

# Gun Do Da Talkin'

Lil Wyte

Im a' blast on a hater  
And worry bout it later  
Got heatas in my hand  
Masked up like Darth Vader  
I dont wanna rap  
I let my guns do the talkin  
I dont wanna rap  
I let my guns do the talkin

Now I dont tote around  
Or even talk to you chumps  
I eat, sleep, get high  
And even walk with this pump  
You cross me wrong one time  
One times to many  
I got about a thousand rounds  
And ill pop off plenty  
And I know youngstas in the hood  
That will pop for penny's  
So fo a hundred bones youll wash up  
On that banks of the sippi.  
And they virginity they ain't been takin  
But they take what shorty like  
Now he on his way upstate  
They gave a shorty life  
Thats what I mean when I say  
We'll worry bout it later  
He didnt think he just went out  
And blasted at him a hata.  
Lifes too short to not be out here  
Chasin that papa. thats why I'm out here  
Masked up in all black like Darth Vader

Now if you see me in the streets  
Dont think I wont do sometin crazy  
Walk up with this 380 put it right to ya baby  
I got kids and I know that could be the worse thing I could do  
If anyone takes some beef that far there really meanin business foo  
So just cooperate and dont make a sudden move  
One wrong word could leave some bullets up in you  
Im so gangsta bitch dont even get me twisted  
You got pastel pills and your brain could get evicted  
And we dont fuck around in the gritty grimy great city of Memphis  
We known for three thangs barbecues, good music and pimpin  
If you make your way down here  
Make sure your strapped when you out walkin cuz  
We dont rap around out here  
We let our pistols do the talkin