Gunshowers (feat. Elzhi)

BADBADNOTGOOD

Another day, another dollar
I got mines, ain't got nothing to father
Fuck a role model, never had one to follow
Lot of cotton mouth rappers, I'm a hard one to swallow
Here's another hard one to goggle, fuck your life, that's the motto
I'm nice with mics, Cus D'Amato
Drug related, blunt guts all up in your condo
Hate a noisy woman, why you all up in my convo[Chorus]
Let me hold something, look at you killas, like you owe something
Stole something, give me my paper, 'fore I blow something
Right now, give me my fucking shit, chicka-blaow
I want it right now, give me my fucking shit, chicka-blaow
Shady niggas hiding the loot, you see my baby needs shoes
And the record label trynna recoup
I want it right now, give me my fucking shit, chicka-blaow
And I mean right now, give me my fucking shit, chicka-blaowGun battles, so many chains on the neck
Hands and feet, niggas say I'm Shaq
Sky blue, terry cloth, low pullover
Hit ten like a 2010 new Hova
Movies on, never ran it, call me a don
Been shitting everywhere, cause niggas can't stand it
Terminate faggots who violate us a square
Goon therapy, S.I., we don't fight fair
Beef? We can get it on, right here
And that includes y'all low niggas wearing tight gearSun God, and that's your target, aim right there
My money long and green like Buzz Lightyear
I'm all right here, the way I move the blow
Fuck a show, you would think it was an all white affair
Been fuego, more fire here, then you seen me
Getting money off the water like a pall bearer there
No Newports, Marlboro's here, go smoke that
The smoke in your face, bitch, I ain't never cared
Get shot down when the Ghost smell fear, let me hold something
Look in your face like you owe something[Chorus]I'm playing for the 'bucks' like Hakeem Warrick
Nickel bag in the park, my team on it
They want it like that and the street, is dry as a well
Hell, that's why I sell crack on the beat
I ain't trynna just happen to eat, I'm a make a nigga dance
Even if I got to clap in the street

This is something like lock up, murder behind bars
A warrior, my story defined by my scars
Seven thirty verbal, my word work circle
You a jerk, fool, I burn you like your birds do[Chorus]

Songwriters
FEENEY, ADAM KING / POWERS, JASON / BRENNECK, THOMAS / TAVARES, MATTHEW / HANSEN, CHESTER / SOWINSKI, ALEXANDER / GORDON, WAYNEPublished by
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