

# Bullets Got No Name

Master P

Hahahaha

We got a bag full of bullets in this bitch with no name on them  
You know what I'm saying  
When you been hit by the bitch  
You know it was ment for your punk ass

My nigga Ski whats up  
My nigga C whats up  
My nigga P whats up  
I'm read to tear shit up  
Coming straight from the land of the O-A-K  
And now listen to Ral, ruler of the bay  
No matter where you at, be it rain or snow  
On a motel floor with a front row hoe  
Partna pull out, get up, I want your undevided  
Forget the nut, I got the shit to ride with  
Let me tell you bout this little fool I know  
He was swift and fast, always on the go  
Anybody was his target, just to let you know  
To make it blunt, yo this nut was bisexual  
He was all about peace, nothin more or less  
Always headed for your head, to avoid the vest  
He was hollow at the tip, with a metal frame  
Get in his way, you're shot on the spot  
Cause he has no name

[CHORUS: 4x]

Hollow tips in ya, bang!  
So duck when you hear that rat-tat-tat  
Cause bullets got no name

Cover your nuts nigga, what the fuck is up nigga  
You got your name in my mouth  
I got to wash it with the millimeter  
95 motherfuckers won't be playing  
Bodies will be laying  
Cuase motherfuckers keep on playa hating  
Run up and get the four-four  
Open his chest with the full metal jacket  
And put that nigga to rest  
I ain't gonna fuck around and play the silly shit  
My bullets have no name  
So your partners better scatter bitch  
So motherfucker now you know I'm from the O  
Got niggas from the mobb and some niggas that's doing death row  
So think again if you think that you can handle  
Get caught up in a motherfuckin 187 gangsta scandle  
Kill at rando, here's my motherfuckin anthem nigga  
Shoot to kill, cause if you don't, that other nigga will  
I check my steel cause I feel the ghetto's trying to kill me  
Master P warned a nigga so now I gots the Uzi  
Motherfuckers wanta do me  
But run up and get some slugs from a nigga  
You thought was your homie  
Ain't no love in this town huh  
So you gonna love the way these slugs travel around huh  
Yea, who's the first to bust a cap

I thought you knew nigga  
I'm leavin bodies on the ground cold and blue nigga  
You fuck around  
I'm puttin your ass in the house of pain  
Keep your partnas out this shit  
This bullet has no name

[CHORUS 4x]

About yay short, about yay tall  
About so big, but had the ball's to kill all ya'll  
I represent, the town called the Rich  
Where niggas don't give a fuck about you or your bitch  
HK's pop, a young nigga drop  
2 hours later, here come the fuckin cops  
Cause ain't no love in this dope game  
Young niggas in my hood losing their life slanging this cocaine  
So when you hear that fuckin rata-tat-tat-tat  
You better duck or get your motherfuckin cabbage patch  
Or lose your shoe, or watch your mama sing the blues  
You be the next motherfucker on the 10 O'clock news  
Took out the game, I run the game of life  
Cause in the ghetto, niggas out to get stripes  
Smoke that crank, fermalgahide, and dank  
Heroine and crack, and out to do ??  
And the music shit don't change  
Cuase rappers go to jail or even kill like the dope game  
So what's the deal nigga, how you feel nigga  
Infa Red and No Limit Records  
I mean some real niggas  
Done hooked up, out to make some bucks  
Off the record, on the record  
Master P can back it up  
E-40 said I Luv  
But it's the same shit every state, every city, every club  
And every fucking concert  
There's either some nigga, some bitch  
With a bloody red shirt  
Or under the fuckin white sheet  
This shit won't change  
Cause it'll happen again fuckin next week  
And these bullets aint gots no names  
And these niggas in my hood wanta live like John Wayne  
You got your gat, we got our gats  
And we can end this shit in some rata-tat-tat-tata

[CHORUS 5x]