

## Young Guns

### "Beef"

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{Neef Talking }

Yo C hand me that muthafucking ratchet man  
These niggas talkin all that beef shit  
Soon as this nigga come around the muthafucking  
corner I'ma lay this nigga  
Fuck this nigga

{Chris Verse }

Hundred round lay em down from a far  
Talking that trunk shit layed down by the bar  
Spit it how I live it  
Yeah I'm down for the ?  
Thinking I ain't wit it run around from New York  
Though I Knew niggas niggas is down wit the law  
All new heat niggas ain' down wit the broads  
I ain't trying lease I'm putting down what it cost  
All you playa haters get lost  
I'm warning niggas,informing niggas we can take it  
toe-to-toe blow-for-blow  
Grab you 4 teflons going ?  
Shoot em' up niggas is rugered up  
The lead flying, somebody dying, suit em' up  
Nigga you come in our direction  
Shells in your fleshing  
I was told homey squeeze first in thought of question  
Niggas will never ever get on our level  
Before you getting my chedder  
Homey you kiss my bareta

{Swiss Beats Chorus }

If it's beef fire it up{repeat 8x's }

{Neef Verse }

Yo it start from a fist fight  
You know where it end right  
Niggas talkin that roach shit  
Getting they ratchet  
Trying lead the only thing you love out to be bastards  
Gotta walk down on them cause them feinds ain't  
asking  
That laser grip bullshit you mine as get rid of it

? what I got I let it breathe a lil' bit  
Trust me that pump-action guaranteed you a  
casket{Whooo!}  
Some crying other niggas was laughing  
In my hood it ain't good  
Niggas get what they deserve  
That Mauseberg 500 lay em' on the curb  
All cause him and them had a couple words  
Now mom dukes letting off a couple birds  
Dubs cry, slugs fly most times it ain't even over no pies  
It's just some regular of guys  
Wanted dead or alive and in my hood they never ask  
that Question Why?

{Chorus repeat 8x's}

{Neef Verse}

You know we right back at em  
Tinted up on the caddy  
Bunch of pistol grip and I fullied the automaty  
Yeah, and I can care less if they bag me  
Gotta hit em' where it hurt  
While she coming out of church  
Ransom a 100 grand it can get me what she worth  
For I put her to the earth  
And otherwise she murked  
Just another T-shirt  
Nigga lost in the sauce  
Next time you know better fuckin' wit a boss

{Chris}

They know we tear the place up  
Face fruity and the Jacob  
Play tough big ass toolie cover the waist up  
Call my ace up nigga ? on his way up  
I told him bring the eight's up and come one bring the  
K's up  
Coming straight up somebody block getting sprayed  
Babies time to wake up somebody shooting again  
Somebody losing a friend over music again  
Happened before we'll do it again  
YOU FUCK AROUND NIGGA!

{Chorus repeat 8x's}

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