

# 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 ticky 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  
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!

Rihanna's gun!