

# Bullet Holes

Lil Cuete

[Chorus: x2]

This is how it sounds when a cuete explodes  
Click click bang bang  
Bullet holes is out of your close  
Everyone knows  
Give me your gun n I'll shoot  
Sinking my aim n I'll shoot, you  
Give me the reason to do all the things that I do

[Verse 1: Lil Cuete]

Foo you ain't no friend of me  
Claiming your a head of me  
I'm smoking at the methefenemy  
I'm tripin like I said id be  
I'll treat you like an enemy  
I'll pack your gun so heavealy  
I'm stacking up artillery  
Into your wounds no remedy

This ones for those fake ass wanna be rapers tryna be hard-core  
Passing through my streets your gona get bullets in your car door  
N far more just stay the fuck away before you start war  
Lil Cuete's here n you know hes up far more

Within the intestion my soldiers filled with aggression  
With infections n sesions n sections they mention injections  
Confessions of my aggression  
Relievin tention no stresin  
Suggestions of my redemption  
Leave your face down in direction

I'm not saying I'm the best right now  
But I'll b one of the best around  
I'm shooting them up  
N I'm letting them down w/ my brother n our little gato  
U know that hes ready to take on the rap  
N I'll be the one the sending them back  
Wipping the fingerprints off of my gap  
Becuz we already know were you be at

[Chorus: x2]

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[Verse 2: Lil Cuete]

I'll make you gone like we tired with out even a start  
U had no chance to begin because I came for your heart  
My flows are piercing your skull and sinking into your brain  
One on one I'm the only maniak that can hang  
Tried to turn mine against me but itll never work  
N now knowing that your hating I say bak with a smurk  
U might of went on tour but never holding the mic

So dnt get all excided because I'll rok it all night

I'm ready to kill them like I'll never resor like Armageddon  
[?]

U know that I'm keeping a dub ya u know that I'm keeping a dusk you must  
Incredible fagets do look at me and look at  
You what the fuk was running through that fukn mind of urs  
U should have been rolling w/ me more to c the money filled in cases  
But now I still those fukn stupid smiling faces

[Chorus: x2]

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[Knightowl:]

Who got beef 4 it u want some of this like I got u dental  
Nada b loko busting through your residential  
The night w/ the weapon that's loaded  
I'm the master keep on wasting  
Motherfuker u can't hang me  
Better be trucha w/ my gang  
From the city of diego  
Puto porque [?] fuk  
He wanted to bring the drama  
Motherfuker u got stuck  
I'm like 6 fools be trippin  
They better get out da way that I'm coming  
Pinchy leva here I come  
I feel that u better start running  
I'm better than most  
I'm loked out u b smoked thatll give it up  
Cause if u try the madiling cuete  
Simon well fuk u up..