Takin' No Shortz

Hollow Tip

Nigga the funk is on
So it's like mando that I stay strapped
So if these niggas dump I'm in the position to spray back
So when we slide you best to drop quickly
My nigga Dame with the MAC-12 hangin up out the drop 50
That's how it is when we ride, breakin niggas down
Niggas hit the ground when the sound of my triggas clown
Cause I'm not takin no shorts
So if I have to peel your cap then my strap is feelin no remorse
Then sideways through the next fool
That try to step I pull the tech and leave him dead on his old school
So if your ass wants to dance bring your chrome gat
Or wind up on your back layin stranded with your dome cracked
Because we livin in the fast days
So if your ass wanna die fuckin with me, theres a fast way
It's young Hollow Tip niggas better start knowin
Before I have to dump and leave your whole hood blowin
Niggas get got when the glock cock
So nigga come up out them D's or be layin in your drop, shot
Because the niggas that I fuck with is hella manish
Down for the jack pull out their strap and watch your D's vanishChorus: 4X(Spice 1 sample) I'm sick up in this game I ain't takin no mothafuckin shorts in
(Hollow Tip) I'm lettin them know I'm sick with a clip and ain't takin no shorts up in this gangsta shitI'm comin from the ride, posted on the side with them twin glocks
Peep how I bend blocks if I gotta spend shots
To any nigga tryin to sheist on a calm jack
But they on they back from the hollow point contact
Because I'm quick to crack your chestplate
And leave you in the mist of my clip cause you slip tryin to playa-hate
And bang your ass with the glocks to your mouth
And watch your ass fold layin technically knocked out
I can't be faded best to watch who you steppin to
I comes through with the automatic weapon to shoot
The next nigga that move with a strap
Will be layin face flat catchin 17 up in his back
Cause this a jack so don't be wastin no time
So crack the safe before I bust cause ain't no tracin this nine
I'm on a mission, trippin off the love of the scrills
I'm lettin off on every block cause for the money I'll kill

And that's real and start lightin up shit like a bomb sack
Khakis hangin low, fully strapped for the combat
That's when these playa-hatin niggas bail
50-round MAC-12 dishin out more heat than Celly CelChorus: 4XI won't be takin no shortz, I'm from the loc'ed out playa click
So if it gets thick I gots to grab the K and spray a bitch
Because that hoe might be snitchin crossin game up
Tryin to have me locked down with my ankles chained up
So I pistol-whipped and choked that hoe
I'm havin visions in my mind tellin me that I should smoke that hoe
But Ima let that bitch live cause I gotta bone
I thought about it again and shot that hoe up in her dome
I can't be leavin no mandatory witness
When I'm loc'in up cause ain't no way to reverse sickness
That's why so many niggas on the run
Cause they know they quick to get done when I attack them with the M-1
That's how it is I'm from the Northside Sac-Town
Capitol City gangsta that refuse to back down
And I be bailin in the North High'
Ready to take that nigga on a coarse ride and pop him with the four five
And pop his ass and leave him bleedin from his khakis
Broke his ass and smoked his ass and left him on the back streets
I'm audi five to meet Dame in the mega cold
So I can smoke some dank and still won't be takin shortsChorus: 4XYeah nigga, loc'ed out
Stay playa-click
Representin
Hollow Tip, takin no shorts

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