

# Shoot 'em Up

## Nas

One 44, two 45's  
3 loaded clips, 4 niggas roll, one nigga drives  
500 benz, 6 reasons why  
This kid should die  
We shooting every motherfucker outside  
Pulled on his block, jumped out the car, guns in our hand  
At the same time everybody ran  
There that nigga go, hiding in the crowd  
Let the trigger blow, 7 shots now he lying on the ground  
Blood on the floor  
Then we shot some more  
Niggas he was with  
2 niggas hit, one nigga fell  
One tryed to run, go get him son  
Make sure he's done before we bail, I ain't trying to goto jail  
Must handle beef, code of the street  
Load up the heat, if these nigga think they could fuck around  
Real niggas do real things  
By all means, niggas knowing how we get down, it goes Shoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what  
Kill kill kill, murder murder murder  
Shoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what  
Kill kill kill, murder murder murder  
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Kill kill kill, murder murder murder  
Shoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what  
Kill kill kill, murder murder murderDriving through roads, suburban chevrolet  
6 tinted windows, and I'm on my way  
To get up with my hoes, I pull up to they house  
Not a freak to be heard, nobody came out  
Ringing the bell, where in the hell  
Could they be at, I'm about to leave  
Steppin' slow, where my truck was at  
Who the fuck is that?  
Could it be a jack?  
Now pull my strap, it's my man  
And we have the same plan  
There them bitches go  
Civic '94, looking funny though  
Open up the car door, funny smile

Fuck 2 already, 3rd ass was heavy  
"Nas this is sherri, sherri this is nas, and his man, ready?"  
Walked in the house, snatched off they clothes  
Ran through them hoes  
Plenty ice, that they all seemed to like  
Can't find my man, heard a blam blam  
Now I'm wondering, "in this scam, do I even stand a chance?"  
He killed the hoes, took all they doe  
Fire in his eyes, higher than the sky  
Coming down the stairs  
Now he wanting mine, reaching for my nine  
Aiming with our guns at each others face, at the same time  
My nine on his lips, his fifth on my chin, I start whispering  
"put your gun down, we can skip town"  
Rocked him to sleep, pushed back his meat  
Lift off his chain  
Took his shit, emptied out close rangeShoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what  
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