

## Chi Coltrane

### "Throw Your Guns"

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Intro: AZ The Visualiza

Y'know, personally, I'm for the paper  
As long as we all see doe  
(Yo yo, big boys play for large sums) Yeah, uhuh  
(Even bitches got their shit tight) Ha ha ha  
Aight (If you're wit us throw your guns up, what the  
fuck?  
Form a philly, cock your shit back and bust

Verse One: Half-A-Mil

You acquired the knowledge, my brainwaves cause  
riots in college  
Science scholar in this world of violence and dollars  
Firm rappin god from the projects  
It ain't hard, from medicate cars to platinum cars, my  
click is that large  
To get they dick licked and back massaged by rich  
chicks  
who rock Versace bras in the drop, watchin the stars  
Yo, the conquest is ours, mission accomplished, sittin  
on Congress  
Benz whipped with the 6, on this  
8 trillion tonnes, when I appear reptilians run  
>From affilions, willions ??? ???  
Like Indians, your style's a dream, we pop Cristal and  
drive Bentley's in  
the same streets you can't get a penny in  
All my real shootout niggas hear me when  
Half-A-Mil shoot out with Bohemians, calicos spittin in  
Niggas splittin in the same position they sittin in  
What sentencin? We got too much Benjamins  
We even got triple six I-E-M plastic currency with ???  
Images \*?of Quentin?\* in, my niggas lay back  
We use to pump a G, now we pump 100-K packs  
Guns aimed at, destroy your whole world like \*?K-mat?  
\*  
What part of the game's that? The curse, my hot verse  
is flame rap  
Players got the game trapped, I be the king mack

All my bitches mine til they bring crack.....

Chorus: AZ

Yo yo, big boys play for large sums  
Stack up, strategise, watch the cons come  
It's all a game, even bitches got their shit tight  
On the scene, 18, suckin dick right, and sip right  
If you're wit us throw your guns up, what the fuck?  
Form a philly, cock your shit back and bust

Verse Two: AZ (aka Sosa)

What? From NY to New Orleans, we all fiends  
Court scenes, flashbacks to kidnaps and fought CREAM  
Guns bussin, stash house out in Flushing  
Corruption, killer men-tal is foul adjustin  
Cold nights, handled the streets my whole life  
Back off ????? kikes, focus for niggas who lost sight  
Travel thought wise, beyond light years, way across  
skies  
Short-i's, so many makin livin off lies  
Anti up, hopin my new shorty don't stand me up  
It had me stuck, after this session, I plan to fuck  
Hot pursuit, a real splittin image of Pop Duke  
Block lasoo's, paper player part of my roots  
So what'cha grow, Shelley? I lit his game so sincerely  
Really, most rap cats couldn't come near me  
So it's either or Peter pay Paul, you and yours  
Fools are frost, regulate life thru rules and laws.....

Chorus

Verse Three: Half-A-Mil

Firm official, 8-50 I, burnin pistol  
Black Magnum P-I, mack V-I, willie hat  
Half beehive, wise guy, '95 I  
look in my eye, praisin Allah, project aimin rod  
Greatest star Agbar, pushin a hot car  
Shark Bar, private engagement, live entertainment  
I grab mics and I explain it  
How I went from the brawns to the brainless  
to the minds of the wise and the famous  
Nigga's wives admire the guy's arrangers  
Kick off their wedding rings to give head to the king  
It's just a cheddar thing, amaretta, Armani leather  
thing  
We in to better things like wettin the brains  
Jumpin outta stretches and minks, crime connected  
with link

Up in the club buyin drinks, bitches eyein the spinks  
Hustler haters hate us, my guns say "Fuck what they  
think"

Once I copped a Hummer this summer with a buttoned-  
up mink

Chorus

Outro: AZ the Visualiza

Bitches got their shit tight  
If you're wit us throw your guns up, what the fuck?  
Form a philly, cock your shit back and bust

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