

Big Guns

Jay Rock

If you want some you can get some
We can do it with the small or the big guns
Bout Whatever and whenever you want to do with this war shit we used to it
Let's get it on

Aw shit rock stepped in the place
You know he got somn' on his waist
Two niggas beside him yeah they got something on their waist and they'll let
it spray if he say
And Fade away like a J multiple shots for your face
Left the Proof for the highlight tape for the FOX 11 [?] Coverage
Hot ass bullets leave that ass suffering
Nigga better have my money
He act silly, smack his ass with the semi
Then smoke his ass like a philly watch his departure
Then hop in the charger skrt off in the hemi
Stay with them burners the shit that'll burn ya
Send a hot one through your sternum you earned em for talking that shit bitc
h

Down central
Eyes in my rearview cause you never know who's out to kill you
Lookout, lookout, lookout, lookout, lookout yeah

Ready for whatever, whatever you gone bring
R&B gats on my hip they gone sing
Send shots through your coat damage your whole spleen
Need a barrel smoking like a pipe from a dope fiend
Move with the metal or plastic
Shooting shit up like heroin addicts
My goons won't hesitate to body a bastard, have him looking right in front t
he pastor
Got something for those that open their gums
Put the barrel in your mouth have death at the tip of your tongue
Shhh shut your mouth or my gat do it for ya, permanent nap in the dirt for y
a
If you want it you can get it in a LA minute
Put the frame to your brain leave you there laying there finished
Have you stuck in the streets leaking like a broke down engine with your bod
y parts missing

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I'm a solider from Watts California, a place where them niggas run up on ya
Don't be hanging out on them corners, when them van doors slide open nigga y
ou a goner
What Do you prefer getting hit with a pistol or a llama
Better hope your chest got armor

Slugs rip through your flesh, leave you laying in a mess
Send you to the grave with the rest
I don't lift weights I bench press the .38
Throw a stray have you waiting by them pearly gates
Man the streets ain't safe better stay in the house
The grim reaper outside and he taking em out
The block filled with syringes and sirens
Shots letting off bullets spread like a virus
Nigga you a fool you put your gat in retirement
That's how niggas out here expiring
You gotta stay strapped

Down central

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