

## 50 Cent "My Gun Go Off"

Visit "[My Gun Go Off](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My Gun  
(50 Cent)

(Gunshots & Tire Screeching)

(Chorus)  
Nigga, my gun go off

You see the barrell turnin'  
You feel the hollows burnin'  
Nigga now you learnin'  
Nigga, my gun go off

Call it attempted murder  
Nigga I'm tryin to merk ya,  
When I come back bustin'  
Nigga, my gun go off

Don't try to say I'm trippin'  
When I get to flippin'  
Then I smack the clip in,  
Nigga, my gun go off

We call it putting work in,  
Leavin niggas hurtin,  
Homocide's learkin'  
My gun go off

(Verse 1)  
F\*\*k Boy you can see it to believe it  
Tryna dodge and wave it end up a parapelegic  
Believe me its easy  
I'll hurt you, I'll merk you, I'll pop summin'  
Drop summin', I aint gonna stop hunting  
Run run till you're spun  
One shot One gun  
One-9...  
1-1 emergency,  
It's murder, B  
It's excellent execution when I'm pulling the trigger  
No mistake for that cake  
I'm hittin you and your niggas

Feel the flame when I aim,  
For the top of your brain  
See the spark and the bang,  
Nigga shit ain't a game  
Do the math or get blast  
Bullets go through the glass  
Go through your ass fast  
And the leather seat sittin Ave.  
Its not a war when there's casualties on one side  
I ride  
Turn it up on you niggas after Jay ride by  
I click-clack thats that i don't flash, i mash  
I wave the Uzi at em,  
I make a movie out em.

(Chorus)

Nigga, my gun go off

You see the barrell turnin'  
You feel the hollows burnin'  
Nigga now you learnin'  
Nigga, my gun go off

Call it attempted murder  
Nigga I'm tryin to merk ya,  
When I come back bustin'  
Nigga, my gun go off

Don't try to say I'm trippin'  
When I get to flippin'  
Then I smack the clip in,  
Nigga, my gun go off

We call it putting work in,  
Leavin niggas hurtin,  
Homocide's learkin'  
My gun go off

(Verse 2)

You better lose yourself in the moment  
Use it, F\*\*k the music I'ma let it go  
You only get one shot before I back out and fire back  
At ya hat, ya back, ya ass crack, ya nutsack.  
Your caddilac if you make it to that,  
I'm hitting that  
The 70's was smack  
The 80's crack.  
The 90's was grimey  
Millenium mac man  
Clips on the whips I ride in em  
Bad bitches I ride inn em

Dont worry i'll get 'em  
Gat Jammed or un-jammed  
God dam Safest the safety dont work  
Squeeze the eagle, it chirp.  
End up faced down in the dirt  
More than hurt,  
Bring the beef where you hang out,  
Bang out,  
Shots ring out.  
Hit your shoulders tryin to blow your brains out.  
Hit your homies in their legs,  
Bet they have their canes out tomorrow  
You kno tomorrow's just a day away,  
If you can keep your heart beatin' then your ass awake.

(Chorus)

Nigga, my gun go off

You see the barrell turnin'  
You feel the hollows burnin'  
Nigga now you learnin'  
Nigga, my gun go off

Call it attempted murder  
Nigga I'm tryin to merk ya,  
When I come back bustin'  
Nigga, my gun go off

Don't try to say I'm trippin'  
When I get to flippin'  
Then I smack the clip in,  
Nigga, my gun go off

We call it putting work in,  
Leavin niggas hurtin,  
Homocide's learkin'  
My gun go off

Visit [50 Cent](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.