

One gun Two gun Three gun Four!
Take em out, take em out, bring em out dead

Send 'em to Allah kingdom, pistol-grip pump rap
It's like music to my ears when the gun clap
You a stupid motherfucker, here's a dunce cap
Shoot you in the fuckin' stomach where your lunch at
I ain't listening no more, cause son whack
I'm like bustin' inside a rubber, I come strapped
Y'all wanna hear a fun fact?
My guns is heavy on the scale, god, dumb fat
Where the Mossberg? Where the dum-dums at?
Ninety-three million miles away from where the sun's at
I'm Jimmy nine times, cousin you a dumb rat
I put you in the back of the ac with Pun mac (Rest In Peace)
I'm a grown-ass lion, you a young cat
Wet 'em up, better hope the ambulance comes stat
Take the shotty off the gun rack
Toss his body on the ground like when Charles Bark sonned Shaq

Mothafucka BANG
One gun Two gun Three gun Four!
Youre Mine, its all about crime!
It's the streets in me its an everyday thang
All day everyday mothafucka BANG BANG

[Blaq Poet:]
Wild motherfucker since birth, get hurt
Who's first? Got blood thirst, shoot up your hearse
It's insane, let me explain the pain
I came to reign supreme, hammer damage your brain
Highly flammable, easily slaying you
I do what I came to do, your hood should be ashamed of you
Blaq Po, murder motherfuckers up, yo
What the fuck is up? I don't care what they say, you fuckin' su
ck
The black monster go harder
Spit pure lava, word to the father
Don't make me show up at your crib with the pump
I can find out where you live, where you from
But you're not a threat, you're puppy-dog harmless
Tail between your legs when I start to bomb shit