

Shoot First

Hurricane Chris

You know
If a bitch don't look over here
She gotta be blind

Big ol' diamonds on my wrist, this shit colder than a six-pack
How you let a nigga step on your lil' dawg and get your lick back?
She hopped in the whip and put her mouth on me, you know I'm with that
Ain't no trickin' in my blood, I might buy that hoe a kit-kat
I might pull up in the Raf, two extra clips to make you get back
In the trenches I was twelve years old, servin niggas knicks-sacks
I can't work no fuckin' nine-to-five, nigga I need big racks
I might hop out with this dirty nine, push a nigga shit back

In a foreign with a bitch who know my name, but I can't say the same
Swear to God these niggas gon' get flamed, you best stay in your lane
Swear my chopper think its in a gang, 'cause all it do is bang
On my way from Spain, on a plane, eatin' shrimp lo main (yeah)
Niggas started looking at you different when you get some change
Switch the subject, pickin' up your bitch, finna go get some brain
Niggas rockin' motion out in they chain, you ask me that's lame
Thats a fact, can't let these niggas fool ya, ask 'em who they jewler
Bitch I'm in the club with my lil shooter, he gon' work this ruger
Come at me with smoke, he gon' get smoked, now that boy a hookah
Oh you in my way, don't want to move? I got some shit to move ya
AR with so many fuckin' clips, bitch I'm really stupid

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I remember they used to talk about my kicks, I couldn't forget that
Now the same niggas be broke as fuck, can't even afford a big mac
Momma taught me, if a nigga hit you first you better hit back
Daddy taught me how to work this .223 like "raddt, tat, tat, tat"
In my section we got killers, you a Master Splinter big rat
You tellin' shit that people ain't even ask you, and that's big facts
Actin' like you really rich in front of niggas will get you jizzacked
Strip his ass naked, tell your people "pull up, get your shit back"
Know your pockets hurt
You ain't got no plan, and I don't get that
Got no handout for no nigga
Thats on my momma, I'm not with that
Niggas always beggin, cryin, bummin, tell me where your bitch at
Bitch I'm from the south, on the couch, her mouth where my dick at

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I'm him

On God

On God!

Niggas Talkin