

# A.L.T. "17 Shots"

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[Verse: 1]

17 shots in my clip  
I'm rolling through my hood muthafuckas don't trip  
Then I saw the Liquor Store where they shot lil' Joe,  
Hanging out the window, puffin' on some Indo.  
The owners on his knees and he's out in the front  
Cleaning up the blood from lil' Joe, I dropped my blunt.  
All Joe wanted was a 6-pack of Bud, but the owners  
fingers  
Itched  
Now my homies in the Mud.  
I pulled out my nine, without even thinking.  
Plus I was high as a kite and I've been drinking.  
Only three blocks from the police station  
But I pulled the trigger three times no hesitation.  
As I sped away I put the Nine at my hip  
I only got 14 shots in my clip, Now.  
The cops was on my ass in 'Bout a minute  
It's all about a foot game I knows I'm gonna win it.

I'm hopping over walls, dodging little dogs  
Then I got ghost like a phantom in the fog  
I'm hiding in the bushes, Shooting at the coppers  
Then I took five shots, I'm hiding from the lights on the  
Choppers.  
And I know I'm facing death, I made it to my hina's pad  
nine  
Shots left.

[Chorus: x2]

It's a trip, betta not slip  
Just a little story about a gloc 9 clip

[Verse: 2]

I'm the type of Vato that never had a good day  
I gotta watch my back when I creep through my hood,  
ey!  
I woke up in the morning, I'm next to my hina  
Baby wake up Yo!, and then I got behind her

You should of seen that ass, I was just about to pound it  
Then I heard the cops say 'We got the place  
surrounded'  
'Come out with your hands up son'  
Then I broke the window with the butt of my gun.  
I fired at the cops (blast, blast,... blast, blast)  
I used up four of my shots  
I got the gloc 17 with the hollow points  
Fuck these mutha fuckas so, I spark me up a joint  
I only got five shots,... 25 cops  
The man with the mega-phone resembles my pops  
So I, Took him out with a shot to the chest  
Stupid muthafucka forgot his vest  
Oh, Shit  
I better not slip, I only got four shots left in my clip,  
Now  
The SWAT team came I better think fast  
Here comes the tear gas that's my ass  
I'm out the back I almost made it  
But the cops black German shepherd means I'm faded  
Then I had to think of my lucky # 7  
I shot him three times and sent his ass to doggy  
heaven  
Yo!, here come the pigs think quick  
I pointed my nine but the gat went click  
Then I felt my body get num, and it's a trip  
Just a little story about a gloc nine clip.

[Chorus: x4]

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