

# Bullets Got No Name

## Master P

hahahaha

we got a bag full of bullets in this bitch with no name on them

you know what I'm saying

when you been hit by the bitch

you know it was ment for your punk ass

my nigga Ski whats up

my nigga C whats up

my nigga P whats up

I'm read to tear shit up

coming straight from the land of the O-A-K

and now listen to Ral, ruler of the bay

no matter where you at, be it rain or snow

on a motel floor with a front row hoe

partna pull out, get up, I want your undevided

forget the nut, I got the shit to ride with

let me tell you bout this little fool I know

he was swift and fast, always on the go

anybody was his target, just to let you know

to make it blunt, yo this nut was bisexual

he was all about peace, nothin more or less

always headed for your head, to avoid the vest

he was hollow at the tip, with a metal frame

get in his way, you're shot on the spot

cause he has no name

CHORUS: 4x

hollow tips in ya, bang!

so duck when you hear that rat-tat-tat

cause bullets got no name

cover your nuts nigga, what the fuck is up nigga

you got your name in my mouth

I got to wash it with the millimeter

95 motherfuckers won't be playing

bodies will be laying

cuase motherfuckers keep on playa hating

run up and get the four-four

open his chest with the full metal jacket

and put that nigga to rest

I ain't gonna fuck around and play the silly shit

my bullets have no name

so your partners better scatter bitch  
so motherfucker now you know I'm from the O  
got niggas from the mobb and some niggas that's doing death row  
so think again if you think that you can handle  
get caught up in a motherfuckin 187 gangsta scandle  
kill at rando, here's my motherfuckin anthem nigga  
shoot to kill, cause if you don't, that other nigga will  
I check my steel cause I feel the ghetto's trying to kill me  
Master P warned a nigga so now I got the Uzi  
motherfuckers wanta do me

but run up and get some slugs from a nigga  
you thought was your homie  
ain't no love in this town huh  
so you gonna love the way these slugs travel around huh  
yea, who's the first to bust a cap  
I thought you knew nigga  
I'm leavin bodies on the ground cold and blue nigga  
you fuck around  
I'm puttin your ass in the house of pain  
keep your partnas out this shit  
this bullet has no name

CHORUS 4x

about yay short, about yay tall  
about so big, but had the ball's to kill all ya'll  
I represent, the town called the Rich  
where niggas don't give a fuck about you or your bitch  
HK's pop, a young nigga drop  
2 hours later, here come the fuckin cops  
cause ain't no love in this dope game  
young niggas in my hood losing their life slanging this cocaine  
so when you hear that fuckin rata-tat-tat-tat  
you better duck or get your motherfuckin cabbage patch  
or lose your shoe, or watch your mama sing the blues  
you be the next motherfucker on the 10 O'clock news  
took out the game, I run the game of life  
cause in the ghetto, niggas out to get stripes  
smoke that crank, fermalgahide, and dank  
heroine and crack, and out to do ??????  
and the music shit don't change  
cuase rappers go to jail or even kill like the dope game  
so what's the deal nigga, how you feel nigga  
Infa Red and No Limit Records  
I mean some real niggas  
done hooked up, out to make some bucks

off the record, on the record  
Master P can back it up  
E-40 said 1 Luv  
but it's the same shit every state, every city, every club  
and every fucking concert  
there's either some nigga, some bitch  
with a bloody red shirt  
or under the fuckin white sheet  
this shit won't change  
cause it'll happen again fuckin next week  
and these bullets aint gots no names  
and these niggas in my hood wanta live like John Wayne  
you got your gat, we got our gats  
and we can end this shit in some rata-tat-tat-tata  
CHORUS 5x

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