We Got

The Nextmen

DTP we got them guns that goYea I'm all about that pistol playa, cold blooded killa
Niggaz recognize my name, I dub the young dealer
You better tell ya man that with the gages I'm nice
I'll shoot up y'all white shirts until y'all look like dice
But I'm through with all the talking time to show all you niggaz
I 2-0, I'm like J-Lo going through niggaz
DTP we ain't plying if you try to get our payin'
A.K's get ta spraying likeBottom 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 inside your chest, just for thinking it's 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 watch 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 likeHammers, jam 'em, snatch 'em, grab 'em
Can the an and fuck 'em, damn 'em
Press him, man him, scarin' him, teared him, heat him up
Bake him, take him, beat him up, I hate I hate, I eat him up
A B C D 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, scram 'em
I'm 38, hot with a pearl handleAnd 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 wavin' choppers like helicopters
You gon' need hella doctors when the glock goSay on the set bitch, better watch your lip that text be quick
20 over thurr, Tity over thurr, Luda over thurr, 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 wrong nigga to flex with bitch
Come on and test this, my gun I'm having sex with shit
Put a bullet 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 thisNow what, who want they day 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 shoot you up then toss yo ass in the lake tough nut
My wrist rocky like Sylvester Stallone
So thurr for you should invest in a vest for ya dome
'Cause I know you marks planning on getting me when I'm landing
Peace to nick but my cannon goFuck a medic, we gon' call yo ass a taxi cab
Bleedin' so hard you'll need a life size maxi pad
So flip the script and tell your woman it's your time on the month
A.K. 47 for the niggaz
Who's really looking for Heaven and a 9 for you chumps
Got killaz in my squad and I'm the nicest one in my group
But I got bananas for you niggaz and I ain't talking 'bout fruit
I'll pay your cab back with the black mack
Till your back crack, got the gat back likeClak clak clak
Swallow a hallow make 'em digest with a 50 caliber
Yo futures not looking so good, tomorrow's not on your calendar
I, do away with the amateurs, they breathing too long
I'll leave 'em coughing like the sound effects you hear in this song
My shotguns are cold and hard, but my desert is easy
And my triggers are always talking about
Some squeeze me, squeeze me
And for these fakers talking greezy, I'm starting the show
My oozy got a drum roll, it goesThey got no nerve
They got no nerve
They got no nerve
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