

Jada's Got A Gun

Jadakiss

In the streets
(It's real)
Shit it fuckin' real out here
(No doubt)
Niggas be hatin', violatin'
(Fo sho, fuck it)
But you need to know
Jada's, got a, Jada's, got a gun
Niggas, clear out, bitches, duck and run
Jada's, got a, Jada's, got a gun
Niggas, clear out, bitches, duck and run
And I been had one so don't forget that 357 Magnum wit no kickback
Put 'em all in your six pack for a big stack and I never keep the money
Where I keep the clips at violatin' get you one in your throat
You still datin' your heat, but me and my guns elope
When I die bury me with the toast in case I run into a little bit
Of drama wherever I go and I won't hesitate, make you levitate
Hit you with the titanium, 38, and it's feather weight
Bullets like good dope how I keep 'em coming kill a couple niggas
Then everybody want 'em who gon' shoot and who gon' brawl
If push comes to shove everybody know, you gon' fall
And I got mine on me the automatic or the 40 Cali
Or even the black glock nine on me
Jada's, got a, Jada's, got a gun
Niggas, clear out, bitches, duck and run
Jada's, got a, Jada's, got a gun
Niggas, clear out, bitches, duck and run
I got a gun wit 200 shots I'm the reason you moved your family
To a whole new other block I got shit that could wake up the deaf
That'll knock down the door and break up the steps don't even
Bother wearin' a vest 'cuz these ain't the kinda slugs that's gon'
Get lodged in your chest gotta night time scope that could see
Through the walls so just to get shit crackin' I'ma tear up your dog
I'm show you what's dumbin' out and you could believe whatever
I shoot it's comin' off or comin' out and don't even try runnin' out
'Cuz the 44 mag'll leave your ass by another house this is Jadakiss
I'm sprayin' everything I see in my radius the kids stay blazin' shit
Which gun is my favorite I don't know
I got 'em all from the old to the latest shit

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Niggas, clear out, bitches, duck and run
Guns and the sneakers made Jada the bitches and the reefer
Came later with the money and the haters but I'ma humble kid
Still put the pump in your baby mother mouth make her mumble
Where you live 25 years no felony I'm tellin' y'all why you think
I saved it, to blow a nigga melon off as a young boy
Always carried a cap gun fell in love wit it first time
I clapped one now I'm a grown man more mature and pleasant
And like hittin' niggas in the jaw with the desert and everybody
Got a gun, why not me you gotta keep it on you now it's just like I.D.
And I never seen a man cry till I seen a man shot fuck pride
Bullets is too damn hot so if you ain't got one then you gotta run
Handle it, or tell the whole world that
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