

## Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim

### "2 Glocks"

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Bizzy Bone:

Give it to em, bring your gun

Give it to em, bring your gun

Krayzie Bone:

Get cha gun, get cha gun, did you kill 'em all?

... to death, death, death

Fuck with the niggas with the guns and you might get  
shot, get shot

Get cha gun, get cha gun, did you kill 'em all?

... to death, death death

You could be the first to feel the heat

to see how much we got, we got

I still be the thuggish ruggish nigga

Dressed in all black khakis, fatigues, and boots

Still don't give a fuck about the law

Still run with a pump in my car

And fuck who you are

You're fucking with a couple of niggas that's really  
insane

I'm talking loco, crazy as hell

It ain't just a name

It's the game

And we done loosened up a couple strings

And shook a couple of screws loose in my brain

Besides that, ain't nothin' changed

Look at me now I'm still a thug

Nigga I still smoke bud

You know I still represent St. Clair wig split shit, nigga  
what?

This is Bone Thugs niggas

Thinkin I told you but we put it down like that

And whoever we got to fuck up to prove that we do it

And keep on movin, guess who's back up in the house?

Original Cleveland Criminals

Niggas just send em subliminal messages like "murda,  
mo murder murder"

Never forgot where we come from

Watch how you move your tongue

Cause I got niggas that's ready to jump off in your ass

And smash and crash  
Protect my niggas for combat  
Leathaface at ya and on your ass like I was a heat  
seeker  
Quickly the reaper peep you  
Sweep you off your feet in Cleveland

Layzie Bone:

I be the smoothest little nigga you can meet me  
But nigga you fuck with me then I'm a fuck with you  
Introduce you to this heat  
I sweep the street  
When I draw down, let me hear you say "fuck the law  
now"  
Rawest niggas in the town  
Ready to thug and go down  
Go pound for pound, nigga that's the motto  
Let me see you throw them things and if it's real  
Nigga keep it real  
Show me your game  
I'm sure gonna claim  
What the fuck is mine  
My nigga I'll take it  
Grab a player hater by the neck, choke him out and try  
to break it  
Gimme your money, drop them keys  
It's a jack move bitch  
And since you haters ain't got no business  
that's how we attack your shit  
Nigga we'll smack your bitch in the middle of the  
Grammy  
And the media might ban me  
Nigga this Mo Thug Family is for real

Chorus

Bizzy Bone:

Pull it up, sit up, get up and count up your money  
Before it all gets spent up  
And you wanna get rid of  
A hood bitch with game  
And every bitch said I'm a good bitch  
Fuckin with the wood grain  
Everybody still playin that hood game quiet  
Especially when it's tired  
My environment ain't nothin but niggas dieing  
In them chemical fed injections in Jasper Texas  
Split up these niggas off in different sections  
Don't hate my message  
Destiny led to mimic  
Chastity for my daughter

Wad up a niggas sherm  
And come listen to the sermon  
Swervin in my Surburban, lick it up with the bottle  
But everybody know I got some problems  
Had dreams of the Apollo  
The fiends had faith in me, suckas wouldn't run  
A nigga not insane  
Niggas still with me  
Bone, somehow they turn up  
Run up and get your sign  
Run blindly, elevate through time  
Nowhere to hide

Flesh-N-Bone:  
Our dawgs finna haul off lead  
Sawed-off head  
Nigga you drippin soakin with bloody body be beggin  
me  
You know what you should've capped like 2 pac with a  
glock  
They're deadly, better not upset my thug mentality  
sucker  
You know you done fucked up  
Don't you niggas?  
Runnin up blastin gas craters  
What the fuck you thought you saw with your head in  
the sky?  
Could it be a bird or maybe it's even a plane  
For the untamed  
Insane human only the Fifth Dawg  
Fuck you thought mutherfuck fame  
For the fact the shit is a phat game  
Going remain number one in the Land  
Flesh, strangle the gang  
Bang bang!  
Bang!  
I dropped five guards in the name of the Lord I say  
Now how many times will I have to slay today?  
Will I raise my guage?  
Oh God!  
How will I teach yaa, but it's these tactics that he daily  
practice  
They gonna let you  
Don't have it?  
Have it, runnin up you sons of bastards  
Blast it, we sons of assassins  
Match it, collecting more cash  
That's true, you're feeling that  
Niggas said all my babies get a million  
Struggle with a villian  
Hit 'em

With a venomous blow!  
I call on my mighty archang-el  
Gonna surround my soul but go with the calico yo'  
We the tightest you know Mo, the Mighty  
Yes trues humbly united  
My family never divided  
Desperado, Thug Line, Mo Thug, Millennium, Seventh  
Sign  
For the FBI you wanna come test my enterprise?  
Bitch you better go think twice  
And open up your mutherfucking eyes  
These niggas can't fuck with the fifth dawg finna parlay  
Everyday stormin your way  
You better lay low  
So you might just duck when I buck guage  
Can't you see my niggas having a ball all day  
Since we having a ball all day  
Motherfuckers player hate

Chorus

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