# Da Bullet

## Menace Clan

You can run
You can hide
You can wear a bulletproof vest
But I'll catch ya
There is no escape
I'm the bullet, nigga
You'll never get away from me
I'm the bullet, nigga

[VERSE: 1]
I sit all day in the clip
With 15 others, hollow point tip
Waitin for a nigga to set-trip
I might be on your hip
Or under the car seat
It's cold outside so niggaz always carry heat, that's me
The motherfucking b-u-l-l-e-t, nigga, everybody depends on me
You cock the Glock, squeeze the trigger
I get hit by the pin and then exit through the barrel
Trough your skin, through your heart, break off your spine
When I come out the 9, .380, Uzi or the Tec
Make your brand new t-shirt wet
Groovin through your set
Fuckin up your party, don't know, ask somebody
You'll probably die, out the window I fly drive-by
I make your mama cry, don't doubt me
See you niggaz can't survive without me
Fuck the ballistics, you know nothing about me
Ain't no name on me
Watch your aim, homie
You can make me, but can't break me
I'ma make you break yo'self, nigga, break yo'self
Gimme the cash, the jewels, the keys to your car
You can run, you won't get far, I'll catch you
I'm the bullet, remember?
Niggaz call me heat, I'm cold as December
When I enter the chamber
I'm known for fuckin up the LA gang banger
The 9 is a bitch, she talks shit, starts battlin

Now I'm in your body travellin
Your whole world's unravellin
Never thought them niggaz would come back like this
Menace niggaz be movin when I be groovin
You can find me where the murder at
Trace me back to the gat
But you gon still get jacked
And I

Sit all day in the clip, waitin for a nigga to set-trip
16 motherfucking hollow point tips
Biaaatch

Ain't no wars without me, nigga, don't never doubt me
I'm the motherfucking sure fire, murderer for hire
Nigga, you can catch me in any pawn-shop
Motherfuckers know I go pop
You'se a fool
And I'm the motherfucking tool
Ha ha ha, nigga

[VERSE: 2]
Niggaz like to roll with me
I'm a toy when I'm empty
Government-issued, miss you, nah don't toss me
In a fucking back yard, I'ma make a nigga hard
Plus when we on a coupe I gets to roll with his broad
Got to keep me cocked, I'm a-fuckin when I'm buckin
Go in with me and I bet ya comin out with something
A case of the cash, plus a hole in yo ass
When you hear me speakin hear a motherfuckin blast
Penetentiary steel, smoke, grain or chrome
Fuck 911, I was hip before the phone
Everybody's heard of me, I cause emergencies
Keep your hands off of me, and everything'll be cool
I make a civil man a fool, they got me in the schools
Cos there ain't no motherfucking rules
The extension of a Menace, the start and the finish
Populations diminish, all because of me
22, 45, Glock 23, I'm a son of a gun
My grandpa's a rifle, trifling trick
Stare down my 8-inch dick
You don't want a motherfucker pullin my leg
Headshots are comin, a hinder me
And motherfuckers runnin for they life, I was there

When a cracker shot his wife and his two kids
Then himself in the head, laid me on the bed
I ain't dead, I'm a killer
The realest of the realest, I'm the one who did it
My nuts ain't got no name, so who you gon' blame?

1 shot to the dome
The guns
The bullet, the gun..

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/