

# Heavy Artillery

The Game

You know we got em  
45s, machine guns, heavy artillery  
We got those grenades on your ass, nigga  
Boss. Black Wall Street  
I'm in that bulletproof Maybach nigga (Teflon Don)  
S Case

Nigga talking like a G but walking like a broad  
I pull up at the light, pineapple in your car  
Nigga I shatter lives, my music camouflage  
My court killers at the center of my synagogue  
Torch in hand, extortion to the Fortune 500  
From the porches to the Porsches with the wides on it  
'Fore you snitches bitches, you better put your lives on it  
Get you twisted by the with them wires on it  
I get my money smoking spliffs like it's Friday  
I'm sitting sideways like I'm in my driveway  
My champagne kicks, my shit 3 wheels  
You niggas six feet, we getting 3 meals

They got jumped  
45s, machine guns, and heavy artillery

Yeah I got 2 gun charges, 2 felonies, just got off probation  
Today motherfucker, won't budge for no charge  
Real nigga, I hold no grudge with no thugs  
Come through spraying, bullets out the McLaren  
They ain't meant for you, so move bitch, you hard of hearing?  
I speed off doing 90 with Tha Carter blaring  
Bust shots in the Cavalier like I ball with Baron  
Yeah I Blake Griff niggas, make stiff niggas  
Eminem wasn't Dr. Dre's only sick nigga  
Insane in the membrane like Soul Assassins  
12 gauge stop a nigga heart like a bowl of Aspirin  
I hold automatics, let your man hold the casket  
Murder game cold as Aspen, body found in the trash bin  
First 48, they don't find me, case closed  
Like a rehabilitation spot in Bobby Brown nose  
Take em back to Boyz in da Hood when I pull the pump out  
Something like C-Murder on Worldstar when I dump out

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Ain't nothing changed but them bullets in my clip  
I still pull it, still bully niggas on the strip  
Beef, I cook it fully with the fifth  
And I ain't got no pets, I put a bullet in ya bitch  
A nigga with a gun in his hand who won't bust it?  
Like a bitch with a dick in her hand who won't suck it  
This is the art of war, you niggas just drawing  
Anything I target on is dearly departed, gone  
Drive by or walk up on -  
I just stop, breathe, aim cock squeeze  
Silencer on the Glock, infrared beam  
Put your block up on machines while the pussies run and scream

They got jumped  
45s, machine guns, and heavy artillery