

## 50 Cent "Shooting Guns"

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[hook 1]

got my guns and magazines  
ending up in front of me  
nothing is quite as it seems  
f-ck with me and you will see

[hook 2]

shoot your gun now make you a believer  
now you better pray for somethin' more

[1st verse : 50 cent]

i go to war 'til my heart stop  
niggas ain't listening  
get the thumping and the dumping at your newborn's  
christening  
tell your homie tell his homies  
he gon' need more homies  
ain't this a b!tch i got an extended clip right on me  
and my diamonds on my neck  
i dare a nigga to scheme on it  
the ruger on deck, its hard to miss with that thing on it  
i'll give your ass a permanent nap sing you a lullaby  
i got money to run, so f-ck a alibi

[hook 2]

shoot your gun now make you a believer  
now you better pray for somethin' more

[2nd verse : 50 cent]

yeah, i believe you when you say you tough nigga  
all that means is you f-cked nigga  
i get the drop i'm on it  
morning noon or night, i spot-cha i gotcha  
wake up cuffed to your bed your bed cops asking 'who  
shot-cha'  
as the world turns, believe it'll be learned  
the hollow tips burns and i ain't concerned if i ain't hit  
and i ain't hit, so a nigga don't really give a shit  
you don't know who you f-cking with  
come through dump more than a clip  
niggas be on some stupid shit  
till they get hit, ain't that a bitch?

[3rd verse : kidd kidd]

k-i double, shot gun barrel double  
my homies front a couple and i move 'em on a double  
racks in the duffel  
mac with the muzzle  
makin' circles in you, all black like a tunnel  
i only know how to hustle  
can't stay outta trouble  
i got a big gun, muthaf-ckers scuffle  
kidd kidd, will you ever change?  
f-ck no, pimps don't ride a game you already f-cking  
know

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[4th verse : kidd kidd]

man these niggas so fake, i call 'em knock off  
like pringles, i pop the top off  
you ain't hot dog  
you the f-cking micky mouse (aw)  
i'm on fire like louisiana hot sauce  
brand new j's cost a buck fifty nikka  
ya scuff these, i scar ya face, buck 50 nigga  
been f-cking with them pigs, you a guinea nigga  
and ya always bakin, you's a skinny nigga  
i wear my gun like its trendy nigga  
you pussy and ain't shit, kitty litter  
uh, see where all that bitching getcha  
right in front of this pistol

[hook 1]

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[hook 2]

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