

Rhythm and Green

"Gun Powder"

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featuring Gonzoe Phats Bossalini Yukmouth

Verse 1 *(Rame Royal)*

I reside

in Oakland California Eastside

ain't no bullshit

I mean to the fullest we ride

be wise if you ain't ready for trigger action

niggas may ask ya now

when I comes to blastin

the sons of fashion

it's too much

like gettin touched for rappin

slip the clip in you fucked

won't even know what happened

unload close caskets from the cappin

defaced

erased

can't be replaced

it's a disgrace

vet players set this pace

can't keep up

We leave you wit what?
Hit your chest
Like kicks from the bass?
Someone should of told you
I'm from the old skool
meanin the cold dude wit heat
when I hold my two
make your whole body go like Jul's
then disinigrate
slugs penetrate any thug
don't discriminate
I mean this
go up in you like intervenous
witness' forgettin this
ain't seen shit
they fiend this
Town's Finest
few dank hits
YaHighness
wrap that ass up in a blanket like blindness
dump you in the trunk punk
wit the pump, mass, an semi
while I toast yo ass wit the Henny.
Cuz I'm the type of nigga
that's quick to blast

fuck wit me

I bust a cap in that ass

cuz I don't give a fuck

I buck an keep bailin....

I hope you bitch niggas ain't tellin!

Chorus *(Rame Royal)* 2x

Duce-duce's

duce-5's

3-80's

3-57's

glocks

4-4's

4-5's

an Mac 11's

Tech's, AP-9's

AR-15's

AK-47's

uzi's, M-16's.

(second time "Uzi's, M-16's" is replaced by "fully auto machines")

Verse 2 *(Phats Bossalini)*

It was me an Rame

in a drop top Mustang

money from caine

wit visions of havin fame

I went to Regime

M-16's wit red beams

to serve crack fiends

tef filled the magazines

WHAT?!

I'm on a come up

pressin my luck

hold glocks not givin a fuck

fillin my cup to the brim

regrettin my sins

I push a Benz

fuck 10's

plus all they friends

they love the bubble man

it's Bossi

fuckin wit mine could be costly

multiple shots

slash yo spot then we outtie

AK's

tossin grenades

yo blocks raid

when the gun blaze

you an yo niggas done hit the pave.

WHAT?!

(Rame Royal)

(Ra-me!!!)

What?

(Roy-al!)

Gun Powder! (echos twice)

(Nigga it's Gonzoe!)

When shot's reign down from the tower.

It's Gun Powder.

Hit yo chest an devour.

Gun Powder.

Nigga!

Bring you to your final hour.

It's Gun Powder. (echos twice)

Verse 3 *(Gonzoe)*

I'm 21 now

burn keys of weed down to ashes

make more money

sip Henn outta Champagne glasses

like niggas

cuz they give us

a foul hand to work with

I keep takin hits from the deck until it's perfect

my sister's smoked out

an I'm stuck feedin her kids

work my site phat on the block

and it's worth ends

so fuck it

ain't no luck in this game

it's Rame's thinkin

I ain't lookin in the police face wit out blinkin

can't crack

the eye contact

I give that shit right back

talk to him wit this thang on my lap

maybe it's my habitat

my surroundins

my world

bout hoochie bitches

Cutlass'

wit 15's poundin

It's Gun Powder.

(Rame Royal)

Cuz I'm the type of nigga

that's quick to blast

fuck wit me

I bust a cap in that ass

cuz I don't give a fuck

I buck an keep bailin....

I hope you bitch niggas ain't tellin!

(Chorus) 2x

Verse 4 *(Crown Jul)*

We got Downtown livin

an big city dreams

got my trigger finger

an my palms itchin for green
stalkin caps an trench coats
poppin at all them poster nigga kinfolks
best hope is revenge close
an get to hoppin
I get to choppin dicks off
this ain't Loreenna Bobbit
they can't stop it
I gets off
and man you been spotted
red dotted
ya head shot at
bustin 3-57's
pushin 3-50 rocket
up an down the asphalte
catapultin bullets up in them ass holes
full of dope
we full of saucy
get the cash flow
drunk niggas be accuarate
be mackin the gats
so punk niggas evacuate the area and
we raid yo block in caravans
strapped wit 4 Mac's
brought back from Afghanistan

face it

wit Millimeter in hand

if you ever need a friend

call the heater man.

Verse 5 *(Yukmouth)*

I got a AK

a Tre-8

a Tech-9

an HK

uzi and a chrome 4-5

Stashed outside.

Skinny niggas don't box

I sock niggas in the head wit the glock

clown they ass wit the Peppermint Snops

pop Extacy an mushroom tops

fuck the boon docks

an come to 6-500 Blocks

wit a batch of rocks stashed in the boom box

posted up

roll the dice nigga broke it up

smoke it up

Kryptonite like Fruit Topia

I twist ya cap

niggas be gettin they caps twisted

caught up in traps

fuckin wit hood rat bitches

man I mack bitches

slap bitches like Pretty Tony

niggas be phonier than Cubic-Zirconi

I make you mutha fuckas scream "I Miss My Homie"

(UGGGHHH!!)

Whip out the gun and I would FUCK yo hood

now where you from niggah

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