

# Shot Down

## Zydeco Flames

Move on over, I done told ya boy  
I'm a G unit motherfuckin' soldier boy  
And when you gon' get it in your brain  
The gate's wide open and the dog's off the chain  
I be that yung'n with that gun ness, tellin' ya stop frontin'  
I be that yung'n on the run, after I pop some'n  
In the Bible I read, death is of the tongue  
And if you talk about death enough death is gon' come  
Dave taught me how to flow, they shot him in the head  
Randy ass was there, now he runnin' scared  
Some say, I'm gangsta, some say I'm crazy  
If you ask me, I'll say, "I'm what the hood made me"  
Now I can stunt 'til my ass dead broke like JD  
Or put a hundred grand on e'ry nigga head that play me  
See I'm cool with them Haitian mob niggaz  
They say sak passes nap boule and rob niggaz  
The media be tryin' to make a nigga look bad  
Whatsup with that?  
See my flick, next to bring papi and cat  
And Montana, I kill 'em with the grammar  
I enhanced in the slammer after bangin' them hammers  
X whatsup?  
You don't live that, you shouldn't say that  
'Cause what come out your mouth'll get you shot, down  
Throwin' your money around and we don't play that  
Get in our line'll get you shot, down  
We know where you hang, we know where you stay at  
That bullshit you on'll get you shot, down  
Here's a few clips that you shouldn't play with  
G Unit, Ruff Ryders'll get you shot, down  
Aiiyyo, fuck y'all niggaz talkin' 'bout, think you playin' wit?  
Double R, G unit, the same ol' shit  
Put the faggots in the ring, watch 'em all quit  
All y'all niggaz is pussy, suck my dick  
Ain't nuttin' but a handful of man still standin'  
I remember fifty in a cypher when onyx was slammin'  
Now we meet again, it's all good my nigga  
Back to the street again, it's all hood my nigga

Knock on wood my nigga, we both walk the dog

We ain't get to where we at by luck, shit was hard  
But once we got through the trials it's all smiles  
'Til a big type nigga all of a sudden get wild  
Now why you gotta go and take me back to where I came from?  
I'ma make you remember, where you know my name from  
45th Street, and blaow blaow ave  
I done ran through your crew and only let off half, nigga  
You don't live that, you shouldn't say that  
'Cause what come out your mouth'll get you shot, down  
Throwin' your money around and we don't play that  
Get in our line'll get you shot, down  
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Here's a few clips that you shouldn't play with  
G Unit, Ruff Ryders'll get you shot, down  
Yeah, word, yeah  
If your head ain't offa your shoulders  
You ain't get shot, you got nicked nigga  
'Cause if my chrome hit a piece of your bone  
It's gon' do more than chip, nigga  
Yea, what the fuck is the problem?  
The Porsche is red, the buckets is army  
Thirty shot handguns the gutter is starvin'  
Niggaz like me might rush your apartment  
Bloodstains'll fuck up your carpet, brain on the window  
I smell murder every time that the wind blow  
Tie him to the chair and then knock out his chin bone  
I don't want the throne or the crown, I ain't sellin' up  
You can have the jail or the ground, you ain't in hell enough  
I'm the one that flood the gutters  
Better tap your man, and let him know I'll love to cut his  
And niggaz is gettin' shot down, two guns up  
Double R, S.P. holdin' D block down  
You don't live that, you shouldn't say that  
'Cause what come out your mouth'll get you shot, down  
Throwin' your money around and we don't play that  
Get in our line'll get you shot, down  
We know where you hang, we know where you stay at  
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