

## 50 Cent "Gunz Come Out"

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Y'all niggas know  
(What, what, y'all niggas know what I'm about)  
Y'all niggas know  
Find me at my do' when the gunz come out

Y'all niggas know  
(What, what, y'all niggas know what I'm about)  
Y'all niggas know  
Find me at my do' when the gunz come out

I do this all the time, stuck with a little shine  
Walk with a little nine, 'case I get in a bind  
They say I'm fuckin' crazy, they think I'm out my mind  
'Cause I'm down to bust a nigga head all the time  
Now you know the hoes, they know how I roll

In that new Rolls with the suicide doors  
22 inch chrome, a nigga money low  
You try to touch me, I put out, ya get ya brains blown  
You go against the grain, pussy and you on ya own  
You right there in my zone, welcome to the terridome  
The ice blowin' my chain, blood blow in my veins

Blue still in the range, I'm doin' my thang  
The semi auto spray, run if you get away  
I'll find your whereabouts and clap at you another day  
Nigga play with the bread, get a hole in ya head  
You touch a dime of mine thug and your ass dead

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In the hood, hoopty, hate low, niggas don't know I'm  
around  
Hop out, hit 'em up, lay my murder game down

You see me in ya projects, 187's in progress  
Hard niggas finna' soften up when that lead touch 'em  
You cut 'em once and keep fight, fuck it just keep  
cuttin' em  
It's real killa instinct, kill or be killed

Trust me, you don't wanna feel how hollow tips feel  
Fuck around and get ya cap peeled  
Nigga you know the drill, Brownsville  
Flat bush, ground heights, Brooklyn Zoo  
Feed the wolves, they eat the food  
And they [unverified] fathom too

Nigga welcome to the jungle, New York, New York  
Gangstas who signed [unverified] actually let their  
guns talk  
I'm cool with some bloods, I'm cool with some cripes  
I'm cool but if there's a problem, nigga, I got extra clips  
I don't know karate, but I split the bricks  
I don't love 'em loverboy, we the shit bitch

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I'll come through and touch ya, walk out then cut ya  
In case your dumbass wanna tussle  
AR-15, co-exist to make the shell case muffle  
Scope, [unverified] run you're still dead  
Hit your calf, hit your ass, hit ya back, then your head

Contract killa, murder for the scrilla  
Search, find a nigga, run up behind a nigga  
Shoot car windows out to flatline a nigga  
Gun pop, heart stop, homie this is heavy  
You on your way to meet your maker, nigga are you  
ready

No exception to the rule, death is promised  
Plus I just bought my niggas new macs and llamas  
Got respect for you, [unverified] I will 'comodate you  
One phone call and niggas will exterminate you  
No future fuckin' with me, there's no tomorrow  
Niggas'll run up on you tonight and hit ya the hardest

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