

Who Got Gunz

Gang Starr

Yeah uh, Gang Starr
Crack Man, M.O.P. uh, BX, Brooknam, haha come on
Living legends, ya heard me?
Yeah uh yo uh

I got seven Mac 11's, about eight .38's
Nine .9's, Mac 10's
Man this shit never end
Even if the apple won't spin
I reach in my back pocket and blast you with this twin
Niggas yelling out the window "Joe's at it again"
But this bastard's got lawyers, keep him outta the pen
I mean feds wanna knock me just cause I'm cocky
An arrogant fuck, wave "Hi" when they watch me
Can't stop me every time official
Better find my residuals or this nine gonna lift you
"He was a fine individual" what the papers scripted
Had him on the front page in his graduation pictures
And they probably never hit you if you brought your glock
Me and my gat like Wilson, we all we got"
We walk the scorching blocks with the hawk on top
Even if the old ladies love to call the cops
I got guns

You got, he got, they got
M dot, O dot, P my nigga we got guns
Big ones, extra large heat
Humongous shit that won't fit up under your car seat
Pop in a heart beat
Keep the cannon in my reach
Lay you flat on your back like you was tannin on the beach
We keep them damn things full of hollows
And I'm from Christopher bitch, bang with the Wallace
Fit raw this nigga you ain't loco
You're buttocks big boy, your heart pumps Sunoco
Brownsville deep in my genes
I show you bad boy for real, keep thinking shit is Peaches and Cream
We'll run you down, MO-Ps hunt ya down
Gun ya down, guns sing like blaow
Raise up cock pot my biscuit for my nigga O.G. had quick shit
We got guns

You got, we got, they got (GUNS!)
Crazy ill, mad rowdy
I gots it locked
Bringing the noise, bringing the funk, pop the glock
But only if you feel this shit
You got, we got, they got (GUNS!)
Crazy ill, mad rowdy
I gots it locked
Bringing the noise, bringing the funk
You know that your through, done, finished.

Nowadays my priorities ain't based on fun
I'm trying to cop some more property and a case of them guns
Sick society's got Guru protecting his fam
Fuck Prudential, I got my own protection plan

Respect me man, I'm on a mission so to speak
You're too dumb to play your position so you meek
I'll trey 8 your meat faggot vacate the streets
Gang Starr, First Fam, and TS, we way deep
And even if you had a thought to move on us
Our fire power will devour, bitch you'll chew on dust
Slow death, no rep, hollows have you gasping
You rich just for you, he got a lavish casket
Call us savage bastards using all means necessary
It's only customary
It's you we got to bury
We'll dead your homo thug network
Head shots make your neck jerk
My marksman on the roof, he's an expert

Who got a problem? It's already been established
I'll come through your town with a pound like a savage
Still throwing down on the grounds that I'm average
Can I hear it for a gangster? YEAH NIGGA
It's always some shit but it's always a clip
To re-route your doubts and see what you about
Your homeboy's a snitch and your boss man's a bitch
We taking over these bricks (IS THAT SO?)
Doing underhanded shit, I'll shoot you in your abdomen
You fraud, you're moving like a broad with this faggot shit
And you deserve a hole
In the back of your motherfucking head the doctor can't fix
On the concrete, we palm heat like soldiers
Spit one in your whip and flip your shit over
Keep in mind whatever the nine spit
It's only as good as the nigga behind it bitch
We got guns