

Gun Talk

Ja Rule & Black Child

Well bitch niggaz get you of the grind, nigga grab the nine and

Well fake niggaz try to cop the style, cop the 40 cal then

Well if you don't like the way its going down, nigga grip the pounding

And if there's more than one that got the gold, grab the cal keep goingReal talk, the inc about to run New York

Cause there's no real niggaz left to hold the torch

Who gon' hold us of, cause you don't read newspaper's nigga

Lt Ja tell it, that's murder inc boy's, that's real killers

Money laundering, tax avoid and drug dealers

Backed by chemical grit, you can't be serious

We just niggaz getting money, fucking all the bitches

And life and death between a matter of inches

You know

That fo' four that handle his buisness

Like capital game, reload and hit them with intrest

Damn

What so gangsta about these niggaz

Now I got the full speed niggaz, led

Leave them dead over prayers, or head

Cause we done fucking these same bitches

And you know they talk, and the pillows be my witness

My forgiveness

Niggaz can't be this stupid

It's gun talk, niggaz better get used to it

I dont' care if you're a criminal or a cop, shoot or get shot

I'm raised by the plot, product of the hater

The gauge and the glock, and I keep a blade

I ain't afraid if it pop, the gauge still a gun

Married muder one, sleep with the fishes

Tasting red rum, young and corrupted

Nothing to fuck with, straight out of the gutter

With no introduction

Our role models is forced with the hollows

Fuck slothes the swallow the fifth a holla

The whitness and the polla

Weed twisting ganja

Load up the clip's and flip the corner

They Morner, be morners stay gunner

We gangster, gangster point and blank ya'

Thank ya'

Niggaz keep me in the mood
To eat a nigga food
I murder with real bombs
The nine the cal the pound of coke, niggaz
The weed the dope the E' the coke, niggaz
The gauge is mine, that's all I know
I've been doing this since 9 6, the oldies know
This tough load, the 3 8 o's, I let my hoe's hold
Keep it in them working, In case I'm legal searching
They got worship god, and trust the gun
Ask for your forgiveness, and send niggaz up
Fucking stick niggaz up, these bitch niggaz touch
It's all about violence, real niggaz is silenced
And know these niggaz whoes guns got low mileage
Got ducked taped, all tied up in their houses
I'll make you watch while I fuck the spouse
This, ain't buisness, it's personal, gun talk
when I holla your the first to know
How many hoes, and how much blood has been lost of Yeah
Murder INC
We riding here motherfuckers

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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