

Bullets Whistle

Tony Yayo

My bullets whistle like
And fly right past your dome
My bullets whistle like
A 100 shots a nigga gone
My bullets whistle like
I got the typewriter tommy gun just like capone
My bullets whistle like
6 feet deep another homie gone

That desert eagle filled with hollows
If you holler when it hollers
Hit yo ass from top to bottom
Bullets whistle like harmonicas
Still bein in corners with my knockas sippin vodka
I'm on fire like when I raised the gauge up
Just like thermoters
Leanin in that testarosa, smokin on this cali doja
You don't want to test my holster centre fold ya
Got some biggerous niggaz to smoke ya
Who da bang, black mask, black gloves
Bullets with no names
It's not a game on this eastside
Watts city it's no pity for weak guys
Chopper city bein holdin semis since I was knee high, no lie
Hit your block in a cheap ride, and let it whistle
For sound see the spark roaches scatter
Hit a melody when them bullets travel
Put you under the gravel for that pussy shit
I'm a dog you get fucked thinkin I'm pussy bitch
I'm a harplus, harplus

Ya wanna rumble with yayo, haaa
Shit on the whole industry
4-10's a 44 on steroids
A.t.f we dumpin on them fed boys
A 16 of happiness and pain nigga
I'm never on the ashy shit again nigga
0-10 range all wood grain nigga
I hit the button it pop out that thing nigga
My bullets whistle like jewels saw
And I stay strapped cause I got my jewels on
And the 2.2.3 I'll make your family mourn
Bullets fly, men die, little niggaz pop you
Dey'll chef up your top like boo cabo
I'm with Jay Rock, 1.a block
Red pelle piranha shark
Red pelle I'll hold a glock
Real bloods I'll pop your top
Nigga

My bullets whistle like
And fly right past your dome