Gun Will Go (feat. Sunny Valentine)

Wu-Tang Clan

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

We got butter, we got butter

We got butter, we got butter

We got butter, we got butter

We got butter, we got butterWe got butter, we got butter

(The gun'll go)

We got butter, we got butter

(The gun'll go)

The gun'll goAiyyo, aiyyo one thing for sure, keep you of all

Keep a nice crib, fly away, keep to the point

Keep niggaz outta your face, who snakes

Keep bitches in they place, keep the mac in a special placeKeep moving for papes, keep cool, keep doing what you doing

Keep it fly, keep me in the crates

'Cuz I will erase shit on the real note you'se a waste

It's right here for you, I will lace youRip you and brace you, put a nice W up on your face

Word to mother, you could get chased

It's nothing to taste, blood on a thug if he gotta go

All I know is we be giving graceThis is a place from where we make tapes

We make 'em everywhere, still in all we be making base

Y'all be making paste, these little niggaz, they be making shapes

Our shit is art, yours is tracedThis is the way that we rolling in the streets

You know when we roll we be packing that heat

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll goThis is Poverty Island man, these animals don't run

Slums where the ambulance don't come

Who got the best base? Fiends waiting to smoke some

Approach some, ask him where he getting that coke from My dudes hug blocks like samurai shogun

'Cuz no V and no ones equaling no fun

Who want a treat they know, huh? Body to go numb

My woman need funds, plus her hair and her toes doneIt is what it is though, don't fuck with the kid flow

That make it hard to get dough, the harder to get gold

Harder the piff blow, harder when it snow

The pinky and the wrist glow, this here what we live forGet gwop then get low but first thought

We gotta get the work off, the gift and the curse boss

Yeah, see I'm the shit yo, the dirt in the fit, no

Hustling from the get go, the motto is get more This is the way that werolling in the streets

You know when we roll we be packing that heat

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go, gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll goWe was quiet flashy brothers, strapped all along

With the dirty .38 long, twelve hour shift gate

Took case, state to state, you think he won't hold his weight?

Put your money on the plate and watch it get scrappedWe get ape up in that club, off that juice and Henn

And it's a no win situation fucking with them

You mean like Ewing at the front at the rim, finger roll a Dutch

Million dollar stages touched, techs, gauges bustTrust no one, the lone shogun, rugged Timb boot stomper

Damaging lyrical mass destruction launcher

Nothing can calm the quakeage when I break, kid

Peace to my brothers up north, doing state bidsWhoa, this is the way we be rolling in the streets

You know when we roll we be packing that heat

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go, gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll goWhoa, this is the way we be rolling in the club

You know when we roll we be packing .32 snubs

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go, gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go

The gun'll go, the gun'll goWe got butter, we got butter

We got butter, we got butterWe got butter, we got butter

We got butter, we got butter

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