

We Got

Ludacris

DTP we got them guns that go...

Yea I'm all about that pistol player, cold blooded killer
Niggas recognize my name, I dub the young dealer
You better tell ya man that with the gages I'm nice
Ill shoot up you all white shirts until you all look like dice
But I'm through with all the talking time to show all you niggas
I 2-0, I'm like J-Lo...going through niggas
DTP we ain't playing if you try to get our pen
A.K's get to spraying like...
Bottom line that mean I'm bout it, any nigga want it, doubt it
Bust you in the broad day, on a street that's fully crowded
Find a hole inside your chest, just for thinking it's rap
And tell that pretty bitch thug we got some pretty big gats
Chaka say I'm shot out, and I tend to agree
So you should watch what you saying if it's intended for me
So be careful what you starting, let my fingers do the walking
And that Uzi get to talking like...

Hammers, jam 'em, snatch 'em, grab 'em
Can the an and fuck 'em, damn 'em
Press him, man him, scared him, teared him, kneed him up
Bake him, take him, beat him up, I hate I hate, I eat him up
A-B-C-D-E-F shawty is you a G or what
Now it's just me and my nuts, that's all I got in this world
I'm pulling pistols out my stomach and throwing them bitches up like earl
Serving the club, head shot, scattered, covered, run, scram 'em
I'm 38, hot with a pearl handle...
And I'm throwing techs like a NBA ref
I got, all gold guns like they came from I-RAQ
Artillery, could it be I got all kinds of these pistols
I point my gun at ya homeboy make ya own folks hit ya
And ain't taking no more pictures, if you snap I'm gonna click
Anyway, plus I got bullets in the clip the size of Lil Fate
And I'm webbing choppers like heli-copters
You gonna need hella doctors, when the glock go...

Say on the set bitch, better watch your lip that text be quick
20 over thurr, Tity over thurr, Luda over thurr, ain't no exit trick
Us you don't mess with, we got them guns like action flicks
Reload with the next clip, I'm the wrong nigga to flex with bitch
Come on and test this, my gun I'm having sex with shit
Put a bullet in (in) shoot it out, got them long horns like Texas bitch
Look at my necklace, maybe hit a nigga disrespect this click
My pistol grip sound like this...now what
Who want that they fucked, when I cock and load the cake, bust bust
You all cowards play tough, and my peeps we come to spray stuff up
You all lives made up, like ugly hoes with make-up bra
We'll suit you up then toss yo ass in the lake tough nut
My wrist rocky, like Sylvester Stallone
So thurr for you should invest, in a vest for ya dome
Cause I know you marks planning on getting me when I'm landing
Beast the nick, but my cannon go...

Fuck a medic, we gonna call yo ass a taxi cab
Bleeding so hard you'll need a life size maxi pad
So flip the script and tell your woman its your time of the month

A.K. 47 for the niggas who's really looking for heaven and a 9 for you chumps
Got killers in my squad and I'm the nicest one in my group
But I got bananas for you niggas and I ain't talking bout fruit
I'll peel your CAP BACK with the BLACK MACK
Till your BACK CRACK, cock the GAT BACK like...CLAK CLAK CLAK
Swallow a hallow make 'em digest with a 50 caliber
Yo futures not looking so good, tomorrows not on your calendar
I, do away with the amateurs, they breathing too long
Ill leave 'em coughing like the sound effects you hear in this song
My Shotguns are cold and hard, but my Desert is easy
And my triggers are always talking about some squeeze me, squeeze me
And for these fakers talking greasy, I'm starting the show
My Uzi got a drum roll, it goes...