

Guns For Life

Ghostface Killah

I love my heat, yeah, youknowwhatitis
You know it stay hot, just a little tale about my gun
Feel the neck on that nigga, that's my homey, uh, yo, aiyo

I kept the same gun for nine years, navy blue glock
In the blue safe, right upstairs
I make sure that little nigga stay warm, tuck him under my pillow
Case the robbers come, I gotta perform
Kiss him night-night, mwuah, read him bedtime stories
Times I just stared at him, the glock forty
His belly stay full, and he on a strict diet
I feed him lead, he good, he at ease when fired
Go to sleep Mr. Gat, I had him doing doubles for two days
And this the only way I get back
Besides changing your diaper, me and your click
Got niggas defecating in shit bags, they full of shit

Yeah, that still my nigga though, son
I can't live without him
Special relationship with that muthafucka
You feel me right? You feel me, Ghost?
Wu-Block, uh

I known him ever since he was nine, now he 22
Thinking he 45, that nigga is live
Like to come with me everywhere when I drive
Trouble maker same time, keep you alive
His ego too big, he be getting pumped
I told him chill, he said it's better when you getting jumped
No matter how you face it, now matter where you place me
Since the day that I was born, I ain't have safety
He went from Y.O. to Staten, that's real talk
He hung with Puff, he was with Shyne in Club New York
Now he with me, he hurt him like Angelina Jolie
With them babies, I raised them up from 380's
I raised them up from 380's, I raised them up from 380's

That Wu-Block shit, nigga, yeah

I still pour liquor after I pop bottles
Got a friend named Deuce Nickel, the cops got him
Back then when the coke price was rock bottom
I robbed a lot of spots with him, and I'm not lying
Then I got knocked with him and the cops kept him
I reminisce and get high over a lot of weapons
Got a friend named Nine, caught up in the murder one
I ain't seen him since, cuz my man had to murder son
Homey named Thirty-Eight, he pop with him
And it ain't too often that he's not with him
Call 'em your guns, I call 'em my friends
Pop it off or keep it tucked, guess it all that depend, yeah