

Clipse "Guns N Roses"

Visit "[Guns N Roses](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh, uh, uh, huh
Clipse
(Clipse)
Exclusive shit
(Exclusive shit)
Yeah, who

Guns n' roses mafia proses
Briefcase money, hot cars, and hot clothes
This is the life, nigga that's the life

I wouldn't have it any other way
Yeah, gun play burning loves the one die
Makes me cry some days
Lawless, riding backwards on a one way
The color flawless, bitch I reek of money
(Bitch)

Fast life, born to die, who gives a fuck
We done seen it all by 25, and lived it up
From the rawest to the raw, to the slug through your
door
They missed you but pressed your bitch in a hollow tip
bra

There's science to the way we move, cock two's
And walk through the club without scuffing our Prada
shoes
On this side we on the by by, we buy the rules
So when you play with us y'all niggas just gotta lose

Lust for them things that turn women to wives
Live for that shit that determines your street size
Run with them twins that waters you mother's eyes
That's diamonds, cocaine, and burners on my thighs

Raw like peeblo, guns and mink coats
Light up canoes, till titanics, I sink ships
Love doing bitches with pink lips, call me Padre
Talk shit with a gun in my hand call me cockay

Did this straight, bricks ain't large

Bricks for weight, filling a crate, filling a barge, now
that's large
Sipping blue ells, and playing cards
Plus a pat on the back from the fucking coastguard

Yo, yo, I got a love for small lawns and hair pin triggers
Dare niggas third in my crew, it's known killers
Model hoes that blow with hour glass figures
We live for raw sex and 80 proof liquors

Run, walk, and crawl for catching hot balls
From my dogs who take game while smoking lock jaws
Why burn your mouth in the name of cheat talk
Be prepared to change your tune by the time my heat
spark

After dark get your crew for me is a cake walk
And I love rap records with lots of gun talk
It's day time two both pies on waist sides
Can't trace, I hop back crimson lake sides

I make five which is why y'all hate
I got dark skin, jet black bitches with jade eyes
We wildin' out, hang them high, and dry them out
I do them type of things y'all niggas is lying 'bout
My speech is the reason my race is dying out

So I pray to God, the same time I'm pulling the iron out
We rock stars, smoke red, mixed with lobster
We Jamaican sexing, pillow talking, and pop trois
In pasta, look, you wanna be a mobster

On stage recipient of a nice guy
Malicious nigga y'all cats fictitious
When the shit hits
It's how you know we mean business

Guns n' roses mafia proses
Briefcase money, hot cars, and hot clothes
This is the life, nigga that's the life

Guns n' roses mafia proses
Briefcase money, hot cars, and hot clothes
This is the life, nigga that's the life

When the slugs hits, I wonder will the pain last
See my life like a movie, inside my brain fast
I'm asking you, 'cause we used to rock the same ass
When I die, put me in mausoleum with the stained
glass, the stained glass

When the slugs hits, I wonder will the pain last
See my life like a movie, inside my brain fast
I'm asking you, cause we used to rock the same ass
When I die, put me in mausoleum with the stained
glass, the stained glass

Visit [Clipse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.