

# Artillery

## Ghetts

Ar, ar artillery  
so its hard to get rid of me  
niggas say im a marked man but they aint marking me physically  
im a pace setter so im starting it instantly

Ar, ar atillery  
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ar, ar artillery  
so its hard to get rid of me.

Millitant man with a brilliant plan i might plead it innocent hang  
on thats a hooligan scam, but the only william can  
pull it off i can pull off a trillion fam.  
no fluke no incident dont you ever think the only killer is kam  
im sicker with a stick than sam  
when hes chasing everybody letting of a shotgun  
there goes another hot when its curry (woah)  
you better hurry (home) dum dum setting dummies (mould)  
unlucky (homes) im old school like a runny (nose)  
strap on the stage when i spit but i dont need that 2 duppy (shows)  
and im no bodys hubby (so) if you see me with a slutty (hoe)  
give us a quick one like can we (go)  
back to the war so many enemies on my case that i cant relax anymore  
theyre all talking no bodys telling me to my face maybe cos im carrying a sword  
deadman walking the cemetry awaits im enganged to my gun so im marrying a whore  
non stop letting off when i draw black bags outside like a charity store.

but there aint no clothes in them  
just bodies with holes in them  
1, 2, 3 loads of them  
4, 5, 6 casket closed for them  
789 let me reload again im stone cold  
my face aint got no emotion and my foes know when i comes to the beef im sub-zero,  
'cos there on a frozen ting, hands in the air when my mandem appear,  
sometimes i wake up like damn my career, im a scorcher its a ransom affair,  
there aint a man that i fear, cos i can make a man disappear for a grand be aware,  
theres man that would do that gladly, keep going on like you dont actually care,  
  
and i swear theyll have your whole family scared,  
youll see the insanity clear,

picture that like a gallery queer,  
forsee the future. or see the shooter. surely remove the brain out the back of your head for feeling super,  
like nothin cant dent clark kent well ill be the type to attempt,  
im lex luther, ill step to ya, world domination get used to the fact that im back and im'a let loose an atomic  
bomb the size of st lucia,  
wait thats an exaggeration, but when it comes to my gun its masturbation,  
its buzzing and if you dont know ill fill a nigga in like an application,  
this aint american X but its teeth on the curb thatll snap the pavement,  
im going on like i cant wait to die:  
yeah well, i never had any patience.  
man will be waiting outside in the car, niggers outside in the yard,  
i got man parrallel, diagonal and adjacent,  
all angles,  
and i got tricks up my sleeve like fuckin paul daniels,  
i dont give a shit how many niggas your with prick there all candles,  
ill light them up like a lighter does your defence aint saying one.  
(nah) call campbell, and rio ferdidand,  
but dont think that G wont murder man, im like fam this aint an act its all actual shit that ive done,  
shit that ive did,  
shit that im gonna do,  
shit that i think,  
some man are putting it on its not at all natural.  
stop all the bad boy poses, none of you are bad boys bad boys know this,  
your looking for a scar on your face and basing the voices,  
but we know your still moist bitch,  
beef i advoid it, its pointless, but ive been poisoned,  
man the mount ive been living in, man are on the killing ting,  
like we live where the oil is, my bloods boiling, man wanna wet me up,  
but ive already been annointed, and so my only choice is:  
  
take this shit like a toilet,  
or go hard like a coin is,  
so now im in deep like oysters,  
im looking at certain man (what),  
and i can see what the 'roids did, but im not gonna take that route,  
skinny nigger with an 8-pack how? (how?)  
head to knees then lay back down, 150 times a day,  
its hard to maintain that wow:  
  
pump up, tone up, weights in a gym,  
dun book a donut straight in the chin,  
dun fucks, roll up, waving a ting,  
one buzz, hold up, blaze and a win,  
never hit anyone or anything.  
never hit anything or anyone.

ok check 1, 2 gun to the head (bang), packbacks a bitch (bang), i aint one to forget (bang),  
so ill spray it and split, when forensics got the scene and saw the bruise they say it must be a tech.  
yeah, must be a tech,  
names G-H and im fucked in the head.

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