

## Clay Walker

### "What You Think All the Guns is For?"

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{\*sound of engine being started and revved as vehicle pulls off\*}

"My click airtight" -> Mobb Deep {\*1}

[Truck Turner]

Yeah, Truck Turner baby {\*1}

Uh-huh, check it out

Fuck these niggaz on? Dope or dog food  
Done caught me, in the wrong mood  
I'm squeezin off, for real live  
Then they bust shots, and it's on dude  
You face this? Wrong move  
Use your head, come on fool  
Truck Turner, with mob rule  
Wanna feel it? It's on Dukes  
Think it can't happen?  
Ha-hah, you can get it, keep yappin  
I'ma start clappin..  
.. in a minute, niggaz actin  
What you talkin? Yo keep that  
When it comes to beef I gets off  
the meat rack, you seen this gun here?  
You sure you peeped that?  
Never sleep that, put TWO  
up in your kneecap, he's holdin  
I see that, pull out first  
and squeeze, leave an impact  
You hear me, your shine?  
Come up off that, like ? titties  
you soft black, wanna front that?  
The line? You crossed that  
Baseball bat, your jaw cracked  
Didn't want to, you forced that  
Now lost that, I got that  
Try to come back, I shot at  
Bust three times, KLACK KLACK KLACK  
Bust three more, KLACK KLACK KLACK  
Now you askin - where the drugs at?  
You thuggin? Now stop that

"What you think all the guns is for?" -> Biggie Smalls

{\*2}

"Trapped in a never-endin gunfight" -> Mobb Deep

{\*3}

Chorus: the pattern goes {\*2} {\*1} {\*2} {\*3} {\*2}

{\*1} {\*2} {\*3}

as scratched by the DJ

[Truck Turner]

Ain't no, tellin

What I might do, when I slide through

Never liked you, why slice you

Do ass, or I wipe you

off the map, all that shit you talkin?

Yo relax

Just a act, what you tryin to win

a Oscar? For the drama

Feel the gat all up in your back

Now the dread, gets done fast

Got your momma wearin black

What I TALK, live up to that

When I was young they used to call me Shorty hook-off

Now they call me big Truck, squeeze off the Tec

Blow your fuckin knees off, the trigger

til the clips they empty, never ease off

Even hoes, I'll blow your fuckin weave off

Makin, niggaz vanish like

viriginity, on prom night

Got a click, when I swarm right

One mistake, live a short life

My enemies, flip on sight

I spit out the razor

And lacerate these niggaz with pipes

Step to this you walk off the next

What? I ain't kill you yet? See I been nice

I'ma ask you one more time, now who sent you?

Then I'ma put, three up in you

to show these FUCKERS what I'm into

His BITCH, the window

is where her head is gettin sent through

These niggaz actin hard

but really gentle, we rob em

And hop back in the rental

pull off (\* tires squealin \*) just that simple

Chorus 1.5X

[Truck Turner]

The bigger they come, the harder they fall

Watch this big nigga Truck, body..uhh..polly y'all  
Me feel you? Not at all  
Before I squeeze? Smile at y'all  
Leave you bleedin, down the hall  
Your moms got, the dreaded call  
Who shot ya, what the deal yo  
That hot lead? How it feel yo  
Your cap, did it peel yo?  
Did you buy that? Never deal yo  
As for me, I'm hunkerin off  
Your girl panties, I took it off  
Your click moved, I had to slide  
But give me time, begin to stalk  
Bloodstains, in your shirt  
Leave you dead, in the dirt  
Stay alive, stay alert  
REVENGE!! The experts

South Bronx, a.k.a. Cutthroat Island  
The wrong place to visit.. ya heard??

Chorus 1.5X

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