

Put the Lead on Ya

Luniz

What the fuck is this?
It's the bullet holes Tupac
Unload the barrel an' blast
I'm puttin' lead in ya mutha fuckin' ass
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I'm puttin' lead in ya mutha fuckin' ass
I'm broke as fuck an' it's like that I'm livin' an'
I'm watchin' niggaz bubble when the jealousy is kickin' in
I wanna pull licks but that jealousy don't fit me
Let's bet on the set, I'm a vet runnin' from fifty
It spell out, so I'm a post to the fullest
Only servin' then the ice cream man is out again
It's jealous niggaz on the lurk still, we had a treaty
So now they goin' back on they first deal
Now they ready to put the lead on ya
How would you like it if a nigga was broke an' came fed on ya?
That's why I'm still on my P's an' Q's
Readin' fools I'm known as a shista deceivin' fools
See quit's pagin' me
Snoopin' around found trouble
Fo tryin' to fuck up a niggaz bubble
Don't bubble mo than he got
'Cuz now he know that if he get rid of you
Then that's more cash in the Pot
I got a rival now, tha turf is showin' what it's worth
I gotta pack a gat fo survival now, they just won't let me be
All I can be so all I can see is victory
I'm struggle master so the doo doo that you do
Will only make me wanna bubble faster
No party poop 'cuz this troop came Federal
Slappin' hoes in they neck juss to let 'em know
It's all clear now why it's so hard to say goodbye
You broke, I'm gettin' high don't make me put the lead on ya
Unload the barrel an' blast
I'm puttin' lead in ya mutha fuckin' ass
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I'm puttin' lead in ya mutha fuckin' ass
Here I come I'm outta jail fresh in the air
Nigga need a come up, so nigga didn't care
So let me think nigga I need to pick up pace
Nigga need a lick, nigga need no safes
So ah let me get straight down to business
I need me some distance to run when I carry gun
An' I'm a be like quick on my feet
You try to be a hero my nine milli, you an' me
An' even if you're the chief of police
Nigga you will still catch some heat
'Cuz I'm juss one of the killaz in the town

A niggaz know they call me dru mutha fuckin' down
So homie step back this is a jack
Nigga make a move an' that ass will get jacked
Because I'm loaded, I'm loaded off the dank-quid
An' Jackie you will get me high juss fo free see
Juss call me S I C K , I love to kill fo play
'Cuz like cube it was a good day
An' I'm a be like strictly on my Q's
P's an' Q's I'm puttin' quarter holes in fools
So don't you even fuck wit my rep
My rep's too big an' leavin' you diggin' fo days
An' I'm a get ya nigga if I want ya
I got a gun you run nigga I'm a pop ya
Because I'm broke I need to fill me some ends
Give me yo pocket book so I can break it in
I goes to Wells Fargo, Bank of America
An' if your a woman, don't think I still won't put the lead on ya
beeitch
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I'm puttin' lead in ya mutha fuckin' ass
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Hell yeah I'm on welfare G A checks
Keeps me paid like a mutha fuckin' vet on the set
Let my mail stretch an' gets up
To the point where even my bitch be choppin' zips up
I whips up the cream
Twenty eight grams on the triple beam
Chefs hittin' clean, how much clean?
Four-fifteens, an' the zap-co
The rap-go, we slip an made a weak move
Don't sleep dude, I pull licks every week fool
But ain't no Bonnie an' Clyde nigga
'Cuz if a bitch set up a lick, I get the money an' slide nigga
I hit the crap game first thang, leave if you shot yo
'Cuz bein' broke is the worst thang
Check this out man, 'cuz you know I ain't that type niggie
I scoop the dice, once or twice then the riggie, riggie
Dangle roll shot, is a fa sho shot
No shot, I mean it's so hot, I'm snatchin' hella face from the block
I got the glock sixteen on my waist juss in
case
Never hit 6-8's, know the haters at the gate
When I shake the dice another one bites the dust
They mad as fuck gettin' struck by the shista
I shoulda known 'cuz rule number one
Never roll craps wit some niggaz on a track you ain't from
They young an' claimin' they broke, but they forgotten
That I got they mail, an' I can tell they plottin'
But shit, they'll get licked like a popsicle
Don't fuck around an' get sent to the hospital
Little niggaz think they slick but they already sawin'
Popin' at y'all take on raw shit
Let me raise up from these cowards turf
Yeah 'cuz little do they know what's below the Eddie Bauer shirt
Niggaz mean muggin' me but what that do

I'm a soldier till it's over 6-5 on my tattoo punk
So if you want funk you be a dead homie
'Cuz I be down if you pull a 2 elev homie
Now all the niggaz gettin' lit up
I told ya live in yo house wit out yo strap is a rigg up
'Cuz I'm a put the lead on ya punk ass nigga
Unload the barrel an' blast
I'm puttin' lead in ya mutha fuckin' ass
Unload the barrel an' blast
I'm puttin' lead in ya mutha fuckin' ass
Unload the barrel an' blast

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