

## 50 Cent "When The Guns Come Out"

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Ya'll niggas know (wut wut ya'll niggas know what I'm about)

Ya'll niggas know, front on me or my dough, then the guns come out X 2

[Verse 1]

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 loan  
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're entering my zone, welcome to the terror-dome  
The ice blowin' my chain, blood blue in my veins  
Booth still in the range, I'm doin' my thang  
The semi auto spray, run if you get away  
We'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 mines dawg and your ass dead

[Chorus x2]

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[Verse 2]

In the hood, hoopty, hat 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 instincts, 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 the hand that fed them too  
Nigga welcome to the jungle, New York New York  
Gangstas use sign language and let their guns talk  
I'm cool with some bloods, I'm cool with some crips  
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

[Chorus x2]

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[Verse 3]

I'll come through and touch ya, walk out then cut ya  
In case your dumbass wanna tussle  
AR-15, to make the shell case muffle  
Scope, infered 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 human life, but will I accomodate 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 with hollows

[Chorus x2]

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