

Williams Brothers

"Gun Talk"

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Da-da-da-da-da-da
Da - da - da - da - da
Nineteen-muthafuckin-ninety-nine
Willie D
Retreat or get hit
I'm loved by few, hated by many
But guess what?
I don't give a shit
[VERSE 1: Willie D]
Fuck it, in the bucket, ready for the drama
Finna heat this muthafucka up like Texas in the
summer
Trauma comin like a cold blue, got your body shakin
like jelly
Leavin you smelly with bullet wounds to the belly
My adversaries want me dead, my survival's crucial
I see caskets in your muthafuckin future
If you're neutral, stay the hell away from me, bitch
Cause this rotten nigga's ain't never gonna be shit
Mom did her best, but I guess her best wasn't good
enough
Cause I stopped knockin bitches out when my nuts got
bigger
Bought me a gun and shot my first nigga
Trigger-happy laws suck my cock-suckin balls
I have the paramedics cleanin out your fuckin drawers
They put my muthafuckin homie in the slammer, black
For a stray shooter and a gramm of crack
Damn, this track make me wanna eat it up and shit it
out
Pork made when I hit a cop
I'm havin dreams of bloody pictures
My adversary makin wishes
But I ain't sparin them bitches
I let my gun talk
Let it talk, nigga
Let it, let it, let it, let it
I let my gun talk (2x)
[CHORUS: Young Noble

