

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

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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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