Shoot Outs (Feat. Styles P.)

Jadakiss

Let's go
(Feds in the precinct looking at our picture)
If rap don't work we gonna get it like Guy Fisher
(I was taught to ride with them niggas that'll die with ya)
Headed OT? Then bring some pies with ya
(Buy your man a lambo and tell him to fly with ya)
Or throw the nigga jewels and tell him to shine with ya
(I shine)
You shine
(Like smith and wesson you don't wanna feel the ghost)
Or the kiss of death and
(Tubs still lift up)
So do the sink now
(Pablo escobar shit)
Buying a clink now
(Dead presidents shit)
Robbin the Brinks now
(100 shot Tommy guns)
Hell of a stink now[Chorus]
J-A-D-A
('Cause the P will hollow the gun to holla at son)
Muah, I'm that nigga y'all know that
(Do it Holiday Style)
Double are is Coming for WarOn the average day we smoke about a quarter
(And everything's is bad for a nigga nowadays)
So we drink a lot of water
(talk about you "so rich")
Nigga you "so bitch"
(that your parents probably think they got a daughter)
Yeah we them boys that bring all the terror
(we persevered through all the errors)
Lay niggas down with all barettas
(everything in the bag--chains, watches)
all your leathers
(So you can act funny with yourselves)
I'm in the hood with dope
(Sacks is filled twenty after twelve)
A sign of the times kitchen cook 38, 38 treys
(that remind you of dimes)[Chorus]Hustlers, entrepreneurs

(Anything to do with the hood)
That's what we responsible for
(Batting you down)
Knifing you up
(Stomping your jaw)
Bail a nigga out for stealing something out on the tour
(And they makin technology to trya nd screw niggas)
I'm good long as an old gun will kill a new nigga
(Y'all dudes with 9 lives got one life left)
And controversy sells but it ain't like death
(So pop him in the head til his brains start to fizz on him)
I ain't sell my soul to the devil, I bought his from him
(Waiting on the day they say Jesus is gonna come)
So god bless y'all niggas 'cause I'm sneezing with my gun(Bless you)
You ain't D Block or Double are nigga
(No doubt i'ma stretch you)
I'ma shoot back 10 feet
(I'ma catch you)
Real brutal shit
(Make sure I snap your neck too)
SLR or the Aston Mar'
(Lamborghini or the Porsche with the crashing bars)
Iced out
(Or wear no ice at all)
100 Gs on the dice game
(Life's a ball)
Listen up, if you real get real estate
(We the best in the game, that ain't a real debate)
And they never had AK's peeling face
(Cause its written in the starts for us to seal your fate)
Time to skate[Chorus]

Songwriters
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