

# Heavy Artillery

## Professor P

"You know we got em  
Forty fives, machine guns, heavy artillery  
We got those grenades on your ass, nigga  
Boss, Black Wall Street  
I'm in that bulletproof Maybach nigga (Teflon Don)"

Nigga talking like a G but walking like a broad  
I pull up at the light, pineapple in your car  
Nigga I shatter lives, my music camouflage  
I court killers at the center of my synagogue  
Torch in hand, extortion to the fortune five hundred  
From the porches to the Porsche's with the wides on it  
'Fore you snitches bitch, you better put your lives on it  
Get you twisted by the ? with them wires on it  
I get my money smoking spliffs like it's Friday  
I'm sitting sideways like I'm in my driveway  
My champagne kicks, my shit three wheels  
You niggas six feet, we gettin' three meals

### [Chorus]

They got jumped  
Forty fives, machine guns, and heavy artillery  
They got jumped  
Forty fives, machine guns, and heavy artillery

Yeah I got two gun charges, two felonies, just got off probation  
Today motherfucker, won't budge for no charge  
Real nigga, I hold no grudge with no thugs  
Come through spraying, bullets out the McLaren  
They ain't meant for you, so move bitch, you hard of hearing?  
I speed off doing 90 with the Carter blaring  
Bust shots in the Cavalier like I ball with Baron  
Yeah I Blake Griff niggas, make stiff niggas  
Eminem wasn't Dr. Dre's only sick nigga

Insane in the membrane like Soul Assassins  
Twelve gauge stop a nigga heart like a bowl of Aspirin  
I hold automatics, let your man hold the casket  
Murder game cold as Aspen, body found in the trash bin  
First forty-eight, they don't find me, case closed

Like a rehabilitation spot in Bobby Brown nose  
Take em back to Boyz in da Hood when I pull the pump out  
Something like C-Murder on Worldstar when I dump out

[Chorus]

Ain't nothing changed but them bullets in my clip  
I still pull it, still bully niggas on the strip  
Beef, I cook it fully with the fifth  
And I ain't got no pets, I put a bullet in ya bitch  
A nigga with a gun in his hand who won't bust it?  
Like a bitch with a dick in her hand who won't suck it  
This is the art of war, you niggas just drawing  
Anything I target on is dearly departed, gone  
Drive by or walk up on, I just stop, breathe, aim cock squeeze  
Silencer on the Glock, infrared beam  
So your block up on machines while the pussies run and scream

[Chorus: x3]

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