

We Got (Feat. I-20, Tity Boi & Chingy)

Ludacris

DTP we got them guns that go Yea I'm all about that pistol player, cold blooded killer
Niggaz recognize my name, I dub the young dealer
You better tell ya man that with the gauges I'm nice
Ill shoot up y'all white shirts until y'all look like dikes
But I'm through with all the talking time to show all you niggas
I 2-0, I'm like J-Lo...going through niggas
DTP we ain't plying if you try to get our pen
A.K's get ta spraying like,
Bottom line that mean I'm bout it, any nigga want it, doubt it
Bust you in the broad day, on the street that's fully crowded
Find our hole and fagots there, just for thinking its rap
And tell that pretty bitch thug we got some pretty big gats
Chaka say I'm shot out, and I tend to agree
So you should what you saying if it's intended for me
So be careful what you starting, let my fingers do the walking
And that oozy get to talking like Hammers, jam 'em, snatch 'em, grab 'em
Can the an and fuck 'em, damn 'em
Press him, man him, scared him, teared him, kneed him up
Bake him, take him, beat him up, I hate I hate, I eat him up
A-B-C-E-F shawty is you a G or what
Now it's just me and my nuts, that's all I got in this world
I'm pulling pistols out my stomach and throwing them bitches up like earl
Serving the club, head shot, scattered, covered, run, scam 'em
I'm 38, hot with a pearl handle,
And I'm throwing text like a NBA ref
I got, all gold guns like they came from Iraq
Artillery, could it be I got all kinds of these pistols
I point my gun at ya homeboy make ya own folks hit ya
And ain't taking no more pictures, if you snap I'ma click
Anyway, plus I got bullets in the clip the size of Lil Fate
And I'm webbing choppers like helicopters
You goin' need hella doctors, when the glock go Say on the set bitch, better watch your lip that text be quick
20 over there, Tity over there, Luda over there, ain't no exit trick
Us you don't mess with, we got them guns like action flicks
Reload with the next clip, I'm the ro nigga to flex with bitch
Come on and test this, my gun I'm having sex with shit
Put a bullet in (in) shoot it out, got them long horns like Texas bitch
Look at my necklace, maybe hit a nigga disrespect this click
My pistol grip sound like this, now what

Who want that they fucked, when I cock and load the cake, bust bust
Y'all cowards play tough, and my peeps we come to spray stuff up
Y'all lives made up, like ugly hoes with make-up bra
We'll suit you up then toss yo ass in the lake tough nut
I'm wrist rocky, like Sylvester Stallone
So there for you should invest, in a vest for ya dome
Cause I know you marks planning on getting me when I'm landing
Beast the nick, but my cannon go

Songwriters

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