

# Deadly Zone

## Bounty Killer

I saw these fools tryin' to get around, tryin to let me down  
And all dat, ha, but I got an easier way to let dem drown  
Wit these Guns of Navarrone, I shall shoot dem like Al Capone  
Take dem to the zones of bones, like dat, well

Yo dunn, they tried to knock me down, bury me under  
Big pipes soundin' like thunder  
Skated by the skin of my teeth  
I had to put a man in his place last week

Now why you wanna come at me?  
I'm the wrong nigga to approach like that, homes  
Wrong nigga for threats  
Lone nigga wit long chrome

And we can dance till one of us drop  
You score points fallin' wit good formation  
I'm the wrong nigga for patience, wrong one at dunn  
The very last nigga you should ever blast your gun

To the floor, actin' like you goin' to war  
Now you fucked up, here come a real rocket launcher  
Flame thrower, rule wit a iron rod  
That be the Ruger, y'all niggas keep tryin' hard

But who the loser when you can't walk your hood at night  
And you can't come outside without fear  
Am I in your thoughts often? While you be walkin'?

Foot soldier catch you at the store's corner  
Keep me on your mind and don't slumber  
Man the minute you slip wit those, that's your ass  
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M O be be dunn, let's get it on dunn  
Wit Bounty Killer, yo, it's like this dunn  
Aiiyo cock that shit, pop that shit  
Squeeze off, let em know how real this is

M O be be, D double E P wit Bounty Killer  
No other gun runners keep a round like this  
From Q you double E N S, my bomb borough, till the day of my death  
Whether in shit I been in, runnin' down the block

Sprayin' shots wit the Lindon, listen  
We all been through action, you know the last me blastin'  
The last man standin, pack shit long than bare wake  
Neither the Jake nor the snakes gon' stop it

You know the Mobb lettin' off rockets  
Gun burners spit like lungies, dummies  
Still nothin' pop but the shells  
These ain't words from hell these are slugs, something you feel  
A gun runner nigga for real nigga

Yo hear my gat blow, make you spit out crack the axle  
Of that brand new Six that you couldn't seem to whip

Empty the clip, make sure no friendly get hit  
While you layin' bloodied up in the Six

Flee the front line, dismantle gat then bounce  
Then watch the twelve o'clock news and hear them shout you out  
Plug leak, slip rug right from under your feet  
You runnin' the streets, you don't want no problems wit us  
Everyday is like Fourth of July to us

Henny in my cup beside the gat you'll find in my clutch  
Interfere wit the plan and you will get touched  
Let the liquor talk for you and you will get touched  
Full fledge, like Ra let 'em know The Ledge

While you slippin' off edge, your shorty's givin' me head  
Cockin' 'em legs like guns when I'm cockin to spray  
Poppin' your way, sendin' shit that's hot your way  
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