

# Met The Wrong Gun

Juicy J

See I ain't worried about nobody out here mane  
You know what I'm sayin  
Send my young niggas to get you  
(GET EM!)

I send some young niggas to wait in front of you momma's house  
Waiting with them berners, waitin on you to come out  
When them drums hit ya bruh, you gon be burnt out  
Dead on arrival, throw over the towels  
I don't give a damn nigga take this shit to trial  
Got a gang of young niggas in the jail house, wildin  
Got the jury paid off and the federal judge  
You fucking with a boss, I got all the plugs

His girl lookin for him  
His mami lookin for him  
His kids lookin for him  
His papi lookin for him  
Tell his folks that he's gone and he ain't comin back home  
Next time they see his body they gon need a tombstone  
He done fucked around and got into it with the wrong one  
Them other niggas missed his ass this time he met the wrong gun  
Tell his folks that he's gone and he ain't comin back home  
Next time they see his body they gon need a tombstone (Real Talk)

These niggas pussy, (Mhm) they need they guys (They scared)  
They won't step outside, knowin somebody gon ride (They scared)  
Down on they ass guns blast 80 rounds (You scared)  
If you owe me money I suggest you pay me now  
I'm a street nigga hope you niggas know bruh  
Last nigga try to cross me out is in a coma  
I know you scared, I bet you sleep with your security, and you ain't  
even know that your security is fearin me

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Hey Juicy J, tells these niggas what the fuck up dawg  
Smokin some cali kush