

Training Day Soundtrack

"Guns N Roses"

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feat. The Neptunes
Uh uh, uh huh
Clipse (Clipse), Exclusive shit (Exclusive shit)
Yeah, whooo

[Chorus]
Guns n' roses mafia proses
Briefcase money, hot cars, and hot clothes
This is the life, nigga that's the life

[Verse 1]
I wouldn't have it any other way
Yeah, gun play burning loves the one die
Makes me cry some days
Lawless, riding backwards on a one way
De color flawless, bitch I reek of money (bitch)
Fast life, born to die, who gives a fuck
We done seen it all by 25, and lived it up
From the rawest to the raw, to the slug through your
door
They missed you but pressed your bitch in a hollow tip
bra
There's science to the way we move, cock two's
And walk through the club without scuffing our Prada
shoes
On this side we on the by by, we buy the rules
So when you play with us y'all niggas just gotta lose
Lust for them things that turn women to wives
Live for that shit that determines your street size
Run with them twins that waters you mother's eyes
That's diamonds, cocaine, and burners on my thighs
Raw like peeblo, guns and mink coats
Light up canoes, til titanics I sink ships
Love doing bitches with pink lips, call me Padre
Talk shit with a gun in my hand call me cock-ay
Did this straight, bricks ain't large
Bricks for weight, filling a crate, filling a barge, now
that's large
Sipping blue ells, and playing cards
Plus a pat on the back from the fucking coastguard

[Chorus] (2X)

Yo yo, I got a love for small lawns and hair pin triggers
Dare niggas third in my crew, it's known killers
Model hoes that blow with hour glass figures
We live for raw sex and 80 proof liquors
Run, walk, and crawl for catching hot balls-

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