

Young Buck f/ M.O.P.**"Guns Go Bang"**

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[Chorus]

Shots ran down, if you ain't got a gun
Then you don't wann' non, then that ass betta (RUN!)
(YUH!) You can git hit in the middle of this shit (Owh)
Bullets don't have no eyes when them motherfuckers
come (Yeaahh)
Letcha guns go (BANG!), Letcha guns go (BANG!)
Squeeze the trigga nigga, do the damn thang
Letcha guns go (BANG!), Letcha guns go (BANG!)
Anybody can git it, dat's all I'm sayin'

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

Two Fo'-Five's, tattood on my side
You'll die nigga, 'fore I lose my pride
I don't hide nigga, this ain't a bullet-proof ride
I be out chere, 'fore any nigga wanna try
Ain't a vest that they make, that can take a choppa
A unsolved mystery if it's done propa
Patna, look what happened to Jimmy Hoffer
They still ain't found his ass, so who shot 'em?
(Yeaahh!)
A.K's - I got 'em, I mean alot of 'em
I got it lookin' like +Fort Knox+ in this bitch
A .40 Cal glock shoot 32 shots (Buck-buck!)
Can't tell me I ain't ready to git in some shit
Make a lane fo' me, homie git out the way
Been outta control and I ain't got no brakes
Like a 'G' would, I just do it fo' the hood
If I rob ya, then my whole block could

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Lil' Fame]

Yo I been fuckin' wit' these Brownville niggas fo' a long,
long time (YUH!)
We put it down fo' a long, long time (YUH!)
Scufflin' these streets fo' a long, long time
And ain't too many fuckin' wit' mine
Now I been spittin' at you bitches fo' a long, long time
Gittin' at you bitches fo' a long, long time (GET EM
BUCK!)

Brownsville stat (NIGGA!), head-patrol (NIGGA!), anti-
actional
Dat's how I do it y'all, dat's how I does it
Don't give a fuck (Brrraatt) if you Blood or Cuzzin
Keep ya ear tuned, nigga I be dancin' wit' Tha Grim
Reaper
Stuck in this bitch, gittin' reefer (FO'SHO!)
Gangsta wit' it, wit' the face the
Face the boogy wit' the gangstas, gangsta boogy
(C'MONN!)
Every street nigga ain't a rappa
And every rappa ain't a street nigga
So holla at me (HAA!!)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Billy Danze]

Don't bitch out now nigga, you see me comin' wit' the
magnum
Heavy copper tops (SPIT!), clear out ya block (QUICK!)
M.O.P. faggit we at it again wit' (G-U-NIT!!)
Look, roll up in ya truck and I'll pump somethang thru it
(CASH-VILLE!) Buck said they love me
'Cause I'm side steppin' and grippin' my weapon when
it's ugly
And y'all can't touch me, easy how you rub me
I'll show you the meanin' of what a True Thug mean
(Yeaahh!)
Brooklyn, home to the black bags and the white sheets
It's where we be position niggas of they feet
It's rugged in the street (FO'SHO!)
We learn to, kick off a clip and open ya shit at the door,
so
No sudden moves, don't do it
You'll git foul chopped in a bag and stuffed in a Buick
(Yeaahh!)
The moral of the story is 'We Get To It'
Where the G's roll, and dude I never walk alone (HAA!)

[Chorus]

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