

# Go For Your Guns

Kool G Rap

"Get down let's see your hands, see your hands!  
Let's see your hands, everybody, hands!  
Everybody let's see some hands! Huh?  
Don't nobody move!  
Don't get out of the car, stay where you're at"

Niggaz in the street that I dislike  
You better get this right  
These days what the fuck is a fist fight  
Picture me puttin niggaz in headlocks  
When I can lick off shots, and put they ass in a box  
Cause if you steppin to me tryin to throw a right hook  
You're just lookin to get your motherfuckin life took  
Cause I can't wait to be a niggaz fate  
So while you lift weights, I'm liftin lite-ass nickel plates  
So if you wanna misbehave nigga  
I'll have to kick it to the motherfuckin grave digger  
Yeah motherfucker you heard it  
Doin all that rope-a-dope shit, nope, your dopey-ass murdered  
Niggaz'll be the Karate Kid  
But I'll be in prison doin a motherfuckin body-bid  
So you can take all that Rocky shit home  
Sylvester Stallone ain't shit against Al Capone  
Cause I ain't got no patience or energy  
For motherfuckers and punk-ass suckers that wanna injure me  
Step up and play me like I'm soft  
Bitch I don't knock motherfuckers out, I'm knockin motherfuckers off  
Leavin the scene like Machine Gun Kelly  
Two to the head about four cross the belly  
Steady givin niggaz the runs  
Fuckin clam put your fists down and go for your guns

"Alright, on the ground, face down face down on the ground  
Get on the ground  
Hands behind your head"

"So, so what are you gonna do?  
Beat-beat the crap out of me?" NO!

You punk-ass niggaz better hop or chill  
Cause my glock can kill twenty motherfuckers with boxer skills  
That's how I put a niggaz head out  
The murder scene needs more than Visine to get the red out  
And I don't give a fuck if you know Judo  
Cause I'ma blow your motherfuckin ass to Pluto  
And when I blast the trey niggaz pass away  
Put in the ground til your silly clown ass decay  
So all you niggaz with the jokes  
(Is everybody ready?) Well dibbida-dat's all folks  
Cause nigga you don't want the nine to go (boom)  
Niggaz like Tyson woulda died a long time ago  
Ran outta luck when I struck on you sucker ducks  
No uppercuts you'll be another motherfucker bucked  
Gettin all rumps in stuffed up boots  
Hell no, I'm givin motherfuckers burial suits  
Your little T.K.O was A.O.K.  
My way is R.I.P., niggaz are D.O.A.

Dead on Arrival

So nigga you better come with your gun if you want survival  
From the Mak-11  
And those are real shots on the motherfuckin track 7  
I ain't kickin niggaz buns  
If it's a bitch I'ma wetta you better go for your guns

"Yo wassup, what the fuck is up now man?

What?

Where my money at man?

Hey yo, yo I told you I'd see you when I see you

Aww man you act like you wanna fight

What what? Yeah yeah alright yeah, I wanna fight" \*BOOM\*

Verse Three:

Rollin up on niggaz wearin wigs  
Cause I got a Sig for you nigs and all you motherfuckin pigs  
Kool G Rap's a bad decision  
Fuck front page I'm puttin niggaz on television  
I got heart kid if you want we can throw it out  
But you ain't got no heart motherfucker when I blow it out  
Straight out your back  
Cause you got attacked by the mack let's see you black belt dat  
Picture me doin some pushups, and get ambushed up  
And put in a box all squooshed up  
So motherfucker be a learner  
Cause I can't hit or wrestle a niggaz without pullin out my burner  
So when a motherfucker want to fight  
You fuck around with G and you'll be fightin Death tonight  
So you don't wanna get loose G  
Cause I'm givin more flat lines to niggaz than loose-leaf  
So come on Bruce Lee  
Yo I'ma show you who the motherfucker is with all the juice G  
So if you wanna intimidate  
A nigga like me, great, will make your fuckin head disintegrate  
I'm sendin niggaz to Bedrock  
Look out for the red dot  
Or get your motherfuckin head shot  
Niggaz are dialin 911  
Huh, you little bitch niggaz go for your guns