

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

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 glok 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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