

Da Gun

Gucci Mane

You keep talkin' that shit, muhfucka
You'll make me mad, I'm a get my cutter
Get my M16, my Mack 11, my K, I'm a call my brother
Matter fact, I don't need no 'nother
Nigga, I ain't even gotta call my brother
This lil chopper gon' take care of all that drama
17, I don't need no mother
I got pain, I killed the pen and I killed the paint job
Rocket launcher, crazy gun like in Super Contra
Kangaroo pouch with the strap, it's down on the nat
Satellite dish, turtle top though, cowabunga
Got them black shades, can't see shit, Stevie Wonder
And I'll shoot a nigga in his shit, you better run, bruh
"Gucci got a gun, he 'bout to click, better run swift"
I just wanna shoot, don't wanna hit, got a four fifth
My niggas'll shoot yo' ass for shit, that like 4-6
Mac 11, don't keep it at home, got it right here

Bag full of guns, let me pick out one
Whomever wanna test, let that bad man come
Who wanna war? Let come, bet the game begun
Because I murk niggas for fun, man, I kill for fun, for fun
Flocka got a gun, please put down the gun
Gucci got a gun, please put down the gun
Flocka got a gun, please put down the gun
Gucci got a gun, please put down ya gun!

.38s,.45s, Glock 9s, pistol in my hand, I don't do the waistline
Heart all black, Akon, how you gettin' money but can't make bond?
Silencers on the chopsticks, Avon - I got a lot of guns
Big guns like Contra that'll shell shock you like Blanka
Shooter save a shooter, I'm a top shotter
Waka Flocka Flame, I got the juice, partner
Low jolt the gun, that's the anaconda
Fuck the law until they free my partner
Chopper kick like Liu Kang, free Poo Tang, who who bang?
You real then I'm recruitin', you a dead man with' that FN in my hand
Don't fuck with' niggas, Ku Klux Klan, get love all in the Motherland
Make ya best friend kill you for the bands, get love all in Rosecrans
Got a Mack 10, AK, SK,.223, 3 throwaways, that's a 40, real P-Funk
Slow him down like a speed bump, the barrel pump, Elmer Fudd
Whoever thugs, I'll leave ya slumped, show you no love
I'm shinin' hard, Michael Jackson glove
Brick Squad, there's too many guns, shoot for fun, just because
Kill a nigga, kill a nigga, kill a nigga, kill a nigga, Squad!

Ca\$h Out got a gun, put ya hands up
They say they want war, put ya hands up
I buy these niggas' partners, make 'em hit they mans up
And these niggas snitchin', that's why they takin' a stand, bruh
Jewels 'round my neck, ridin' by myself
Pistol on my hip just in case a nigga wanna trip
And I don't need no crew
Them the niggas that's snitchin' on you
Just a couple real niggas 'round me
Who don't give a fuck about you, ooh

These niggas know I hang around them shottas
Only comin' for ya medulla oblongata
Wanna see yo' noodles, love eatin' pasta
(I'm on the phone with' Mac A Zoe, he put me on the roster)
Yeah, we talkin' crazy, in Miami in a rari with' them Haitians
Shit, I just talk it how I live it
Probably that's the reason why I party at Liv, rich nigga shit