

# Pistol Grip

## The Blakes

Nowadays girls and boys wanna lick me  
Her put her tongue on me, him pull his gun on me  
I won't let 'em get me I stay strapped  
In case I gotta stick her and he try to stick me  
So I'm packin' my magnums, in case I gotta blast one  
The only time I'm leakin' out my head is when I'm sweatin'  
You ain't gon' have me layin' dead in my Chevy  
I work hard for my rings, chains and bracelet  
He left and came to take it, brains eroded  
He bled red stains in pavement  
His crane split slain he lay stiff, think about it  
Before you make that move this be ya warning  
It's ready to be squeezed like an orange  
Bullets penetrate ya, bleed like menstruation  
I'ma empty out, more shells than in Run D.M.C.'s closet  
I got my pistol grip on the side of me  
And ain't no bitch gon' catch me slippin' 'cause it ride wit me  
I got my heater in my lap, I'm squeezin' on my strap  
Try me you'll bleed, I let it rip, empty the clip  
Run up you'll die in the streets  
I got my pistol grip on the side of me  
And ain't no bitch gon' catch me slippin' 'cause it ride wit me  
I got my heater in my lap, I'm squeezin' on my strap  
Try me you'll bleed, I let it rip empty the clip  
Run up you'll die in the streets  
Shawn Jay known to rip a instrumental  
You can bleed like I broke pen for dissen' with a pencil  
Starvin' artist I paint a picture  
Way I touch O's everyday for me like a game of Twister  
My achievement say I'm a legend  
Ghetto bitches be wishin' they could spend a day in my presence  
I'm stackin' plenty dough, I stay on cloud nine  
Like 2Pac in 'I Ain't Mad At Cha' video  
Now start with me I'ma target ya click  
The scope, I got ain't the type you gargle and spit  
It sit on top of the fifth small semi's and 4-4s  
Heat'll leave a enemy so cold  
Thirty feet away with one eye squinted  
You look like the man on the fuckin' Public Enemy logo

First nigga start shit  
Watch the tech spray a flame like a airbrush artist  
I got my pistol grip on the side of me  
And ain't no bitch gon' catch me slippin' 'cause it ride wit me  
I got my heater in my lap I'm squeezin' on my strap  
Try me you'll bleed, I let it rip empty the clip  
Run up you'll die in the streets  
Shit, I'll die for mine you ain't gon' take it wit ease  
You better go Jack Monterey for his cheese  
You run up on me in my 745 beamer  
You catch 7 shots from my 45 heater  
In my lap is where the heat's kept  
I ride strapped and I ain't talkin' about no seat belts  
When I pull shoot and blast I'm aimin' at cha head  
To make sure you dead you better wear a bulletproof mask  
It's no secret I keep the Nina, it spit soul food like sneaker cleaner  
I sell those pies, I tell no lies  
Cookies same size as Tickle-Me-Elmo's eyes  
You don't know no dirt, I'll put a hole through the head  
Of the horse of ya polo shirt like a nerd in a science fair  
Hang around projects, buck, when I stop by  
I got my pistol grip on the side of me  
And ain't no bitch gon' catch me slippin' 'cause it ride wit me  
I got my heater in my lap I'm squeezin' on my strap  
Try me you'll bleed, I let it rip empty the clip  
Run up you'll die in the streets  
I got my pistol grip on the side of me  
And ain't no bitch gon catch me slippin' 'cause it ride wit me  
I got my heater in my lap I'm squeezin' on my strap  
Try me you'll bleed, I let it rip empty the clip  
Run up you'll die in the streets

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