

# Shot-Gun

## Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Err'ybody get your  
Shotgun, shotgun double barreled sawed off  
Stay strapped homie this shit is about to pop off  
Me I be a G from way back in the day  
With that I don't give a fuck about your set, type mentality

I'll shoot you in the day, like my heater stay on toast  
And Grundy build a casket for you as soon as you a ghost  
I got an itchy trigger finger and I'm scratching like a DJ  
15 shells in my pocket, who wanna see me  
Khakis stay on fold, brew ice-cold  
And my homeboy rapping to a chicken that he know  
Here come a car up the street, rolling real slow  
With a wannabe, baby G, hanging out the window  
Looking close, like he knows me  
Fuck set!, Buck shots splattered his ass all over his homies upholstery  
Trying to play me closely, but my approach be  
Buck'em all till they fall with my shotgun

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(2x)

If I keep my self alive, something just might happen  
Like my gun clapping, or a motherfucker's head crackin'  
My nerves are shot, I'm sweaty and hot  
Always shaking, looking just like Michael J. Fox  
Save me, help me take me out this mind frame  
Without the choppin' on you hoes cause I'm insane  
Me and Colton be getting Grundy in the hood  
Knocking down your doorway, jacking all your goods  
Look into the barrel of my shotgun, watch yourself  
Fucking with me, is just bad for your health  
So when you see me coming, best be thinking whether you want to live or die  
Cause my anger's increasing, so watch out  
Cause we ain't playing pimp, move the fuck over  
All up our face, acting like we know ya  
But if you really want to get that close,  
Then prepare yourself, to be filled with holes

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Sawed off shotgun and I'm about to dump  
Sippin' on some syrup, speakers on bump  
Cruising down 7 mile, cash bed of pile  
You think my shotgun won't blast, bat a thou-  
I'm all cheddar style; throw your body off Bell Isle Bridge  
Don't push me cause, I'm over the edge  
Been fell off the ledge, with a hole in my head  
Only reason Colton Grundy see me cause he been dead  
Boy I'm nothing to play with; my shotgun murdered 9 federal agents

I kill them all ages,  
Bloodstain the front pages  
This shit is outrageous,  
Me, Blaze, and ABK need to be locked in cages  
Police been after me, I cause a catastrophe  
All because my shotgun said Blasphemy  
Now another shotgun casualty

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(2x)

4 bullets left in my pocket, I'm a madman  
Three more people wanna test me  
3 bullets left in my pocket, I'm a madman  
Two more people wanna test me  
2 bullets left in my pocket, I'm a madman  
One more person wanna test me  
1 bullets left in my pocket, I'm a madman  
Don't nobody wanna test me

"Damn! Fuck! I ran outta muthafuckin ammo, unless you count the box of shells I got in the glove compartment! "