

Shots Fired

iMayday!

Nobody move, nobody get hurt
Too bad I ain't takin' advice tonight
You know if you hit when it burns
Live and I die by my word
Flippin' them birds
Leading the sheep in the herd
Poppin' a wheelie and hoppin' the curb
Comin' alive when the peace is disturbed
And it's a bluuur!

Skipplin' the limits for sure
Strippin' the tip of your ignorant blurb
Diggin' the dividends in if you heard
My kitchen is dishes of rhythm to serve
I'mma cynical germ
Spreadin' through sprayin' saliva (That's right!)
Gettin' plenty of pay it's the piper
In your regular neighborhood cypher

Flickin' my lighter 'till I burn a bridge
Lightin' a path back to my crib
Doin' it 'till there ain't nobody left in my town
Sittin' around spittin' that shit
Ridin' around with a shoulder chip
And a crew with a bone to pick, maaaaan
These snakes in my yard aren't venomous
For the hell of it I just let 'em hiss

Holy smokes, I'll show you Moses!
We've been fightin' the War of the Roses
This is not what you even suppose it's
Just the end of the world as we know this
Here's a little surprise
So if you're not tryna meet your demise
Do what they say so they move it away
If you're brutal today then it's true you might die!

Shots fired
You know what that means when you hear that sound
Everybody goes (BOOM!) through the wire
You know what that means when you hear that sound
Everybody hit the ground, the ground woo-oh oh oh, woo-oh
Everybody on the ground, the ground woo-oh oh oh, woo-oh
Everybody on the ground

We loaded again
Spit for the family and brokest of friends
Down in Miami we on it the phonics is supersonics
So don't think you contend
This ain't the time to pretend
You sippin triple six I'll see where you've been
Illuminated but I'm not in with them
There's places that we should just never attend

Focus the lens 'till it makes sense
Kill 'em all quickly and kill 'em all dead
Making 'em run for the hills cause they scared of the things that's about to

begin
Kickin em shins givin' 'em blood
But don't kill my buzz
I'm doing this all for the crew with the M
And the rest gets no love
That's nuff

If they bluff they must be touched the guff
It must be stocked now
The winter is cold but humid as hell
And souls get dropped down
I'm a sinner with noone to judge me
A killer with noone to cut me
A menace to innocence since the beginning I've always been giving no fucksee
s!

Close ranks
Build walls 'round thick tanks
Dead weight these Big Macs
Split half these wigs back
We miss match and I love it though
Fuck the rest of y'all other hoes
Been through hell and back call the pastor back
That's the way to get your gold!

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