

Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud

"Gunclaps"

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Chorus x3

Gunclaps, we hear the gunclaps

The rowdy gunclaps the bloody gunclaps

(Juicy J)

5 A-M in the mornin'

Nigga heard them tones pumpin' like a thousand-five
cannons

Nigga gettin' it on

Peep out the window, I was solo flashin' in the streets

Caught by cops

I'm tell them bring some extra tape and plenty sheets

Right they ass chevy drove by bout' seventy shotguns

Loaded for your roller

Put em' straight to sleep

Hollow points hit my fuckin' window

Make you think your through

Like it's the forth of July

With them niggas spook

I wish the folks would hurry up

I cock my gun back with my thumb

Nigga rowdy rowdy like it's North Memphis, Vietnam

As I gotta check to take a look and then fired back

I realized I was out numbered

In a deadly trap

(Scarecrow)

Three 6 Mafia, Prophet Posse, Killa Kaze

With the shotties

Leave your chest cavity

Stoppin' at the autopsy

I slaughter

And I can't help but notice all your pain

When the monsters got that Clappin', Clappin', Clappin'

On them thangs man

We hear the gunshots

Nigga bang diggy dank

Got a shank full of thangs

And it is kind of insane

I Scarecrow with mystical styles

Niggas are getting buck wild

Look at my dirty fouls
Bodies are stacked up by pounds
You wanna fuck with me player
First you must say a lil' prayer
Ask the nigga over there
Yeah, that be my preacher there
Niggas are all actin' (??)
Grow up actin' now fight
Infamous buckin' all night
Burnin' em' after a light

Chorus x2

(Crunchy Blac)
Slip, slide come and take a ride
To my fuckin' stash pile
Nigga you can't hide
It's a mug Crunchy got a tug
Stuff a nigga in my trunk
Told ya'll niggas what
Crunchy ain't no fuckin' whore
Get down on that floor
Bitch I want more (more)
Bitch now give me more
Give me chocolate chunk bitch, I bitch I kill you more
They pay, that pay that five
Now bitch I want some more
All I wanna feel
Is some motherfuckin' rain
Let it rain motherfucker, let it rain (gon' let it rain)
See you inside by the game that I spit
Never ever in your life
Can you ever get with this

(DJ Paul)
Hey yo kemosabe
I got hoes smokin' weed up in the lobby
Cocaine fills my body, like gotti
Hotty
Where the keys to room 2-10
I got thugs with price tage bout' to get in
We heard it's goin' down, tricks about 2 mil
Feel, the fuckin' Prophet Posse get ya killed
Nigga, we got 40 cal's to your face
Na'ad mean
Three 6 leave no fuckin' trace
It takes more gunshots for these boys to save ya
Me and Crunchy chunk ya' over like white with a razor
Several automatics in a Blazer
Before we bump you off
Give me that plate and the lazer

Chorus...till fade

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