

# Gunplay

Rick Ross

I'm sittin at the table, countin' my money  
Ain't where I wanna be but I got a few hundreds  
A lot of talk on the streets like a nigga crossin' me  
Well, that's somethin' I gotta see

Is it how my chain swings? Tired of ma face  
Tellin' lies, getting niggas wives tied up and raped  
Similar to da mob, deeper than a rap  
All you niggas gettin' robbed, all the cell phones tapped

Bullet in my head, bullet in my chest  
Yeah, they want a nigga dead, they envy my success  
To be loved, to be loved, oh what a feelin'  
Hundred rounds in da drum

Niggas gettin whacked, no sympathy for the soft  
Niggas snitchin', I know bitches who clippin' your dick off  
I'ma boss champagne with the steak  
Pink rose jay sittin' ace by da case

Brisco line, 2 young niggas, what it do  
He gotta pretty shone and he wanna bring her through  
That's love, we go back to the blue house  
And if she bad enough, may take her to da new house

My Maserati be da new body  
Got your girl panties wetter than a pool party  
I got her sleepin' in the king size  
Last night I had tha bitch sittin' ring side

You wanna go that route, go there  
I been on this road before  
(Uh, huh)  
I know gunplay, you know gunplay  
(Yeah)

I'm shootin for the win but ready for the loss  
Both bags on the tip on my finger  
Yellin' bring it, I'm swingin' dat iron  
(Dat iron)  
When I'm swingin' dat iron  
(Dat iron)

Ain't thinkin' 'bout time  
Ain't thinkin' 'bout mine  
Ain't thinkin' bout dying

My nigga so street, my swisha so sweet  
All this money on the table, how a nigga gon' sleep  
Speculations on my deal, it was over ten mil  
Blowin' herb, chauffer plus home in New Zeal through

Beat the case like Gotti, we the Trill Murder Inc  
I erased, slip and slide, they rainy in the mink  
Look dead in her eye, it's da end of the road  
In the purple Maybach means dat I'm getting' more dough

Smell the Christian Dior, I used to be poor  
When you cross Florida lines, boy, I'm your leor  
Boobi Boys steal, Boobi Boy's real  
You can name a lot of lames that the Boobi Boys killed

Brisco line to young nigga, what it do  
Said he gotta couple kilos and he wanna bring 'em through  
That's love, we go back to da blue house  
And if he brought enough I may buy me a new house

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Nigga how I'm livin', damn near dying  
For every digit I get, fuck they know 'bout that  
I aint never put shit on the line, just shit in they rhyme  
I shoot a nigga shit on a rhyme

Wanna bet nigga, you ain't a threat nigga  
Never seen a laptop in da projects nigga  
Just powder, cut with comet, fuck them comics  
Convicts and buyin' it, if they ain't coppin' or fryin' it

Then don't get a nigga fired up behind sum  
Fuck shit, ma nigga don't want this  
Who dat, who dat behind the curtain  
I'll merk 'em, wizard of oz niggas

Hiding behind money, hiding behind luxury  
I see 'em shootin' up all that fuck shit  
It's getting' ugly, got torch on the line  
Said he got a couple nuns, I told him  
Grab two koo, bring 'em on through

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I been on this road before  
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