

Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim

"Shots 2 Da Double Glock"

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Oooooooooooooo....killa(x2)

If you're down to glide and slide on the Clair, then let's ride

Tony Tone roll with Bone on the dark side
But when you come just bring your guns witcha
If your a busta niggas gone have fun witcha
So nigga don't get me wrong, my niggas
Swang them thangs, bang some brains
Slangin' yayo, it all remains the same

Step and you'll catch some buck shots
Murder one on the Clair my glock glock
Mo thugs whats up nigga get dropped
Put 'em in the mud, pop and I can't stop now
Nigga that I thug wit' kill
Pop to tha chest how does it feel
And nigga we peel caps
Pap, fit to get your wig cracked back
Killin' I'm buckin em down, I wish ya would
Try to get some, redrum, bitch
Nigga don't test my hood

A first degree murderin' wig splitta, grave digga
Diggin' a ditch, puttin' a bitch
And them snitches in the pit, so don't fuck with
Them niggas off the 9 9
The foundation of niggas commitin' a crime is
murderin' every time
Nigga beware cuz here come the Clair
Mobbin' like them soldiers
Watch me fold ya
For actin' like somebody never told ya
So off we go, to the bloody row
Tryin' to blood some souls, with that nine shot
Givin' props to the double glock

Pump pump when I let my shell down
Hit a nick nack gimme the goodies and nigga me dash
Ya reach for the gauge and mash

Yell out 187 and blast
Nigga don't test nuts your luck's fucked
You feelin' up right for the bone yard
Thuggin' off with the graveyard shift
Then comin' up blow your whole card, bitch
Scandalous niggas, dwellin' the Clair be servin' them
chop chop's
We rippin' them guts with buck shotz, pop pop

You better be ready for this thug style
Krayzie, Layzie, Bizzy, Flesh with them wicked now
We straight up the glock glock
Well don't get your wig's split now
East 99 follow me down the strip as we trip to the
darkside
Betta grab your pop, niggas be
Trippin' and flippin' as soon they get out
187 you're caught in a murder
Niggas up to no good
Uh oh, fuck no
They never could fuck with a thug ho

Pop pop givin up shotz to tha double glock glock [x4]

Nuthin but them killas, straight up thuggas
Rippin bucks up bloody clothes
Gaugin' bloody watch this nickle trippin' shot and fuck
'em down
Buckin' them coppas down
Round after round after round
Bloody bodies badges spread out on the ground
Ain't no sound, just them demons screamin' rest in
peace
I guess you got ta suffer
Ready to pip hollow point tip, got your wig split
They made your body
Once you hunt my victims on a mission
Flippin' livin' on a darker side
Creepin' on your homicide
Let my nuts and my gauge hang low now walk on by,
Boogie Nikke's on a night ride

Thuggin through my thuggish ass hood at night, with
my pipe
Thuggin down the double glock
Tryin' to get my serve on
Watchin' my back while six-five try to roll on
But one to the suckas head and two up in his body
Now peep my creep I eat the reefer smoke all up inside
me
We jumpin' up rough from the hood

We bailin' we thuggin' we lookin' like crooks
Could tell we be fatal, ready to roll
Know we willing and able
Rollin' with Ruthless bitch betta check my label
Murda dem, never come again
When the scandalous niggas set up
Bloody nigga trues be on my level
Eighty eight and ten five is the soldiers ghetto
Nigga don't take the wrong turn
or you will enter the hood and were spittin
so cover your dome
At a cut where the thugs and hustlas roam
Cleveland Browns
Dogg Pound hoes, it's on

Let's begin in the mix, of a Clair player
You're liable to get your wigs split and dumped in a
ditch bitch
Cause them thugs, sendin' them slugs
Leavin' em off in the cut in a puddle of blood say what
Don't make me go in my trench
Nigga ya got me bent
All fucked up, your luck's up, you gotta get sent
To your gravesite as John Doe for fuckin wit those...

It's them thugs runnin' amuck,
on none but a slug all up in the territory
Never divide, go nationwide with the buck buck
So where you at where you at
I'm strapped and ready ta snap n yank a nigga's neck
back
puttin em Koolaid hats
In ta the graveyard
Pumped up betta get down
Thugs'll be glad ta tear around
Foe somebody gets fucked
Ya still don't want some bitch but what the muthafuck I
wanna
Wham ya wit a tec-9
Now bitch press yo luck

Pop pop givin up shotz to tha double glock glock [x16]

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