

It's over  
You're gonna love us once we dead and gone  
We what the game's been missing but we been here all along  
They out there prayin' to Jesus asking "What would 'Hovah do?"  
I'd die for what you love, I'd slit my fucking throat for you  
Blood in, blood out  
Blood on the dance floor  
The Michael Jackson of this rapping, what you dancing for?  
The Charlie Manson of this mansion, Marilyn Monroe  
Singing "Happy Birthday" to an industry that's full of hoes  
Swiss cheesed up  
When the gun cock, they freeze up  
So I gun top, grabbing my cock, mean mugging the speakers  
When backed into a corner, every animal attacks  
You and me ain't nothing but mammals  
You and me ain't nothing  
And this rap shit ain't nothing  
Drool instead of spit  
You thought you was a peach, they change you up like you's a pit  
And it's impossible to part with partying and shit  
Take three of these, don't call me  
This is the prescription, bitch

Throw your guns up  
Throw your guns up  
Throw your guns up if you getting ready for the  
Throw your guns up  
Throw your guns up  
And if you're dying, you should pump your fist and hold on

All these rappers scared  
Being what they are  
I run through condoms like weed smokers run through cheap cigars  
I blow through weed and Swishers like tornadoes blow through houses  
Disney on these hoes, shouts to all my Mickey Mouses  
Little plastic coffin  
Little red Corolla  
Little patience for the doctor, little supernova  
A funeral for stars  
Everybody carry guns  
Body bag is marked "Public Enemy No. 1"  
Flavor of the month, I'm licking ice cream paint  
She like, "You just don't care"  
Like I'm the one to fucking blame  
I gotta feed these kids, they want a poster child  
It's either rapping or back to the crack and blocks gone wild  
Block's gone, I can't go back  
They don't know me and my set  
I'm out this motherfucker, Dubai on a private jet  
"Private Ryan" on the screen, my captain offered dub  
They tried to ground me so I joined the Mile-High Club

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Work hard for this pimp cup  
For the tattoos, tears, and the chains  
Made a milli off a memoir, so what?  
Pimping never made away with the pain  
Still a nine on the dresser when I'm dressin'  
Never be without a Wesson when I'm steppin'  
Shoot a sucker in the chest in when he flexin'  
Text back, it's a western, leave a mess in  
Round here, we shoot the messenger  
Care less if a messiah or desire  
Cause it ain't no fun if the homies can't get on my level  
I'm on fire  
See, the tire is y'all got all of my attire  
So fly that I made a call to my supplier  
He'll fly ya  
Bring the house from the sticks to the haystack  
Quick, tell me who will be the [?]  
I am practically super-sized  
Practiced thugging since birth  
Fresh kicks is a new disguise  
I stay ten toes to the turf  
Tell them "Shoot for the eyes"  
Before they see me, I skrrt  
I'm a dirty motherfucker riding dirty in the track  
Until I dirty work enough to make a motherfucker hurt  
Man, put hurting on them hoes  
Man, put a fortune up they nose  
Men know what men know  
But men don't know to get low when we slow in the rental  
Your average tollbooth phantom  
Clock around my neck  
Cock back and I pop caps  
I don't know if they pop back  
Crack it, I can't have anybody jacking my respect

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