

# Colt 45

## Gristle Beatz

Ight  
Hands up  
Put the money in the bag I'll blast ya  
Lyrical disaster  
Open up a can of whoop ass on a rapper  
Brains getting plastered  
Now step back you fucking with the master  
Kid cliff got a full clip  
Any bitches snitch  
Dolla sign on the roof with the mac  
Gonna let it rip  
D-Sling in the bushes holla at my boy  
And he jump out squeeze 2 rounds off the chrome toy  
Run up in the liquor store guns blazing  
Gonna take a couple hundred dollars and a king cobra case  
Hit the ground bitch  
I'm out this  
Empty out the drawer  
And then I'm out bitch  
Mother fucker get down bitch  
Put a hole in a hero fucking up my filthy schemes  
D-Sling got the gat sweet dreams  
Get cream  
You fucking with the wrong team  
Gristle Beatz crazier than a shit house dope fiend  
Security  
We don't give a fuck  
Like the iron sheik I'll put em in a camel clutch  
It's the ruff and tuffle brothers  
With the mother fuckin 45s  
Better run and duck for cover  
Make it out alive  
Liquor store clerk thinking they can go toe to toe  
Catch a hallow point from my 45 long colt  
It's Colt 45, Colt 45

D-Sling:  
D-Sling coming with the heat  
Three mother fuckers deep

Rolling on that weed throwin lead right around your teeth  
Green rolling  
Got the whole team mowing  
Grass so potent i seen Willy Nelson choking  
High on Kush  
I'm hiding in a bush  
Waiting for the kid to run out with the money took  
I'm shook  
Hear the po po sirens  
So I run in yelling fuck guns firing  
We gotta get the fuck out fuzz on the way  
Yo we better fucking duck out the pigs don't play  
Yell at dolla sign get the fuck off the roof  
Then I see the store clerk make a quick move  
We hop in the truck  
Peelin out and  
Hit the street  
Then the kid turned to me and said  
Where's the fuckin drinks  
Fuck make a u-e  
The cops gon' shoot me  
I don't give a fuck I need a 40oz brewy  
The cashier said what the fuck you doing back here  
Shut the fuck up I forgot to grab some beer  
Then he reached for his gun I shot him in the knee  
Grabbed the fucking beer and ran towards the street  
Then I hear a cop say stop drop the liquor  
He fired three shots so I fuckin ran quicker  
Jumped in the truck, Let's bounce  
I got Colt 45, Now who got the refer  
Just glad I made it out alive  
Colt 45

\$imon:  
Jump off the roof and I hop in the truck  
Slamming on the gas a little too rough  
I hear the fucking pigs and I'm acting real tough  
Turn the corner and I hear 3 bust  
Grab the mother fuckin burner  
fuck boy where to?  
I'm trippin  
My baby momma missing  
Never go to prison  
Put me in submission  
But they didn't read my rights so I'm off in a minute

Take it but it ain't good like Popeyes's finger lickin  
I'm just trynna get my finger up in a lil mama  
Rob a couple liquor stores and fly to the Bahamas  
Then I'm on vacay but not quite yet  
Grab the AK D-Sling put on the vest

D-Sling:  
I'm a fuckin lunatic  
These are my demands  
Catch my hands  
If you come thru without a white van  
I'm the man holding gun point right at you dick  
And my boy dolla sign got the brick

\$imon:  
I got the Duce Duce pointed right at my head  
Bout to pull the trigger if you don't deliver bread  
My boy Kid Cliff got a couple burners up in the waistband  
Just in case things get outta hand

Kid Cliff:  
Me and dolla sign flee the scene and we headed for the border  
Yo they got D-Sling for AR & attempted murder  
25 to life in the Zona state blues  
Gristle Beatz 3 down to Gristle 2

Colt 45  
Don't rob the liquor store  
Colt 45  
Colt 45  
Colt 45

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>