

Carly Simon F/ Stevie Wonder

"Gunz 'N Onez"

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Haayyoahhh! Ahhh..

Intro/Chorus: Rock

Iz u wit me.. yo throw your hands in the air!
All my thugs and soldiers, fuck it even players
Whether you hate us or you show us love
No matter what you do money, stack your gunz 'n onez
Iz u wit me.. yo throw your hands in the air!
All my thugs and soldiers, fuck it even players
Crooks, willies, pimps, all my sons
No matter what you do baby, stack your gunz 'n onez

Verse One: Method

Yo, light another, and elevate on this one my brother
Respect mine like my baby mother
I shine when it rain, the sky's cryin for all the black
youth
that's dyin, I heard he went out clutchin his iron
And in the mist the slugs flyin, one burst
he kissed the dirt, not knowin he was touched at first
or badly hurt, it's all science, another nigga merked
Kid snatched his purse and his work, left nuttin
but the shells on the turf, the situation's worse
A lot of bitch ass niggaz is comin out they skirts
cause it's real, not everyone can rhyme and get a deal
Not everyone can shine and make a meal
So Johnny carry nine in the steel, one in the head
for all them fuckheads, leave that ass for dead nuff
said
Don't be mistaken, or mislead, it's all peace
But when my baby's gotta get fed, I'm all teeth
Bitin DOWN on the bullet now, bloodshed
I cop my herb from a knotty dread, and live this life
on the edge nigga.. one time for your fuckin-ass mind
cuz-o, can you deal?

Chorus: Rock

Wu-Tang are u wit me, well throw your hands in the air!

All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players
Heads on lockdown and those on the run
No matter what you do money, stack your gunz 'n onez

Verse Two: Ruck

Aiyyo peep the stamina, of the main brain splattera
In a matter of seconds I'm disrespectin your character
What's the matter ya niggaz ain't ready for the
massacre
I'll be slappin y'all niggaz in the face with the calibre
You like the voice baby? Ruck is the choice lately
Slap a hoe in the grapple hold just like Royce Gracie
My boys pay me no mind, for the shit I say lately
Then deep down in they heart, they think that nigga
Ruck is crazy
Maybe, y'all niggaz should just chill before I fuck you
up
I can snuff a duck nigga in the face with the uppercut
What the fuck? Y'all niggaz do it the mic ruin
your life by screwin, your wife now cruisin
Affect with the motherfuckin grimy style
Meth-Tical, Heltah Skeltah for the Ninety-Now
Remind me how, the way it used to be, yo you used to
be
better than you is on the mic, but now you losing me

Chorus: Rock

So iz u wit me? Well throw your hands in the air!
All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players
Whether you rap for a living or sell drugs for funds
No matter what you do, stack your gunz 'n onez

Verse Three: Rock

Son I used to be a good boy, fat cheeks, little cute kid
Potentially rebellious yet a straight A student
I listened to my elders til I found out they was stupid
What they told me had me broke and bummy, time for
some new shit
Now, I hold mo' concealed Heat than Acapulco
Ricans in Bushwick call me Rocko, el mano loco
Got a fo'-fo' to make thugs sing like K-Ci and JoJo
Packin ever since Mamma Rock said gunz was a no-no
We don't need those doe, street cats don't need gats
Six-five, from the NBA, many niggaz be that
So try me, like Mutumbo you can't get shit by me
Send you to E.R. son with broke ankles like Allen Ivey..
hehe
hold that thought for a minute

And watch your shorty before I run up in it I admit it
I'm like Sprite, image got you shaken, thinkin I'm
Jamaican
But it's thirst that'll get your jewelry and dough taken
FUCK Batman and Robin, I'm robbin with a bat man
Chase niggaz like Chevy for makin wack jams
Hit hard as a dick after a lapdance, ask any Sean Price
in Alcatraz fan, they'll tell you watch the jabbin

Chorus: Rock

So iz u wit me? Well throw your hands in the air!
All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players
Gods, Earths, and cons, Crips and Bloods
No matter what you do money, stack your gunz 'n onez
Iz u wit me? Well throw your hands in the air!
All my soldiers, thugs, fuck it even players
M.F.C., Killa Beez and my Outlaw thugs
Armaggedeon soon come, stack your gunz 'n onez

stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez
Heltah Skeltah come soon, be prepared motherfucker
stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez
Cause ain't nobody safe motherfucker
stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez
Marvelous, armaggedeon, Heltah Skeltah
stack your gunz 'n onez, stack your gunz 'n onez
Same shit

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