

## Empy out the Clip

SD

We goin' empty out the clip  
Empty out the clip  
Let's empty out the clip  
We go empty out the clip  
We got 30's, 40's, 50's, Techs  
Now load these motherfuckers up  
And see who gon' get wet  
Let's empty out the clip  
We go empty out the clip

We go empty out this clip  
When you fuck niggas slip  
Ain't no question while I shoot  
Cause' I don't tote no gun for shit  
We been in this shit for real  
You other niggas counterfeit  
30 piece go ludacris  
Pop up face shot and we won't miss  
If we go broke we take his bread  
And if he talk we take his head  
Sucker you know how it go  
If you a shooter play you role  
Got some shooters from the low  
And some shooters from the hundreds  
With that clip that hold one hundred  
What y'all want war or something [?]  
We about money and you ain't about nothing  
Empty the clip fuck with my brothers  
Lack it I be don't fuck with no others  
Cause niggas is ratch and I do not trust'em  
And Bitchies is bitchies so I do not love'em  
To 30's and 50's we get it 100  
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We like the gun range  
Let's send it empty out the clip  
No bullets left  
Your man be lucky if he live  
We 'bout gun fire  
Boy these bullets hollowtips  
Our guns like drumline  
Boy watch this chopper spit  
You're on your last line  
Don't get [?]  
Bitchies death traps  
So be careful where you sleep

Boy we empty out the clip  
See who the blame now  
Boy you know my circle's tip  
Yeah they bad guys  
Cause they keep their guns with them  
Yeah we do homicides  
This keep your mouth shut  
You're with the other side  
Watch these guns embarrass dem  
I'm with my own guys  
I just hope you don't know tip

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We go empty out the clip  
Every nigga on the block can hit  
Got 50s and 30s clip  
Better not slip  
I let the bitch rip  
Murda so millitant  
Doing hit don't get you split  
Homicides  
The guns a [?]  
Empty the clip, watch him die slow  
Back to the trap  
I gotta reload  
Got nina's and Tech's my niggas gon' blow  
I been in this shit  
You know I'ma blow  
Bullets for bullets  
Let's see where they go  
I carry a low  
I got lots of ammo  
Trust no one  
Friend or foe  
Most these niggas are with hoes  
All my shooters how they talk  
See you keep your telescope  
Shooters on the roof  
Lay him on the low  
Kick a door for the dough  
Ain't no man [?] no worries  
See a g take brungle lows  
And we are empty out the clip  
MURDA MILL

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