

# We Got (Feat. Chingy, I-20 & Tity Boi)

## Ludacris

DTP we got them guns that go Yea I'm all about that pistol player, cold blooded killer  
Niggaz recognize my name, I dub the young dealer  
You better tell ya man that with the gauges I'm nice  
Ill shoot up y'all white shirts until y'all look like dikes  
But I'm through with all the talking time to show all you niggas  
I 2-0, I'm like J-Lo...going through niggas  
DTP we ain't plying if you try to get our pen  
A.K's get ta spraying like,  
Bottom line that mean I'm bout it, any nigga want it, doubt it  
Bust you in the broad day, on the street that's fully crowded  
Find our hole and fagots there, just for thinking its rap  
And tell that pretty bitch thug we got some pretty big gats  
Chaka say I'm shot out, and I tend to agree  
So you should what you saying if it's intended for me  
So be careful what you starting, let my fingers do the walking  
And that oozy get to talking like Hammers, jam 'em, snatch 'em, grab 'em  
Can the an and fuck 'em, damn 'em  
Press him, man him, scared him, teared him, kneed him up  
Bake him, take him, beat him up, I hate I hate, I eat him up  
A-B-C-E-F shawty is you a G or what  
Now it's just me and my nuts, that's all I got in this world  
I'm pulling pistols out my stomach and throwing them bitches up like earl  
Serving the club, head shot, scattered, covered, run, scam 'em  
I'm 38, hot with a pearl handle,  
And I'm throwing text like a NBA ref  
I got, all gold guns like they came from Iraq  
Artillery, could it be I got all kinds of these pistols  
I point my gun at ya homeboy make ya own folks hit ya  
And ain't taking no more pictures, if you snap I'ma click  
Anyway, plus I got bullets in the clip the size of Lil Fate  
And I'm webbing choppers like helicopters  
You goin' need hella doctors, when the glock go Say on the set bitch, better watch your lip that text be quick  
20 over there, Tity over there, Luda over there, ain't no exit trick  
Us you don't mess with, we got them guns like action flicks  
Reload with the next clip, I'm the ro nigga to flex with bitch  
Come on and test this, my gun I'm having sex with shit  
Put a bullet in (in) shoot it out, got them long horns like Texas bitch  
Look at my necklace, maybe hit a nigga disrespect this click  
My pistol grip sound like this, now what

Who want that they fucked, when I cock and load the cake, bust bust  
Y'all cowards play tough, and my peeps we come to spray stuff up  
Y'all lives made up, like ugly hoes with make-up bra  
We'll suit you up then toss yo ass in the lake tough nut  
I'm wrist rocky, like Sylvester Stallone  
So there for you should invest, in a vest for ya dome  
Cause I know you marks planning on getting me when I'm landing  
Beast the nick, but my cannon go

Songwriters

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