

Artillery

Twista

Restraint!

Artillery motherfucker, legit balling bitch but don't get it twisted
Ain't no hoes over here
Yeah, we got guns nigga, aimed at all you hating bitches
From K-Town to the Manor, Holy City to the Wild Hundreds
The war is on, and all my killers is riding
Todd Nitty, what you got for these hoes (click...clock...blast)

I got that 9 double M glock, with the infrared beam dot
Aiming at your knot, making your heart stop
Yelling out 'Fuck Tha Po' who some call it 5-0
Better look out for when they pull that kick door
Nothing but gangstas, thats all who I hang with
Slanging them thangs with, came up in the game with
The fucking hood rats, because them some broke hoes
Me get a rich bitch and stick her for her dough
The Manor in that K-Town, thats how we put it down
Letting off fifty rounds, thats how our shit sound
Artillery up the ass, scullies and ski masks
9's and bubble masks, gunning at your ass
Motherfucking street thugs, legit ballers
Money and the power, moving that flour
Taking no shorts and taking no losses
Hauling niggas asses off in coffins with that..

One, two, three, 45.'s,
Six, seven, eight, nine milli-meter
Ten, eleven, twelve gauge pump nigga (4x)

A nigga riding with stealers, hustlers, killers all my life
Legit Ballers bitch, don't even try to fuck with us gangsta's
Because we some mobstas
You come with that bullshit, then pussy I'll pop ya'
See it's that nigga Todd Nitty, that be squeezing triggers like bitches
titties
Who is it, the most left on nigga, they crept on nigga, with that teflon nig
ga
And it went BLOW! BLOW! body bag that bitch
Sent his ass to the morgue with the rest of them snitches
I heat 'em up like a motherfucking Newport
Left his ass with more holes than a golf course
What you thought boy, I'm from that 9th Ward
Where them stories are true about them Manor boys
How we leaving 'em, bleedin' and crawling on the ground
Like he's a dead nigga now

I got that love for my nigga Twist, for aid and assistance
He told me holsters, caught him up in some bullshit
Don't even trips though, I'm heading in your route
Soon as I roll up, we puttin' they lights out
Poppin' a clip in, with one in the chamber

Finna' ride on a stranger, put the hoes life in danger
Started letting off hollows, straight through they car door
I'm a G from Chicago, pull the game weightless where I go
Bustin' pistols with laser injects, putting holes in they Avarex
Going straight through your tailored vests, now it's you or your neighbor ne

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Now we got your boy tied up, to the hideout we ride up
They gonna show us the stash-pot, with the little handles side up
Took the money and lello, and thats hwo the day goes
Get the bankroll, gotta gank hoes, and I got the 44.
Time to leave finna' go
Hit 'em with that...