

# Guns N' Roses

Clipse

Uh uh, uh huh  
Clipse (Clipse), Exclusive shit (Exclusive shit)  
Yeah, whooo

Guns n' roses mafia proses  
Briefcase money, hot cars, and hot clothes  
This is the life, nigga that's the life

I wouldn't have it any other way  
Yeah, gun play burning loves the one die  
Makes me cry some days  
Lawless, riding backwards on a one way  
De color flawless, bitch I reek of money (bitch)  
Fast life, born to die, who gives a fuck  
We done seen it all by 25, and lived it up  
From the rawest to the raw, to the slug through your door  
They missed you but pressed your bitch in a hollow tip bra  
There's science to the way we move, cock two's  
And walk through the club without scuffing our Prada shoes  
On this side we on the by by, we buy the rules  
So when you play with us y'all niggas just gotta lose  
Lust for them things that turn women to wives  
Live for that shit that determines your street size  
Run with them twins that waters you mother's eyes  
That's diamonds, cocaine, and burners on my thighs  
Raw like peeblo, guns and mink coats  
Light up canoes, til titanics I sink ships  
Love doing bitches with pink lips, call me Padre  
Talk shit with a gun in my hand call me cock-ay  
Did this straight, bricks ain't large  
Bricks for weight, filling a crate, filling a barge, now that's large  
Sipping blue ells, and playing cards  
Plus a pat on the back from the fucking coastguard

Yo yo, I got a love for small lawns and hair pin triggers  
Dare niggas third in my crew, it's known killers  
Model hoes that blow with hour glass figures  
We live for raw sex and 80 proof liquors  
Run, walk, and crawl for catching hot balls  
From my dogs who take game while smoking lock jaws  
Why burn your mouth in the name of cheat talk  
Be prepared to change your tune by the time my heat spark  
After dark get your crew for me is a cake walk  
And I love rap records with lots of gun talk  
It's day time two both pies on waist sides  
Can't trace, I hop back crimson lake sides  
I make five which is why y'all hate  
I got dark skin, jet black bitches with jade eyes  
We wildin out, hang them high, and dry them out  
I do them type of things y'all niggas is lying bout  
My speech is the reason my race is dying out  
So I pray to God the same time I'm pulling the iron out  
We rock stars, smoke red, mixed with lobster  
We Jamaican sexing, pillow talking, and pop trois  
In pasta, look, you wanna be a mobster  
On stage recipient of a nice guy

Malicious nigga y'all cats fictitious  
When the shit hits, it's how you know we mean business

When the slugs hits, I wonder will the pain last  
See my life like a movie, inside my brain fast  
I'm asking you, cause we used to rock the same ass  
When I die, put me in mausoleum with the stained glass, the stained glass  
When the slugs hits, I wonder will the pain last  
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