

Gun Smoke

Soulja Slim

[Soulja Slim]

A-K-A Gun Smoke, yep, as if you didn't know bitch ass nigga

Nigga you could expect nothin' but war shit
When dat nigga Soulja Slim runs it
Nigga my heart beat slow & pump blood
Souljas been around wit before they had thugs
I'm gonna give it 2 ya raw I'm gon' tell it like it is
I'm still in tha battlefield & I been real for years
I stepped on bullets shells & crossed over dead bodies
I looked up to niggas like Glen Master Skully so fuck Gotti
Tha N-O been way bout it 'fore P told ya
I'm a real soulja lets go to war & I'mma show ya
I don't have a damn conscience about nathan
How ya figure I won't cut your throat & leave ya shakin'
Down south money makin' dats all a nigga know
Niggas I used to run wit still like to snort coke
Lay it down, let tha gram go around, yeah yall get full
Me i don't fuck wit it no more but if I could I would
Cause ain't nothin' like dat boot up nigga, suit up nigga
Lets go & get 'em, I got some niggas I wanna shoot up nigga
Now I get high off stackin' my mail
Dodgin' back uptown, don't wanna see no more jail cells

[Chorus 2X: Soulja Slim]

Is dat gun smoke I smell?
What's dat? niggas lying dead on bullets & shells
Is my city really livin' hell?
Do I gotta keep my pistol everywhere dat I dwell?

[Soulja Slim]

Nigga my mind is made to be respected
When you disrespected dats when shit gets hectic
I flex wit automatics dat will bang ya up
Once ya end ya fucked, better have ya shit clutched
I take nuts & have 'em for souvneirs
Brains bust & so does guts when shit gets real
Blood spills on tha curbs of dat 3rd
Killa connection train to serv, Magnolia niggas words
Why's dat? they say uptown's a cut throat area
They same nigga dat killa ya be one of your paul bearers
Dope fiends don't give a lilly fuck about nothin'
You ain't never been thru what I've been thru
You ain't never seen what Ive seen
Street machines dat'll take off body parts, if you get caught
Slippin' in tha dark, by niggas dat bang & niggas dat snort
Play it smart if you wanna live life on life terms
Cause niggas get third degree burns behind jiggas & ferns

[Chorus]

[Soulja Slim]

Out of towners don't want no beef & I know
Cause they keep it on tha low, what they gossip about tha N-O
Fuckin' right my city's all dat & then some
Small boy from tha south murdered out tha income
Which one fuck I might choose tha crowd I'mma hit one

Innocent bystanders don't be standin' dats how shits done
Where I'm from? New Orleans tha killa capital
On Washington Avenue hustlers a hassle you & jack you too
You at your own risk walkin' up 6th
Tha last nigga got mac-90'ed & blowed a kiss
Picture this I fuck wit souljas dat hop outta tha trees
Put pillow cases over their heads damandin' ki's & G's
At broad daylight, you niggas take life for a joke
Is dat gun smoke, gun smoke?