

# Artillery

Ghetts

Ar, Ar-Artillery  
So its hard to get rid of me  
Niggas say I'm a marked man but they ain't marking me physically  
I'm a pace setter so I'm starting it instantly  
Ar, Ar-Artillery  
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So its hard to get rid of me

Militant man with a brilliant plan  
I might play it innocent hand  
That's a William scam, but not only William can  
Pull it off, I can pull off a trillion fam  
No fluke, no incident, don't you ever think the only killer is Cam  
I'm sicker with a stick than Sam  
When he's chasing a buddy letting off a shotgun  
There goes another hot one  
Its curry woah, you better hurry home  
Dumb-dumb sit in dummies bones  
Unlucky homes, I'm old school like a runny nose  
Strap on the stage when I spit  
But I don't need that to duppy shows  
And I'm nobodies hubby so  
If you see me with a slutty ho  
You know it's a quick one like 'come we go'  
Back to the war  
So many enemies on my case that I can't relax anymore  
They're all talking nobody's telling me to my face  
Maybe cause I'm carrying a sword  
Deadman walking the cemetery awaits  
I'm engaged to my gun so I'm marrying a whore  
Non-stop letting off when I draw  
Black bags outside like a charity store  
But there ain't no clothes in them  
Just bodies with holes in them  
1, 2, 3 loads of them  
4, 5, 6 casket closed for them  
7, 8, 9 let me reload again, I'm stone cold  
My face ain't got no emotion and  
My foes know when I comes to the beef I'm sub-zero  
Cause they're on a frozen ting  
Hands in the air when the mandem appear  
Sometimes I wake up like damn my career  
I'm a Scorcher its a ransom affair  
There ain't a man that I fear  
Cause I can make a man disappear  
For a grand, be aware  
There's man that would do that; gladly  
Keep going on like you don't actually care  
And I swear they'll have your whole family scared  
You'll see the insanity clear  
Picture that like a gallery queer  
Forsee the future  
Or see the shooter  
Surely remove ya  
Brain out the back of your head  
For feeling super

Like nothin can't dent Clark Kent  
Well I'll be the type to attempt  
I'm Lex Luther, I'll step to ya  
World domination, get used to  
The fact that I'm back and Ima let loose  
An atomic bomb the size of St. Lucia  
Wait that's an exaggeration  
But when it comes to my gun its masterbation  
Its bussing and if you don't know  
I'll fill a nigga in like an application  
This ain't American X  
But its teeth on the curb, now smack the pavement  
I'm going on like I can't wait to die:  
Yeah well, I never had any patience  
Man'll be waiting outside in the car  
Niggas outside of ya yard  
I got man parrallel, diagonal and adjacent  
All angles  
And I got tricks up my sleeve like big Paul Daniels  
I don't give a shit how many niggas your with prick  
They're all candles  
I'll light 'em up like a lighter does  
Your defence ain't saying one  
Call Campbell, and Rio Ferdinand  
But don't think that G won't murder man  
I'm like fam this ain't an act its all actual  
Shit that I've done, shit that I did  
Shit that I'm gonna do, shit that I think  
Some man are putting it on its not at all natural  
Stop all the bad boy poses  
None of you are bad boys  
Bad boys know this  
You can put a scar on your face and base in your voices  
But we know you're still moist bitch  
Beef I'd rather avoid it, its pointless, but I've been poisoned  
By the manor I've been living in  
Man are on the killing ting like we live where the oil is  
My bloods boiling  
Man wanna wet me up but I've already been anointed  
So my only choice is:  
Is take this shit like a toilet  
Or go hard like a coin is  
So now I'm in deep like oysters  
I'm looking at certain man (what)  
And I can see what the 'roids did  
But I'm not gonna take that rout  
Skinny nigga with an 8-pack, how? (how?)  
Head to knees then lay back down  
150 times a day...  
It's hard to maintain that wow:  
Pump up, tone up, weights in a gym  
Gun buck a doughnut straight in the chin  
Dumb fucks, roll up, waving a ting  
One buss, hold up, blaze in the wind  
Never hit anyone or anything  
Never hit anything or anyone  
Ok check 1, 2 gun to the head (bang)  
Payback's a bitch (bang)  
I ain't one to forget (bang)  
So I'll spray that and split  
When forensics got to the scene and saw the wounds  
They said "It must be a tech"  
Yeah, must be a tech

Names G-H and I'm fucked in the head