Gun Talk

Son Doobie

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 it's going down, nigga grip the pounding
And if there's more than one that got the gold, grab the calicoReal 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 evade 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 inchesYou know
That fo' four that handle his business
Like capital game, reload and hit them with interest
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 itWell 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 it's going down, nigga grip the pounding
And if there's more than one that got the gold, grab the calicoYeah, I don't 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 murder one, sleep with the fishes
Tasting red rum, young and corrupted
Nothing to fuck with, straight out of the gutter
With no introductionOur role models is forced with the hollows
Fuck sloths the swallow the fifth a holla
The witness and the polla, weed twisting ganja
Load up the clip's and flip the corner
They Morner, be mourners 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 bombsWell 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 it's going down, nigga grip the pounding
And if there's more than one that got the gold, grab the calicoThe 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 upFucking 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 business, it's personal, gun talk
When I holla you're the first to know
How many hoes, and how much blood has been lost ofWell 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 it's going down, nigga grip the pounding
And if there's more than one that got the gold, grab the calicoYeah
Murder INC
We riding here motherfuckers

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