

# We Got Guns

## Lil Cuete

My little homie's got way more kora than you  
And you could try to roll up, we'll just do what we do  
And I ain't lyin', we got guns, we got ammo, we got clips  
We ain't trippin', we get sick for that Norwalk Click  
They say they're comin' for my life but it don't mean shit  
I'm 'bout to show these levas the real meaning of sick  
I keep my pistol loaded, like 24/7  
I got so much artillery, they call me Armageddon  
I'm livin' like a soldier, one that's suicidal  
Leave 'em D.O.A ese, dead on arrival  
Never feel remorse 'cause that's the way I was taught  
I'll take away your life and with only one shot  
Go and hit it, roll up, you should know where to come  
But don't let the name fool you, I got big, big guns  
Puttin' in work but my familia's to blame  
'Cause all my family's Walkero, so I gotta gangbang  
My little homie's got way more kora than you  
And you could try to roll up, we'll just do what we do  
And I ain't lyin', we got guns, we got ammo, we got clips  
We ain't trippin', we get sick for that Norwalk Click  
My little homie's got way more kora than you  
And you could try to roll up, we'll just do what we do  
And I ain't lyin', we got guns, we got ammo, we got clips  
We ain't trippin', we get sick for that Norwalk Click  
Don't make me pull the trigger back while aiming at you  
I bet a hydro shock bullet puts an end to our feud  
I got a thick vendetta for my fallen Walkeros  
Smokin' all these levas, like I'm smokin' the leno  
When you could ask anybody 'cause they know I'm legit  
And Lil' Cuete talks about that serio shit  
I could rotten you in day or night like if it was nothing  
I keep a bullet in the chamber, pull the trigger start dumpin'  
And ese Cuete, he's somethin', that you couldn't be  
I got plenty and many 'stilos, that you couldn't see  
And you could come and try to take it but survival's a must  
'Cause me and my Walkeros know that you ain't fuckin' with us, what?  
My little homie's got way more kora than you  
And you could try to roll up, we'll just do what we do  
And I ain't lyin', we got guns, we got ammo, we got clips

We ain't trippin', we get sick for that Norwalk Click  
My little homie's got way more kora than you  
And you could try to roll up, we'll just do what we do  
And I ain't lyin', we got guns, we got ammo, we got clips  
We ain't trippin', we get sick for that Norwalk Click  
I'm takin' a life, to be specific, it's yours  
I got my soldiers strapped up and we're ready for war  
We can go toe-to-toe or we could all get down  
I'm talkin' 'bout matching guns and going 'round for 'round  
I've been in crazier shit than dealing with you  
I've got a million other cholos trying to get me too  
It doesn't start with me, check my family line  
I was brought up to be crazy and sick in the mind  
Ain't no question about it, I represent till I die  
I got this music thing locked down without even trying  
I put that on my life, I won't settle for less  
Man, I'm a gangbang till the day they put me to rest, so c'mon  
My little homie's got way more kora than you  
And you could try to roll up, we'll just do what we do  
And I ain't lyin', we got guns, we got ammo, we got clips  
We ain't trippin', we get sick for that Norwalk Click  
My little homie's got way more kora than you  
And you could try to roll up, we'll just do what we do  
And I ain't lyin', we got guns, we got ammo, we got clips  
We ain't trippin', we get sick for that Norwalk Click

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>