

# Artillery

## Twista

Restraint!

Artillery motherfucker, legit balling bitch but don't get it twisted  
Ain't no hoes over here  
Yeah, we got guns nigga, aimed at all you hating bitches  
From K-Town to the Manor, Holy City to the Wild Hundreds  
The war is on, and all my killers is riding  
Todd Nitty, what you got for these hoes (click...clock...blast)

I got that 9 double M glock, with the infrared beam dot  
Aiming at your knot, making your heart stop  
Yelling out 'Fuck Tha Po' who some call it 5-0  
Better look out for when they pull that kick door  
Nothing but gangstas, thats all who I hang with  
Slanging them thangs with, came up in the game with  
The fucking hood rats, because them some broke hoes  
Me get a rich bitch and stick her for her dough  
The Manor in that K-Town, thats how we put it down  
Letting off fifty rounds, thats how our shit sound  
Artillery up the ass, scullies and ski masks  
9's and bubble masks, gunning at your ass  
Motherfucking street thugs, legit ballers  
Money and the power, moving that flour  
Taking no shorts and taking no losses  
Hauling niggas asses off in coffins with that..

One, two, three, 45.'s,  
Six, seven, eight, nine milli-meter  
Ten, eleven, twelve gauge pump nigga (4x)

A nigga riding with stealers, hustlers, killers all my life  
Legit Ballers bitch, don't even try to fuck with us gangsta's  
Because we some mobstas  
You come with that bullshit, then pussy I'll pop ya'  
See it's that nigga Todd Nitty, that be squeezing triggers like bitches  
titties  
Who is it, the most left on nigga, they crept on nigga, with that teflon nig  
ga  
And it went BLOW! BLOW! body bag that bitch  
Sent his ass to the morgue with the rest of them snitches  
I heat 'em up like a motherfucking Newport  
Left his ass with more holes than a golf course  
What you thought boy, I'm from that 9th Ward  
Where them stories are true about them Manor boys  
How we leaving 'em, bleedin' and crawling on the ground  
Like he's a dead nigga now

I got that love for my nigga Twist, for aid and assistance  
He told me holsters, caught him up in some bullshit  
Don't even trips though, I'm heading in your route  
Soon as I roll up, we puttin' they lights out  
Poppin' a clip in, with one in the chamber

Finna' ride on a stranger, put the hoes life in danger  
Started letting off hollows, straight through they car door  
I'm a G from Chicago, pull the game weightless where I go  
Bustin' pistols with laser injects, putting holes in they Avarex  
Going straight through your tailored vests, now it's you or your neighbor ne

xt

Now we got your boy tied up, to the hideout we ride up  
They gonna show us the stash-pot, with the little handles side up  
Took the money and lello, and thats hwo the day goes  
Get the bankroll, gotta gank hoes, and I got the 44.  
Time to leave finna' go  
Hit 'em with that...