

Rihanna's Gun

Cris Cab

This tune's called Rihanna's Gun!
Wyclef, Cris Cab
All Handz On Deck
You hear me?
We're the best!
Lock the exits
You have just awaken the sleeping giants
Wyclef
All Handz On Deck
Cris Cab
Wanna talk to the girls

When a woman's fed up, your car gets keyed up
She'll call 911, and police they show up
They don't need no reason, to put you in prison
She gives the order - Rikers Island

I used to hold you in my arms,
Now you're holding me at arms
Ticky tacky tack, till they're startin' the alarm.
Yeah, there's a riot in the bedroom
And I don't know if I'ma make it alive or in the tomb

She shoot me one time, she shoot me two times
She shoot me three times, she shoot me four times
And that feels like I've been hit with Rihanna's gun!
Oh, one time
Oh, two times
Oh, three times
Oh, four times
And I never got the chance to apologize!

So baby girl, these are two roses
I picked them from your garden
I'm begging for your pardon
Please take me back in the morning!
Oh, these are the roses
I picked them from your garden
I'm begging for your pardon
Please take me back in the morning!

She was targeting, targeting, targeting... my heart
I know she was up to something when I saw her in the dark
Her hand was on the burner, and my things were in the yard
My hat, my shoes, my clothes, and my nylon string guitar
I told her that I loved her, but I guess it's not enough
She sliced up all my tires, so I had to take the bus
I never would admit it, so she told me we were done
She said she found a paper with Stacy's number on the front.

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Gal how could you ever do me this
When you did shoot, make you never did miss?
Sweet words from your damn pretty lips
And you shoot up the benz and take way me drist
You nuh see the gully life at stake
From you sleep in a bed with the snake
Get carried away by the sexy shape and me drop asleep and wake

She captured me
Without a fight
Well baby girl
It's quite alright
They say two wrongs, don't make it right
She say why you carry roses to a gun fight
And suddenly, I went outta sight

No guns, but roses,
I picked them from your garden
I'm begging for your pardon
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Oh, these are the roses
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Rihanna's gun!