

Go for Your Guns

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo

"Get down let's see your hands, see your hands!

Let's see your hands, everybody, hands!

Everybody let's see some hands! Huh?

Don't nobody move!

Don't get out of the car, stay where you're at"Verse One:Niggaz in the street that I dislike

You better get this right

These days what the fuck is a fist fight

Picture me puttin niggaz in headlocks

When I can lick off shots, and put they ass in a box

Cause if you steppin to me tryin to throw a right hook

You're just lookin to get your motherfuckin life took

Cause I can't wait to be a niggaz fate

So while you lift weights, I'm liftin lite-ass nickel plates

So if you wanna misbehave nigga

I'll have to kick it to the motherfuckin grave digger

Yeah motherfucker you heard it

Doin all that rope-a-dope shit, nope, your dopey-ass murdered

Niggaz'll be the Karate Kid

But I'll be in prison doin a motherfuckin body-bid

So you can take all that Rocky shit home

Sylvester Stallone ain't shit against Al Capone

Cause I ain't got no patience or energy

for motherfuckers and punk-ass suckers that wanna injure me

Step up and play me like I'm soft

Bitch I don't knock motherfuckers out, I'm knockin motherfuckers off

Leavin the scene like Machine Gun Kelly

Two to the head about four cross the belly

Steady givin niggaz the runs

Fuckin clam put your fists down and go for your guns"Alright, on the ground, face down face down on the
ground

Get on the ground

Hands behind your head""So, so what are you gonna do?

Beat-beat the crap out of me?" NO!Verse Two:You punk-ass niggaz better hop or chill

Cause my glock can kill twenty motherfuckers with boxer skills

That's how I put a niggaz head out

The murder scene needs more than Visine to get the red out

And I don't give a fuck if you know Judo

Cause I'ma blow your motherfuckin ass to Pluto

And when I blast the trey niggaz pass away

Put in the ground til your silly clown ass decay
So all you niggaz with the jokes
(Is everybody ready?) Well dibbida-dat's all folks
Cause nigga you don't want the nine to go (boom)
Niggaz like Tyson woulda died a long time ago
Ran outta luck when I struck on you sucker ducks
No uppercuts you'll be another motherfucker bucked
Gettin all rumps in stuffed up boots
Hell no, I'm givin motherfuckers burial suits
Your little T.K.O was A.O.K.
My way is R.I.P., niggaz are D.O.A.
Dead on Arrival
So nigga you better come with your gun if you want survival
From the Mak-11
And those are real shots on the motherfuckin track 7
I ain't kickin niggaz buns
If it's a bitch I'ma wetta you better go for your guns "Yo wassup, what the fuck is up now man?
What?
Where my money at man?
Hey yo, yo I told you I'd see you when I see you
Aww man you act like you wanna fight
What what? Yeah yeah alright yeah, I wanna fight" *BOOM* Verse Three: Rollin up on niggaz wearin wigs
Cause I got a Sig for you nigs and all you motherfuckin pigs
Kool G Rap's a bad decision
Fuck front page I'm puttin niggaz on television
I got heart kid if you want we can throw it out
But you ain't got no heart motherfucker when I blow it out
Straight out your back
Cause you got attacked by the mack let's see you black belt dat
Picture me doin some pushups, and get ambushed up
And put in a box all squooshed up
So motherfucker be a learner
Cause I can't hit or wrestle a niggaz without pullin out my burner
So when a motherfucker want to fight
You fuck around with G and you'll be fightin Death tonight
So you don't wanna get loose G
Cause I'm givin more flat lines to niggaz than loose-leaf
So come on Bruce Lee
Yo I'ma show you who the motherfucker is with all the juice G
So if you wanna intimidate
A nigga like me, great, will make your fuckin head disintegrate
I'm sendin niggaz to Bedrock
Look out for the red dot
Or get your motherfuckin head shot
Niggaz are dialin 911

Huh, you little bitch niggaz go for your guns

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