The Gun (feat. Trinidad James, Dev & Chrish)

Cash Cash

Oh, I never should've dropped the gun down, baby

Oh, I never should've trusted you, I'm crazy

Have I been attacked? Took two shots to my heart

I'm like oh, oh, I never should've dropped the gunBang bang, chicka, bang bang

Bang bang, chicka, bang bang

Bang bang, chicka, bang bang

Bang bang, chicka, chicka, bang bang[Trinidad James:]

I need liquor in my system, man, less emotion

Ten shots in my glass, baby, now I'm loaded

I'm looking for love, baby, with no devotion

Get your mind off my money, bitch, or get demoted

I thought love was the motive, I was wrong

Trust issues, bitch, I got a stone

I let it rain, let it rain, let it pour

Here's a few things that I think you should know

These girls ain't loyal, so I can't trust no bitch

These girls don't love you, so they can't come get shit

Can't get a whip, no she can't

Can't get a purse, no she can't

Can't get my heart, no she can't

Don't every try to shoot me down or I'mma bang bang

James[Chrish:]

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Bang bang, chicka, bang bang

Bang bang, chicka, chicka, bang bang[Dev:]

He cocked it first, dropped it back

I let him have it, heart attack

Kiss him then miss him, cardiac

Then put him in the back of the Cadillac

Tuck the gun for some fun

Turn it around, give me some

Whose gun's big now? Showed up, showdown

I made him my playmate, and this is my playground

Work, one round, two rounds

I wanna party, pour a Bacardi

Songwriters

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