

Heavy Artillery

The Game

"You know we got em
Forty fives, machine guns, heavy artillery
We got those grenades on your ass, nigga
Boss, Black Wall Street
I'm in that bulletproof Maybach nigga (Teflon Don)"

Nigga talking like a G but walking like a broad
I pull up at the light, pineapple in your car
Nigga I shatter lives, my music camouflage
I court killers at the center of my synagogue
Torch in hand, extortion to the fortune five hundred
From the porches to the Porsche's with the wides on it
'Fore you snitches bitch, you better put your lives on it
Get you twisted by the ? with them wires on it
I get my money smoking spliffs like it's Friday
I'm sitting sideways like I'm in my driveway
My champagne kicks, my shit three wheels
You niggas six feet, we gettin' three meals

[Chorus]

They got jumped
Forty fives, machine guns, and heavy artillery
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Forty fives, machine guns, and heavy artillery

Yeah I got two gun charges, two felonies, just got off probation
Today motherfucker, won't budge for no charge
Real nigga, I hold no grudge with no thugs
Come through spraying, bullets out the McLaren
They ain't meant for you, so move bitch, you hard of hearing?
I speed off doing 90 with the Carter blaring
Bust shots in the Cavalier like I ball with Baron
Yeah I Blake Griff niggas, make stiff niggas
Eminem wasn't Dr. Dre's only sick nigga

Insane in the membrane like Soul Assassins
Twelve gauge stop a nigga heart like a bowl of Aspirin
I hold automatics, let your man hold the casket
Murder game cold as Aspen, body found in the trash bin
First forty-eight, they don't find me, case closed

Like a rehabilitation spot in Bobby Brown nose
Take em back to Boyz in da Hood when I pull the pump out
Something like C-Murder on Worldstar when I dump out

[Chorus]

Ain't nothing changed but them bullets in my clip
I still pull it, still bully niggas on the strip
Beef, I cook it fully with the fifth
And I ain't got no pets, I put a bullet in ya bitch
A nigga with a gun in his hand who won't bust it?
Like a bitch with a dick in her hand who won't suck it
This is the art of war, you niggas just drawing
Anything I target on is dearly departed, gone
Drive by or walk up on, I just stop, breathe, aim cock squeeze
Silencer on the Glock, infrared beam
So your block up on machines while the pussies run and scream

[Chorus: x3]

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