

3X Krazy "Pistols Blazin"

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(feat. Yukmouth, Dru Down, Swoop G, Cydal)

Ha, ha.
Eh, eh, eh, eh. Get out my face. Check it.
Mobb shit bitch.
Lynch Mobb mane.
Eh, eh. The Lu-Lun-iz
3 Times
me Ager Man
Bart
Let me turn up the heat man
Dig it the M.O.B. baby.
I'm so hurt!!
Fa sheezy.
Fa sheez.

[Verse 1: Bart]

I fold the cash then I
hit away
juss a thug fo the money, no love
hit 'em up wit the blast
put him in a bag, an wrap him....
up.

[Verse 2: T-Luni of Cydal]

It's all business
so when the picture come bouncin off yo head
don't take it personal
money makin needs no rehearsin
no nigga
will come wit disrespect an leave wit they head on they
shoulders.

[Verse 3: Bart]

Mobb
killaz connected from block to block
re-caulk the glock
reset the dot
heatas

Beamers
repeat from Turf achievers.

[Verse 4: T-Luni of Cydal]

We take action verses talk is cheap
you gonna believe us
time to floss wit me
cut off the weak
you won't decieve us
let us mechandise an murderise
any an all
many will fall.

[Verse 5: Bart]

It's juss an
O.G. call
made from the B
when I step up, I bet ya Mr. Sick is gonna get to creep
I gets to blastin ass
dip they bodies in the bag
I hope I
get to lastin in this game of cash.

[Verse 6: T-Luni of Cydal]

It's paraphanalia
not parinoid
you fuckin wit a pair of boys
that'll pump yo body full of lead
an watch it swell up like we got no conscience.

[Verse 7: Bart]

Cuz it ain't no spraya like the one I got
claimin you juss a playa but the fakas I sock
surround yo weave head
fuckin wit the weave head
get left wit p head
I bet ya violent click
talkin all that lip
when you was wit my click an get shit.

[Verse 8: T-Luni of Cydal]

Head split an ass kicked in
chin shattered
an nobody could recognize you when they found ya
an they still don't know who downed ya.

[Verse 9: Bart]

This shit is deeper than you think
wit a straight face
lay down an come up off them cavy case
slow down
better pump yo brakes
don't know my click from a can of paint
these niggaz won't last
when I
buck one in that ass
an hit the gate
I seen two more escape.

[Chorus: Ager Man x2]

It ain't no room for no non-ass soldier niggas
an it's amazin how the heat bring out the hoe in niggas
when pistols blazin.

[Verse 10: Keek The Sneek]

Cashin 'em
like fresh over fresh
I'm in the Benz
massagin a bitches my rivalry
rushed out to get some ends
build the twins
nigga I love them bitch half Benz
strugglin off that gin
hoes at the bus stop wanna get in
but they
foot soliders
not swangin like a Nova
plus them niggaz ain't tight
to make a right an pull my 600 over
juss as I left I looked to the corner of my eye
that it's them same niggaz that bucked at me
but it wasn't my time to die
ah
pull out my thang
hit 'em in the back
whatever remained
so the bitch stay out my business an let the Benzo skirt
an swang
yellin Mobb, clouded wit Age
for the nigga I said
"I didn't love yo punk ass
an plus I'm tired of the pain"
like Cameo this shit is strange
a nigga doin a dude

to get his whole neck an head rearranged
Mobb members, make niggaz think about what they
doin
watch what you pursuin
fuck around an get yo whole career ruined.

[Chorus x1]

[Verse 11: Yukmouth]

Listen
uh
little boys an girls listen to me
it is I that you see
gettin high niggas be
gettin by on these streets
do or die on these streets
hit 'em high meet defeat
wit 'em tied across the feet
niggaz lie beneath the creek
many try but don't eat
much food
unless I run wit a fool that picks me up in a Lex
FUCK SCHOOL
let's jet
live an direct
the Yay Area, they carry a
4-5 an a Tech
when they bury ya they pissin on the side of you grave
no witnesses but a buckshot from inside of the gage
an niggas be gettin pepper sprayed up
handcuffed an made to lay down
circumstances
to skanless, manless
to slang a gang
strapped down
my shit be fully greased up
hits the mutha fuckin streets up
cuz niggas ain't takin no beat ups
they re-up wit the heatas
leaders of the new school
but we don't bust a rhyme
we bust a nine
mutha fuckas find
nine's under the bridge in the Pacific Tunnel
Mobb material
scratch off the serial number
fuckin ballistic so
roll to the riches
fuck hoes, bitches, an sluts
bubblicious Yuk

booku bucks
my niggaz will shoot you up.

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 12: Swoop G]

Now what these niggaz tryin to do?
Get gunned down, stomped an pistol whipped fool?
If not I suggest you get the fuck up out the West
when it come to gun play
there's no contest
I leave you wit two holes
one in yo dome
one in yo chest
an Elliot Ness
he wouldn't have made it on the West
and yes
I know you mutha fuckas heard about us
cuz we was all on the news
fo Mobb-Style murders
I crack a fool on top of his head
wit a strap
told his bitch to come over here
she sat on my lap
man this Mobb shit
ain't never been no joke
you headed straight for the pen
or you end up smoked
that's why I keep a heater
on my passengers seat
an I'm Mobb Affiliated
uh, uh
I know you hate it
I rather be caught
with my heater
then wit out my heater
it's juss a misdemenor.

[Verse 13: Eclipse]

I'm crackin backs like a chiropractor
come see a Cydal factor
get off yo block when rifles splatter
come across wit a rival chapter
don't be afraid to be blastin
an don't know nothin bout lastin
an if he flashin
we gassin him
an leavin his ass in a wagon
the last dragon

we smashin
imagine missin in action
I hit his ass for his cabbage
an dissapeared like Aladdin
an trappin his ass inside a mutha fuckin cave
niggas that came wit the pistols
I got missles and hand grenades
an some troopers wit bazookaz
ready to shoot you
do you in
crushin boulders wit soldiers
cook it an make it pure again
it's yo friend the Prince Of Darkness
whenever the dark hits
I feel my heart get
to beatin an you bustas be my target
PM it's cold heart.

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 14: Dru Down]

We use no parinoia
or dedication to our paper it's so deep
the paraphanalialia to the Mobb
love to creep
our elevations is racin
up to the top
non-stop
wit a caulked back glock
then hop
into some cut
to then nigga skirt-skirt
you notice I juss do some dirt
I puttin in work
I hit them were it hurt
crack yo spine time
instead of hittin 'em wit my nine
I'm
strictly wit this hit Mobb shit
Bitch!
Recognize
what a mutha fucka do is steal
right between your eyes
the nigga was dead before he died
I slide
to the next scene
to the next route
I'm speakin on what I juss did at the head quarters
an to my Mobb soldiers
no one can fold us

readin the weakness like some Black Jack
if niggas can't handle it
they get stomped from that Mobb attack
an if you come back from that stompin
lay low
got 'em
hard-headed niggas will get they head put on fire.

[Verse 15: Ager Man]

It's A-G-E once again
pullin you niggas hoe cards
strapped for them niggas that frontin like bitches
tryin to act hard
it ain't nothin but the mutha fuckin Mobb in me
I went from sellin coke on the block
to doin robberies
to 'luffin yo ass
stuffin yo ass
up in a trunk punk
caught wit a 3 Times circumstance like T-Funk
too soon for 'em
shoulda had a tomb for 'em
non-ass solider niggas
there'd be no room for 'em
when Pistols Blazin.

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