

# When The Guns Come Out

WC

When them guns goes off, we be ready for war  
When them guns goes off, bitches hit the floor  
When them guns goes off, and them sirens roar  
Better get that money, and be out the door

Racket, racket, comin' out of the back end  
Dead at you, he throwin' the hot lead at you  
Swang affiliate, X.O. sip, a gold getter  
With the rest to gather, my cold killer  
It's "Me Against the World" like 2Pac  
And like Biggie, I'm "Ready to Die" for what you got  
Got a crew with killas behind me, I'm grimey  
I'm one of the big body, blowin' cushions where you can find me  
For figures, we bust triggers, who could fuck with us?  
Dub, E-40, Christ Bearer, plus RZA  
Stick you with the Blade, we gots to get paid  
And for the moolah, we intertwine like French braids  
And I can't fight the feeling like one way  
When it comes down to this gangsta shit and gun play  
For the loot, we compute it, quick to shoot it  
So hit the switch, punk blew it, and bang the music

I don't care what it takes, we gon' make it  
They say the chains too strong for us to break it  
Willing to do what it takes for us to make it  
And we can overcome anything we faced with  
(We are soldiers after all, down by honor we won't fall  
After all, all, all, all, all...)

When them guns go off, bitches hit the floor  
Or then forty four slugs gonna hit you, ho  
I don't care what it takes, I pull out a gear  
Fuck the snakes, and Kurtis Blow with The Breaks off  
Artie Murphy and the Petty Coat Junction  
Get two thirty off the head with cold dumplings  
Niggaz jump when the AK bark  
Crystal grip pump, make the gun niggaz spark  
You dig? Niggaz ready for war  
Been carryin' the world for so long, it ain't heavy no more  
And even when the sirens roar, I taught the violence gore to start firing mo  
re  
And when we run out of bullets, and you still want static?  
I grab the three eighty and pull out the automatic  
We better get the money, for shootin' Mossbergs and Beretta's  
Niggaz ain't shit funny, when it comes to a brawl  
Suckin' Northstar, trippin' in  
Guns go off, y'all know y'all strippin'

Willing to do what it takes for us to make it  
And we can overcome anything we faced with  
(We are soldiers after all, down by honor we won't fall  
After all, all, all, all, all....)

Look out peon, we might of lost the battle, but we won the war  
I grab a bullet, travel, bodies hit the floor  
Can't be scared of your shadow, you gotta have heart  
Killas on my soil, will turn off the lights and park

Get out the car, unlock, fill out the chopper and let it chop  
Walk off like nothing happened, give a fuck bout a cop  
Touch you with the Blade, take off your toupee  
Put my dirt in your glocks, sometimes I do my dark in the day  
My momma didn't raise no sick, she raised a beast  
And I can't rest til my enemies rest in peace  
The bigger they are, the harder they fall  
Run up on me, I'ma knock the hell outta y'all  
My back against the wall, strappin' and jackin', I'm puttin' hands on 'em  
One hitter, quitter, bob & weavin', karate stance on 'em  
Dance on 'em, ran on 'em, and land on 'em  
Put my brand on 'em, stand on 'em, because I can on 'em