

# No Pistols

Twista

Don't wanna see you with no pistols if you ain't ready to roll nigga (put down that 45)

Don't wanna see you with no pistols if you ain't ready to roll nigga (gotta let that 40 ride)

Don't wanna see you with no pistols if you ain't ready to roll nigga (let's do a homicide)

Don't ever wanna see you with no pistols if you ain't ready to roll nigga

Don't wanna see you with that 45 unless you gon' ride

If I say you gon' die motherfucker I get so loud

What you be procrastinating I think you fuck around with pistols cause they fascinating

You motherfuckers ain't gon' do nothing

When you get through frontin' niggas out here already know that you ain't gon' shoot nothing

End up at the pearly gates when they test you

Gotta dirty face but what you know about a 30 ain't special shit

And I know them hard words make you jump up with your? when you got the mosb urg pump bitch

And the shortys lookin' at you like a punk bitch

Cause you ain't making what you claim ain't gon' dump click

You gon' cry when you hear them bullets dumping when them shortys come and ride on you

(when the pistol click clack)

If you still alive will you really get the dumpin' if you got that 45 on you?

Once upon a time in the sha there was three real killas who bust guns and puff fire

They cut weight by the key and baggin' every gram

Instead? bustin' with the pistol in they hand

I'm preachin' murder like a vicious reverend

About niggas who claim they shootin' but they never seen 357s

Now what reason would you hold it up

Put that pistol down nigga pick that weed up roll it up

Twista up the light you don't really won die

Stop your blood clot crying

Your bullets don't fly

? aim smooth? I keep that Smith and Wesson with me like I'm black moon

Toss up the living room storm through the kitchen

I caught that nigga in the bathroom shittin' and pissin'

What you shakin' for I thought you said you ready to ride

Don't be coming with me if you ain't strapped because I

I keep a p95 nine milli rugger

You fuckin' with a shooter

Quick to bloody your suit up

My aim impeccable point like a decibel

300 feet away in a tower snipin' a festival

What you know about 9's and glock 40's

And 45's see our 15's with the 5 pound slide

Thirty shot clips snub noses with the rubber grips

Wicked techs that'll put the kiss of death on your lover's lips

? we get the squeeze nigga

Ak-47s make them bitches retreat nigga

Like a g nigga

I make em bleed nigga

? I'm bustin' that's on my c nigga  
My war chest is filled with ballers and techs  
Ski masks gloves and vests so nigga what's next nigga  
It's real thuggin' you a bitch to the bone  
If you ain't go through nothin' shorty leave them pistols alone