Gun Clap Music

Onyx

* send corrections to the typist
Walkin down the street with my, glock in my hand
No safety, you know it and our guns don't jam
Keep one in the hand and no need for cockin
When niggaz start the poppin them shells get to droppin
[Chorus 2X]Fuck rap music, this is gun clap music
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Load it up, cock it back and blast to it
[Fredro Starr]Yo, who shot ya?It's too late to try to operate
Hard escape through New York State
It's on killa, fuck all the niggaz that hate
I can feel ya shook when ya walk through the gate
Your heartbeat break like a Kay Slay tape
Bust guns to this, raisin the crime rate
Niggaz better blast when it's time to shoot
Niggaz on the roof tryna blast at you
See me in the six coupe, twins engine
Skiddin, murder scene left, God ridden
New guns, old guns, need to test those
I burn, baby, burn like sniffin asbestos
Bust low, reload and stay low
I twist more caps than the 40 oco
Bitches know, could tell by the look on the thug face
The way they play it in the club, it ain't safe
[Chorus][Sonsee]A'yo I'm still not a hater but the heat'll spray ya
Say hello to the bad guy, meet your creator
Your gone, locked down streets in blocks down east
Hopped out jeeps, knocked out teeth and chopped down beef
With the boxpound heat, it's your option to die
Poppin the nine at ten, then guns in the sky

Grew up in the Stuy, peace to every ghetto
Up in the x-sincos with my niggaz from Queens wit heavy metal
Drug raps through the PJ's, ki's and trees, now we payin DA's
Gettin paid from three ways
Who wanna die?It won't cost you a dollar
Get your boys to follow of course you still gonna holla
Money I'm sick, keep puttin clips in them rugers

And spit, you couldn't measure my fifth with six rulers
Hold up killer, I'm all about gettin loot
And when I cock back duke I'm givin glock tattoo
[Chorus][Sticky Fingaz]Some say the bigger the gun, the more damage it do
I say the smaller the pistol, the better it shoot
I give a holla to my niggaz in warfare
Sticky don't care, if don't nobody else care
And um, I'm always quick to reach for the glock
So if you run up in my spot motherfuckers get shot
In these streets niggaz drivin fives gettin set up
Forgive but don't forget your benz'll get wet up
Niggaz come around frontin, don't believe 'em
You ain't no killer you be layin there bleedin
Cause nigga you know me
Don't make me blast you up and snatch your ass out the b
And bitch niggaz don't blast back
They like ladies, they take their ice chains to the casket
And since we all came from the hood
Got our name from the hood and our game from the hood
I think it's time to kill for our good, time to heal our hood
Be real to our hood
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies
That'll take 380's to school and get crazy
And to my sons tryna make ones
Sellin cracks on the blocks, watch out when the jake comes
And to my real thugs get up, I know you fed up niggaz
But keep ya guns up
[Chorus]

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