

Gun In Your Mouth

La Coka Nostra

[Intro: Slaine]

For the Charlestown bank robbers, this one's for you. C'mon[Hook: Ill Bill]

I'mma rob a bank then I'mma bounce down south

With a smile on my face and my gun in your mouth

Stick up the dope man, y'all know what the fuck I'm about

With a smile on my face and my gun in your mouth

Run your whole shit, stash box under the couch

With a smile on my face and my gun in your mouth

Run up in your momma's house and air everyone out

With a smile on my face and my gun in your mouth[Verse 1: Slaine]

Let's smoke a bundle of embalming fluid

Stick an armored car up, I'mma climb into it

All I need is an eight-ball and nine to do it

I'll put the fucking driver in the trauma unit or

I know some wannabes sloppy with ki's

With coke and cash in the crib, probably trees

We'll get em drunk, passed out and copy his keys

Open his door, rope up his whore and then breeze

I know the time for a robbery

Is very long but it really doesn't bother me

I need to get rich, bitch cause I'm drug sick

I got a mask, gloves, gun, and a thug clique

Fuck a pig cop faggot or a mug flick

We get away clean, we'll never be seen

And this is the American dream

So we fight for it, kill for it, whatever it means[Hook][Verse 2: Everlast]

It's the ironman with the nine in his hand

Got my mind on my plan cause I grind for the fam

Kick in the door waving the four-four

Run the kush and the cash, get your ass on the floor

Ties his hands around his back with extension cords

He was slipping backstage at the Source Awards

I call DMS, you call EMS, FDNY, NYPD

We get high committing strong-armed robberies

Don't matter if it's crack, heroin, or trees

When the gun's in your face, you gonna open the safe

Unless you really wanna know how a bullet'll taste[Hook][Verse 3: Ill Bill]

I pull hammers like double aces

My Desert Eagle's in your fucking faces

It's Billy Crystal, the fucking greatest
A really cool guy, run up on you shooting nines
A fucking idiot, I ain't afraid to do time
Addicted to money, I ain't afraid to do crime
Addicted to pussy, X-rated with two dimes
I fall asleep at night clutching the biscuit
Hiding the kilo of cocaine in a bucket of chicken
Listen, we big earners with big burners, a bunch of murderers
Fuck a heater, I'll beat you to death with furniture
Throw chairs and tables, kitchen sinks, listen bitch
We the shit, motherfucker this is it
We the real thing, we bring Scorsese to reality
I turn horrifying behaviour into salaries
I jump out a helicopter and pop ya
Run up on you while you're in Burger King eating a Whopper[Hook]

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