Shot-Gun

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

(Chorus)
Err'ybody get your
Shotgun, shotgun double barreled sawed off
Stay strapped homie this shit is about to pop off
Me I be a G from way back in the day
With that I don't give a fuck about your set, type mentality(Blaze)
I'll shoot you in the day, like my heater stay on toast
And Grundy build a casket for you as soon as you a ghost
I got an itchy trigger finger and I'm scratching like a DJ
15 shells in my pocket, who wanna see me
Khakis stay on fold, brew ice-cold
And my homeboy rapping to a chicken that he know
Here come a car up the street, rolling real slow
With a wannabe, baby G, hanging out the window
Looking close, like he knows me
Fuck set!, Buck shots splattered his ass all over his homies upholstery
Trying to play me closely, but my approach be
Buck'em all till they fall with my shotgun(Chorus 2x)
Shotgun, shotgun double barreled sawed off
Stay strapped homie this shit is about to pop off
Me I be a G from way back in the day
With that I don't give a fuck about your set, type mentality(Anybody Killa)
If I keep my self alive, something just might happen
Like my gun clapping, or a motherfucker's head crackin'
My nerves are shot, I'm sweaty and hot
Always shaking, looking just like Michael J. Fox
Save me, help me take me out this mind frame
Without the choppin' on you hoes cause I'm insane
Me and Colton be getting Grundy in the hood
Knocking down your doorway, jacking all your goods
Look into the barrel of my shotgun, watch yourself
Fucking wit me, is just bad for your health
So when you see me coming, best be thinking whether you want to live or die
Cause my anger's increasing, so watch out
Cause we ain't playing pimp, move the fuck over
All up our face, acting like we know ya
But if you really want to get that close,
Then prepare yourself, to be filled with holes(Chorus 2x)
Shotgun, shotgun double barreled sawed off

Stay strapped homie this shit is about to pop off
Me I be a G from way back in the day
With that I don't give a fuck about your set, type mentality(Esham)
Sawed off shotgun and I'm about to dump
Sippin' on some syrup, speakers on bump
Cruising down 7 mile, cash bed of pile
You think my shotgun won't blast, bat a thou-
I'm all cheddar style; throw your body off Bell Isle Bridge
Don't push me cause, I'm over the edge
Been fell off the ledge, with a hole in my head
Only reason Colton Grundy see me cause he been dead
Boy I'm nothing to play with; my shotgun murdered 9 federal agents
I kill them all ages,
Bloodstain the front pages
This shit is outrageous,
Me, Blaze, and ABK need to be locked in cages
Police been after me, I cause a catastrophe
All because my shotgun said Blasphemy
Now another shotgun casualty(Chorus 2x)
Shotgun, shotgun double barreled sawed off
Stay strapped homie this shit is about to pop off
Me I be a G from way back in the day
With that I don't give a fuck about your set, type mentality(Blaze)
4 bullets left in my pocket, I'm a madman
Three more people wanna test me
3 bullets left in my pocket, I'm a madman
Two more people wanna test me
2 bullets left in my pocket, I'm a madman
One more person wanna test me
1 bullets left in my pocket, I'm a madman
Don't nobody wanna test me"Damn! Fuck! I ran outta muthafuckin ammo, unless you count the box of shells I got in the glove compartment!"

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