

## Shonda Martin

### "Pistol Pistol"

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[Bizarre] Yeah, welcome to Amityville  
[Swift] Detroit, nigga!  
[Bizarre] The reason why rappers gotta pack pistols  
[Swift] Why is that? {\*both laughing\*}

[Chorus One - Eminem]  
Slick criminal wit, the shit I spit chews  
like a bullet came back that just missed and hit you  
I say the type of shit parents slit their wrists to  
Need an anthem to amp you, then this the shit to  
Too many enemies on my list to sift through  
Nobody got my back in this bitch but this do  
Sorry officer I don't care how pissed it get you  
But I don't go nowhere without my pistol pistol

[Chorus Two - overlaps Chorus One 2X]  
Ain't goin nowhere without my gun  
I walk the streets I pack my gun  
I go to sleep I got my gun  
Can't go nowhere without my gun

[Swift McVay]  
Nigga, we violently active - so fuck with us  
See I'm backwards - I slap niggas and punch bitches  
Just for askin, they must've been wantin to meet the  
Lord  
When my parents talked to me, they got mean mugged  
and ignored  
They were snoopin through my closet, seen drugs on  
the floor  
Shells from the forty-four scattered over they porch  
Bustin pistols in your windows with intentions to destroy  
you  
Tryin to break your neck to conversate? Bitch, I'll do it  
for you  
Catch me laughin at your funeral when they lower you  
You and yo' ho, you gots to go, bitches died slow and  
horrible  
There's no tomorrow fo' - any nigga we'll shower you  
We young strapped & powerful (BITCH!) and I ain't  
gotta lie to you

[Proof]

Stepped in the door, wavin the fo'-fo'  
Blazin at po-po, escapin and lay low  
They call my tongue ya-yo, but I spit fire  
I lit five inside a fuckin dickrider  
The clip slider, love to blast a Mag  
You a FAG, you love bein ass to ass  
Grab a gun by the nose with the butt to gat-spank ya  
Never say that I'm a gangsta (now THAT'S gangsta)  
Y'all niggaz sound like Jigga but act like 'Pac  
Yo my trigger got the flu and this gat might cough  
It ain't nuttin to tell, empty shells for the witness  
I'm the hot nigga that's gon' put hell outta business  
It won't be the same since we touchin the game  
Make the hardest nigga in your crew, tuck in his chain  
Y'all think this shit's a game and I'm bluffin for fame?  
I'll squeeze off this tech until nothin remains

[Chorus One] + [Chorus Two]

[Kuniva]

The only time that I'm at peace/piece is when I'm close  
to one  
cause I don't know what's waitin for me when my vocals  
are done  
Tote the gun, it's my way of life and it works  
These cowardly niggaz'll put yo' fuckin life in the dirt  
Cause it was wrong how they left my dog, he was  
priceless  
Alone in the streets, bleedin, starin, layin lifeless  
That's why I'm heated, you never know who starts  
creepin (uh-huh)  
Wakin you up with AK's while you lie sleepin  
I'd rather pack the heat and not need it;  
rather than need one and not have it, I married this  
Glock-matic

[sung] {\*gun cocked\*} Nowhere without my..  
{\*gunshot\*}

[Kon Artis]

You know the sound  
when I'm spinnin round spittin these rounds from fo'  
pounds  
While the whole crowd screamin as loud from they  
mouths  
as they possibly allow? {\*series of gunshots fire\*}  
Nothing is parallel to making you carousel  
Arial sommersault like ferris wheels to a pair of shells  
Denaun carry the nine where I go

Bullets whistle and hit you while I'm shootin at five-oh  
Some semi-automatic for static's the motto  
Spittin like [\*Columbine kids\*] from Colorado

[Chorus One] + [Chorus Two]

[Bizarre]

This nine'll turn a softy to a hard rock  
It'll make Jehovah's Witnesses, think before they knock  
(Sorry, sorry!)  
It'll make your grandmother come out of a purse  
it'll make Limp Bizkit, get rid of Fred Durst (Ha ha!)  
It'll make Holyfield start fightin  
it'll make Ma\$e say "Fuck church!", and go back to writin  
It'll make Shyne say he sound like Biggie Smalls  
it'll make R. Kelly - give respect to Aaron Hall  
It'll make Christopher Reeves start walkin  
it'll make a dog with no voice, suddenly start barkin  
It'll make a nun turn to a filthy slut  
it'll make the hardest pitbull, turn to a fuckin mutt  
It'll make a Muslim dye his hair blonde  
It'll make the redneck start to read the Holy Qu'ran  
It'll make Ike stop beatin Tina  
it'll make Slim Shady - fall back in love with Christina  
Christina Aguilera... HA HA HA HA!

[Chorus One] + [Chorus Two]

[Swift]

Ha, nigga, nigga, nigga! You better have an aim  
Cause if you don't - you FINISHED - flat out, nigga,  
nigga, nigga  
What? Fuck around and get popped.. with NO  
hesitation, straight up

[Bizarre]

Look at where the fuck we stay at!  
Nigga, look where the fuck we stay at!  
Fuck around with us.. you good as popped  
You fuckin good as popped..  
Ahahahahaha! You good as popped, ahahahaha!  
{\*fades out\*}

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