

# Shoot Outs

## Jadakiss

Let's go  
Feds in the precinct lookin' at our picture  
If rap don't work, we gonna get it like Guy Fisher  
I was taught to ride with them niggas that'll die with ya  
Headed OT? Then bring some pies with ya  
Buy your man a lambo and tell him to fly with ya  
Or throw the nigga jewels and tell him to shine with ya  
I shine  
You shine  
Like smith n wesson you don't wanna feel the ghost  
Or the kiss of death n'  
Tubs still lift up  
So do the sink now  
Pablo escobar shit  
Buyin' a clink now  
Dead presidents shit  
Robbin the Brinks now  
100 shot tommy guns  
Hell of a stink now  
J A D A  
'Cause the P will hollow the gun to holla at son  
Muah, I'm that nigga ya'll know that  
Do it Holiday Style  
Double R is comin' for war, war  
J A D A  
'Cause the P will hollow the gun to holla at son  
Muah, I'm that nigga ya'll know that  
Do it Holiday Style  
Double R is comin' for war, war  
On the average day we smoke about a quarter  
And everythings is bad for a nigga nowadays  
So we drink a lot of water  
Talk about you, "So rich"  
Nigga you, "So bitch"  
That your parents probably think they got a daughter  
Yeah, we them boys that bring all the terror  
We persevered through all the errors  
Lay niggas down with all barettas  
Everything in the bag, chains, watches

All your leathers  
So you can act funny with yourselves  
I'm in the hood with dope  
Sacks is filled twenty after twelve  
A sign of the times kitchen cook 38, 38 treys  
That remind you of dimes  
J A D A  
'Cause the P will hollow the gun to holla at son  
Muah, I'm that nigga ya'll know that  
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Double R is comin' for war, war  
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Double R is comin' for war, war  
Hustlers, entrepreneurs  
Anything to do with the hood  
That's what we responsible for  
Battin' you down  
Knifin' you up  
Stompin' your jaw  
Bail a nigga out for stealin' something out on the tour  
And they makin' technology to try and screw niggas  
I'm good long as an old gun will kill a new nigga  
Yall dudes with 9 lives got one life left  
And controversy sells but it ain't like death  
So pop him in the head 'til his brains start to fizz on him  
I ain't sell my soul to the devil, I bought his from him  
Waitin' on the day, they say Jesus is gonna come  
So God bless yall niggas 'cuz I'm sneezing with my gun  
Ah-choo  
Bless you  
You ain't D Block or Double R nigga  
No doubt imma stretch you  
Imma shoot back 10 feet  
Imma catch you  
Real brutal shit  
Make sure I snap your neck too  
S L R or the Aston Mar'  
Lamborghini or the Porsche with the crashin' bars  
Iced out  
Or wear no ice at all  
100 G's on the dice game  
Life's a ball

Listen up, if you real get real estate  
We the best in the game, that ain't a real debate  
And they never had AK's peelin' face  
'Cuz it's written in the stars for us to seal your fate

Time to skate

J A D A

'Cause the P will hollow the gun to holla at son  
Muah, I'm that nigga ya'll know that

Do it Holiday Style

Double R is comin' for war, war

J A D A

'Cause the P will hollow the gun to holla at son  
Muah, I'm that nigga ya'll know that

Do it Holiday Style

Double R is comin' for war, war

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