# 357

**C-Bo**

Verse 1-(C-Bo)

My first name is Smith, my last name is Wesson,
but in yo hood I'm known as 357,
have yo neighborhood punk quick to shoot a man,
an have Clark Kent thinkin that he's superman,
wit six in the cylinders chambers, I'm the cup of curs that got ya
feelin like the ultimate banger,
but some fools misuse my abilities, doin drive-by shootin everything
they see,
I'm quick to cap it in yo life if you tempt me,
playin Russian ruelet but is the cylinder empty,
fully loaded fool, you shouldn't have been trippin,
then you wouldn't be holdin yo head in yo hands to keep yo brains from
drippin,
I'm a lethal weapon registered in everythang,
used by the police, dope dealers an yo local gang,
I'm the hardest mutha fucka alive, right in front of yo eyes, kill any
man wit the quickness now who the f**k am I?

(Chorus)

I'm Mr. Tre-five-seven, quick to peel a cap,
I'm yo friend to the end, you know I got yo back,
I'm known to every trigga finga so everytime you squeeze,
I'm kick out so much heat I'm bringin he-man to his knees,
I'm Mr. Tre-five-seven, fool you know me,
I'm the reason why yo punk ass got locked up for that murder bee,
cuz after all I'm only a gun, an a gun ain't got no love,
remember that when you fill me up wit them hollow point slugs.

Verse 2-(C-BO)

Mr. Tre-five-seven, I send that ass to heaven,
quick to murder mutha fuckaz, an quick to pull 211's,
I turn a big bad nigga into a cowardly lion,
an if he's thinkin about jackin, boy I'll keep his ass from tryin,
see I don't give a f**k, pull the trigga an I'll buck,
when you rollin wit tre-five, fool, whoever steps is suicide,
I never been a snitch, but if you do some crazy shit,
you besta have a hankerchief to wipe the finger prints off yo grip,
cuz if you down I'm down, fool, it ain't no half-steppin,
I'm a leathal weapon, juss point me in his direction,
an ain't no tellin who I'll hit so you niggaz better run,
I'm Mr. Tre-five-seven, that's any kind of killaz gun.

(chorus)

Verse 3-(C-BO)

No one can hang, I'm the downest on this earth,
no regrets, no sorrows, no remorse when I burst,
I hang on the side of your task force an the waist of yo neighborhood
killaz,
might catch me up under the seat, or ridin in the lap of yo dope dealaz,
I'm known to robbin banks, jewlery stores, an 7-11's,
some use me for protection, an some use me for 1-8-7's,

it's best to call the police if you think you see me comin,
but whatever you don't run cuz you might tempt me to start gunnin,
I kill at will, quick to spill guts when I bust,
an when a habit drops, you mutha fuckaz can't touch,
mo deadlier than a pitbull, when you locked up in my sight,
so stay up outta my path, an beware because I bite.

(chorus)


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