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

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