Pistol Grip

Gambit

Nowadays girls and boys wanna lick me
Her put her tongue on me, him pull his gun on me
I won't let 'em get me I stay strapped
In case I gotta stick her and he try to stick me
So I'm packin' my magnums, in case I gotta blast one
The only time I'm leakin' out my head is when I'm sweatin'
You ain't gon' have me layin' dead in my Chevy
I work hard for my rings, chains and bracelet
He left and came to take it, brains eroded
He bled red stains in pavement
His crane split slain he lay stiff, think about it
Before you make that move this be ya warning
It's ready to be squeezed like an orange
Bullets penetrate ya, bleed like menstruation
I'ma empty out, more shells than in Run D.M.C.'s closet
I got my pistol grip on the side of me
And ain't no bitch gon' catch me slippin' 'cause it ride wit me
I got my heater in my lap, I'm squeezin' on my strap
Try me you'll bleed, I let it rip, empty the clip
Run up you'll die in the streets
I got my pistol grip on the side of me
And ain't no bitch gon' catch me slippin' 'cause it ride wit me
I got my heater in my lap, I'm squeezin' on my strap
Try me you'll bleed, I let it rip empty the clip
Run up you'll die in the streets
Shawn Jay known to rip a instrumental
You can bleed like I broke pen for dissen' with a pencil
Starvin' artist I paint a picture
Way I touch O's everyday for me like a game of Twister
My achievement say I'm a legend
Ghetto bitches be wishin' they could spend a day in my presence
I'm stackin' plenty dough, I stay on cloud nine
Like 2Pac in 'I Ain't Mad At Cha' video
Now start with me I'ma target ya click
The scope, I got ain't the type you gargle and spit
It sit on top of the fifth small semi's and 4-4s
Heat'll leave a enemy so cold
Thirty feet away with one eye squinted
You look like the man on the fuckin' Public Enemy logo

First nigga start shit
Watch the tech spray a flame like a airbrush artist
I got my pistol grip on the side of me
And ain't no bitch gon' catch me slippin' 'cause it ride wit me
I got my heater in my lap I'm squeezin' on my strap
Try me you'll bleed, I let it rip empty the clip
Run up you'll die in the streets
Shit, I'll die for mine you ain't gon' take it wit ease
You better go Jack Monterey for his cheese
You run up on me in my 745 beamer
You catch 7 shots from my 45 heater
In my lap is where the heat's kept
I ride strapped and I ain't talkin' about no seat belts
When I pull shoot and blast I'm aimin' at cha head
To make sure you dead you better wear a bulletproof mask
It's no secret I keep the Nina, it spit soul food like sneaker cleaner
I sell those pies, I tell no lies
Cookies same size as Tickle-Me-Elmo's eyes
You don't know no dirt, I'll put a hole through the head
Of the horse of ya polo shirt like a nerd in a science fair
Hang around projects, buck, when I stop by
I got my pistol grip on the side of me
And ain't no bitch gon' catch me slippin' 'cause it ride wit me
I got my heater in my lap I'm squeezin' on my strap
Try me you'll bleed, I let it rip empty the clip
Run up you'll die in the streets
I got my, pistol grip on the side of me
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