

# Shooters

Chevy Woods

Taylor  
Taylor... Gang

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Brett Favre with them pistols, man them niggas throwing bullets  
Lemonsqueeze make 'em shine real easy when them motherfuckers pull i  
t, I been counting all this money up  
Oh lord, say a prayer for him, might not make it out, filet mignon, w  
e know the police outside staking out  
My life and my money, two things I don't play about  
And ain't a nigga out here coaching me, but I can show you what a pla  
yer 'bout  
Short bus watch this retarded, man this motherfucker stupid  
And ain't no love out here just broke her heart, this ain't no mother  
fucking cupid, god damn

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I ain't gotta make a phone call, cause they right here with a nigga  
Have it your way, Big Mac drive-through, yeah, you can get it nigga  
Flip flop on that SS, I'm trying to do it like lil did  
One time for my hood niggas, doing a coke or a dope bid (ay! ay!)  
I just pulled up to the post spot, yeah, hell yeah, I'm with the trap  
shit  
And it's still forty eight hundred everywhere, way more than rap shit  
Niggas really out here try to get to the money, man you niggas in the  
way though  
Don't be tripping in the club outside, man them niggas known to let t  
hem fucking K's go

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