

We Got

Stacy Epps

DTP we got them guns that go Yea I'm all about that pistol playa, cold blooded killa

Niggaz recognize my name, I dub the young dealer

You better tell ya man that with the gages I'm nice

I'll shoot up y'all white shirts until y'all look like dice

But I'm through with all the talking time to show all you niggaz

I 2-0, I'm like J-Lo going through niggaz

DTP we ain't plying if you try to get our payin'

A.K's get ta spraying like Bottom line that mean I'm 'bout it, any nigga want it, doubt it

Bust you in the broad day on the street that's fully crowded

Find our hole and inside your chest, just for thinking it's rap

And tell that pretty bitch thug we got some pretty big gats

Chaka say I'm shot out and I tend to agree

So you should watch what you saying if it's intended for me

So be careful what you starting, let my fingers do the walking

And that oozy get to talking like Hammers, jam 'em, snatch 'em, grab 'em

Can the an and fuck 'em, damn 'em

Press him, man him, scarin' him, teared him, heat him up

Bake him, take him, beat him up, I hate I hate, I eat him up

A B C D E F shawty is you a G or what?

Now it's just me and my nuts, that's all I got in this world

I'm pulling pistols out my stomach

And throwing them bitches up like Earl

Serving the club, head shot, scattered, covered, run, scram 'em

I'm 38, hot with a pearl handle And I'm throwing text like a NBA ref

I got all gold guns like they came from IRAQ

Artillery, could it be I got all kinds of these pistols

I point my gun at ya homeboy make ya own folks hit ya

And ain't taking no more pictures, if you snap I'ma click

Anyway, plus I got bullets in the clip the size of Lil' Fate

And I'm wavin' choppers like helicopters

You gon' need hella doctors when the glock go Say on the set bitch, better watch your lip that text be quick

20 over thurr, Tity over thurr, Luda over thurr, ain't no exit trick

Us you don't mess with, we got them guns like action flicks

Reload with the next clip, I'm the wrong nigga to flex with bitch

Come on and test this, my gun I'm having sex with shit

Put a bullet in shoot it out, got them long horns like Texas bitch

Look at my necklace, maybe hit a nigga disrespect this click

My pistol grip sound like this Now what, who want they day fucked

When I cock and load the cake, bust bust?

Y'all cowards play tough, and my peeps we come to spray stuff up

Y'all lives made up, like ugly hoes with make-up bra

We'll shoot you up then toss yo ass in the lake tough nut

My wrist rocky like Sylvester Stallone

So thurr for you should invest in a vest for ya dome

'Cause I know you marks planning on getting me when I'm landing

Peace to nick but my cannon goFuck a medic, we gon' call yo ass a taxi cab

Bleedin' so hard you'll need a life size maxi pad

So flip the script and tell your woman it's your time on the month

A.K. 47 for the niggaz

Who's really looking for Heaven and a 9 for you chumps

Got killaz in my squad and I'm the nicest one in my group

But I got bananas for you niggaz and I ain't talking 'bout fruit

I'll pay your cab back with the black mack

Till your back crack, got the gat back likeClak clak clak

Swallow a hallow make 'em digest with a 50 caliber

Yo futures not looking so good, tomorrow's not on your calendar

I, do away with the amateurs, they breathing too long

I'll leave 'em coughing like the sound effects you hear in this song

My shotguns are cold and hard, but my desert is easy

And my triggers are always talking about

Some squeeze me, squeeze me

And for these fakers talking greezy, I'm starting the show

My oozy got a drum roll, it goesThey got no nerve

They got no nerve

They got no nerve

...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>