
From they mouths as they possibly allow?  
Nothing is parallel to making you carousel  
Aerial somersault like ferris wheels to a pair of shells  
Denaun carry the nine where I go  
Bullets whistle and hit you while I'm shooting at 5-0  
Some semi-automatic for static's the motto  
Spitting like \*Columbine kids\* from Colorado[Chorus]This nine'll turn a softy to a hard rock  
It'll make Jehovah's Witnesses, think before they knock (Sorry, sorry!)  
It'll make your grandmother come outta her purse  
It'll make Limp Bizkit, get rid of Fred Durst  
It'll make Holyfield start fighting  
It'll make Mase say fuck church and go back to writing  
It'll make Shyne say he sound like Biggie Smalls  
It'll make R. Kelly, give respect to Aaron Hall  
It'll make Christopher Reeves start walking  
It'll make a dog with no voice, suddenly start barking  
It'll make a nun turn to a filthy slut  
It'll make the hardest pitbull, turn to a fucking mutt  
It'll make a Muslim dye his hair blonde  
It'll make a redneck start to read the Holy Qu'ran (Need Jesus!)  
It'll make Ike stop beating Tina  
It'll make Slim Shady fall back in love with Christina[Chorus]

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