

Comsat Angels

"We Got Da Gats"

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[VERSE 1: Grand Daddy IU]

Bo! Bo! Bo! gimme all your dough, boy, it's like that
You ain't got a gun, so how the hell you gonna fight
back?
You got to be out your mind
I put you in the firing line and hit you off with the nine
And bounce with the 40oz. off on a mission
Itchin to send a nigga to the mortician
Leavin a bloody-ass mess, you best be blessed
Anything test, pick up lead to the chest
For those who got questions (*gunshot*) there's your
answer
Smoked so many niggaz, my gun got cancer
Sendin heads spinnin like spokes when I smoke folks
You want a head-up? Yo kid, you got jokes
Kill all the crap and knock it off
Unless you got a S on your chest I suggest you break
north
Cause the blood flow's thick when the slug goes
Straight through your back from the .38 snub nose
Think you some type of thug or a mugger
Because you got a head full of gas and a Louisville
slugger
Well, I got somethin more fat, it's called a gat
And you can't beat that with a baseball bat
So take your corny ass home
Before I get vexed and put the Tec to your dome
Now what's up, nigga

[CHORUS]

You got your hands, we gots the gats
You got your hands, we gots the gats
You got your hands, we gots the gats
And while you punks shootin joints, boy, the crew bust
caps

[VERSE 2: Grand Daddy IU]

Yo, here I go again, rollin with a fat Mac-10
And my nutsack's swinging dead smack on your chin
I shoot to win, breakin all laws in your area
Causin hysteria, pause or I bury ya

Punk, that's how it goes, I ain't tradin no blows
I cop the glock and blow the snot out your nose
You choose to scrap, I'm movin back
Your hands can't bruise the mack
Who use the gat, so fuck that
Call the police, boy, I got a nine mill' piece
Loaded, cocked and aimed at your grill piece
You say you're good with your fists, so swing at this
My clips got 16 shots and don't miss
So get strong, bring it on, nigga, yeah set it
Claim you got a knuckle game, boy, you get deaded
To hell with swingin a right try to fight
I ain't throwin love taps, I bust caps, aight?
Yeah, so drop your dukes or get hit up
You get lit up, did up, can't get up so get your shit up
I'm firm, my gun bust off like sperm
Plus my hobby and job is buckin niggaz full-term
So yo, you better slide off the scene
Cause all you got is 52 blocks, I got a M-16
Punk

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Grand Daddy IU]

Lick a shot, lick a shot and another dead cop
When the cop said stop, so I made his head pop
Pulled the trigger, nigga didn't know who I am
Bam-blam, now his ass in a jam
Tryin to get slick was a bad pick
Brothers get had quick, the Steady Flow niggaz is mad
thick
Suckers I run through easy as 1-2
I don't know kung-fu but I bet you my gun do
And that's the way it's goin down, word to James Brown
Save the games, clown before your back hit the ground
Cause any fool who try to face the black guy
Wounds I inflict need more than peroxide
I ain't just givin you a scar
When I drop bombs your own moms won't even know
who you are
So how you feel about that, you 'bout to get jacked
You got your hands, my man, I got the gat

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