

Beat The Clock

"Gun Smoke"

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[Yung-Ro: Intro]

1 and a 2 and a 3 (Nobody!)
And a 1, and a 2 and a 3 (Nobody!)
And a 1, 2, 3 (Nobody!)
And a 1 and 2 and a 3! (Nobody!)

[Bridge]

What ya mean? (Put ya mug on)
What you mean? (Put ya mug on)
What you mean? (Put ya mug on)
What you mean? (Put ya mug on)
..What you sayin'? What you mean? (Put ya mug on)
..What you sayin'? What you mean? (Put ya mug on)

[Chorus]

Gun Smoke, when you hear me cockin' it back and me
gun go
Booyakaa-Booyakaa leave you layin' on the floor, Yeah
Buck-Buck-Buck shots, come come now what you
mean?
Pussy mad and blood clots, Gun Smoke
(repeat)

[Verse 1: Yung-Ro]

-Shh!, Poof, Nobody the ghost bitch
When it's gun smoke on the track, you know Yung Ro
wrote this
Yeah, forever Color Changin' Click homie!
Cuz I ain't the type to switch homie
Some the real niggaz never pick phonies
To roll with me, I ride 1 deep
Solo with a glock next to me
So many brothers wanna plex with me
And I'ma show em' all who's next to see
Peek-A-Boo, there's gun-smoke (Gunshots)
That's how my gun go, shots out to that Po-Yo
on the block like Rasaan on the mash for dough
And I'ma fly, cocky, ignorant dude
You don't wanna see me in a ignorant mood

Just trust me dog, sit and be cool
And we could see how fast your pivot move
..(Bitch!), that's how I plex, execute em'
With a red-beam, not even Neo, can't dodge what I'm
shootin'
So if you hatin', you better be expectin' some fire
From Nobody the Ghost, and the Mixtape Messiah
So what you sayin' slick, say it to my face
It's on the tip of my tongue, and I'm gettin' tired of it's
taste
Hey!, that's not for you son, let me give you the truth
son
You not the truth son, we the realest reppin' (Houston)
Color Changin' Click, we hot, ain't playin' mayne
Cockin' back I'm sprayin' man, I'm-I'm just sayin' mayne
What I gotta do to help you kids understand
Love Ro, if not for rap for what he is as a man
I'ma inspiration in the hood for niggaz that struggle
Quit complainin', singin' sad songs get up and hustle
Get ya money mayne, sleep later and hoes get nothin'
No love, no patience, no cash, hold up, just nothin'
In they face screamin' get money nigga, because I'm
true to it
And it's nothin' let you tell it, it's somethin' you new to it
And I'ma keep makin' you bitch niggaz mad at me
Say Koopa, fuck rap, niggaz can't fuck with my
mentality

[Cham: Hahaha, yeah]

[Ro: G'yeah]

[Cham: Yeah, yeah]

[Ro: Nobody the Ghost man]

[Cham: Sho']

[Ro: Uh-Uh, yeah]

[Cham: It's Koopa]

[Ro: It's that Mixtape, M-Mixtape, M-Mixtape Messiah]

[Verse 2: Chamillionaire]

Yeah, I'm the man the chief, look how I handle weak
ass niggaz who thinkin' that they could have my streets
I'm wavin' my weaponry at a random sweep
Anybody that want it, can get a can of beef
Why you kissin' and tellin' my lil spanish freak
she kissin' and tellin' me how the bang it sleep
If it's someone else it's playin' it's weak
It's a problem who gonna go handle it (it's me)
Real niggaz be sayin' what type of man is he
Is the nigga a fraud? nigga let me see
I know the nigga a lesser man then me
If he said to them instead of me
You makin' some noise, it don't jam to me

So the game is currently gon' depend on me
I'm the nigga that gave you a 50 jammin' street
If I bomb on the nigga, I'ma fantal beef
Give a damn if I loose a couple fans a week
Cuz niggaz that's real is gonna stand with me
Give a damn if I loose a couple friends a week
Cuz I ride to the end, and it'll end with me
And some pretend to be, friends but they just fakin' the
feeling
You know he fake, and you fakin' it with him
And the nigga be thinkin' his fakin' is hittin'
Who the hell is makin' this nigg'in'
feel like he ready to slander me
Like he ain't never gon' have to be
dealin' with the uh Majesty
Chamillonaire yeah, I'm makin' a livin'
You fakin' a livin', and I don't give a damn who's house
you in
I bring the roof down like it's weights in the ceiling

[Cham: Haha, yeah]

[Ro: Yeah]

[Cham: Chamillitary man!, respect the name, respect
the game, respect yeah already]

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