

# 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 vanish  
Chorus: 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 shit  
I'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 scrolls  
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 Cel  
Chorus: 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 shorts  
Chorus: 4XYeah nigga, loc'ed out  
Stay playa-click  
Representin  
Hollow Tip, takin no shorts

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