

411**"Me And My Gun"**Visit "[Me And My Gun](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Felon]

Yo, yo, yo

It seems when I'm real hungry, my pistols start the talkin'

And then I start the lockin', and bullest start the sparkin'

But I don't really wanna go that route

I'm tryna get the dough legal, rappin' tryna throw them out

Any competition, nobody's gonna blow them out
Nobody's gonna show them out, to keep this one hundred

Nobody!, yeah we gets blunted

You tryna throw money, them come and stole from me
I got that bounce back off the wall

Fa sho the stack n stacks n pile it up

Yung felon stay pilin' up

Invisible men, they sound like the invisible friend

I'm winnin' again, this shit is so ridiculous

Yung felon and ro, yeah the flow we sick wit it

Tryna grow some benjamins, n sit on top of the stack

Shit, when we spit we stay on top of the track

Overseein' shit, odein shit

I got a dangerous pen, plus I'm runnin' wit some dangerous men

Don't make me pull out the shinin' armor

Make me silent bomb ya, leave ya body numer

I'm tryna earn a spot in the game, so I can come up

And keep a gun on my side, so I won't get done up

[Yung Ro]

I was about eleven when I got introduced to this life

A few months later, I got introduced to my wife

But she wasn't just yet, nah, she had a rep for nuttin' niggaz up

And leavin' 'em in the streets fetched

She was a hoe, no, she was my fo fo

But she had fucked so many niggaz I had to call her a hoe

But she didn't mind, Or start complainin' like dump

I just pointed, and she fucked whoever I wanted

Shit got ugly, cuz when I thought she was down wit me
She got in another mans hands, and turned around on
me
But you know, how it go, we don't love them hoes
But when I needed her, she was there, you gotta love
my hoe
So we got married, now I'm armed wit a tech

A strange demeanor, she was really calm like myself
I ain't gon lie I was intimidated, gyeah palms full of
sweat
I couldnt let her see it, I remained in blunt, calm, and
direct
In my back yard, I got money heated a garden n set
Bombs and a tech, price on my head, wanted for my
rest
This is just light weight, y'all flow is light weight
Y'all re-order a light weight, slow daddy ya light weight
I like cakes, the fuck up, I fight shake like what's up
My mic breaks so cut up, the beat and get fucked up
And a one and a two and a three NOBODY!
Who fuckin' wit us in this mutha fucka?, NOBODY!
Gyeah, holla at me and I'll holla back
And even when we ain't around we there, how ya love
that?
Misundastood, gods the boss because god made man
And he made me, but I created another man
And I ain't speakin' from pride, most rappas praisin'
they self
Cuz I fuck up, I ain't perfect I'm ashamed of myself
Playin' games wit myself, feel like I'm changin' myself
Insane by myself, lost from the pain that I felt
Got me starvin', usin' that last hole that came on my
belt
Who do I like?, nobody so I hang by myself
Who do I need?, nobody so I came by myself
And you must understand, see nobody ain't just myself
I got invisible men, de-blisle mac and
The lizard is cham, We sittin', we playin' in this pitfull of
sin
Objected world domination, what are we gettin' it in
Fire planes, blue skys, or just sit in the pen
Brotha Marcus on lock but we gon stick wit our men
Y'all don't know pain like yung ro and fifty the twin
And bennin' and marbo, I swear that it's hard bro
And this heavenly hard road, it's heavy and god knows
I'm helpless on all fo's, cuz I see heaven and god
knows
Nobody's a question mark like nine eleven just god
knows

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