

B.G. "Gun Slinger"

Visit "[Gun Slinger](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* Please send all corrections to typist

[B.G.]

I got 'em all from revolver semi-automatics, automatics
Grenades, assault rifles - run up, I'll letcha have it
When it comes to guns, I'm one of the best
Get a few to the head, then a few to the chest
I've been ridin' - puttin' bitch-niggas six in the dirt
At a young age hopped off the porch puttin' in work
I'm a soldier - fuck with me don't say I ain't told ya
I'll catch ya with your drawers down and fuck-over ya
Blues your dog and letcha know I don't play
Have your family grievin', singin' "Amazin' Grace"
And whoever call theyself comin' out there with ya
I'ma up, cock, and knock the brains out that nigga
Bustin' heads ain't nothin' to me - I've been doin' it
And if you're smart you don't want trouble with me
If you want it, believe I ain't gon' hesitate to bring it
I'll politely put that thing in my hand and just sling it

(Hook-2x [B.G.])

I'm a gun slinger - consider me a home wrecker
I'm a gun slinger - they label me as a dome checker

[B.G.]

Nigga, I swear, you don't want me to go off
'Cause when I go off, believe, nigga, I'ma show off
Your head definitely gon' get blowed off
I have no conscience at all
I continue to get my roll on
Murder, murder, kill, kill: that's all I know
Hustle 'til mornin' and get the dope, man: that's all I
know
I was raised in the streets, bitch - taught that g shit
I was told, nigga (??) knock him off his feet quick
Remember I was seven, put my hands on my first
weapon
Daddy taught me how to pop a clip in a Mack-11
Ever since that, I fell in love with guns
Saved my allowance for a month and got me one

My cousin taught me how to shoot a nine, and it was on

Nigga made me feel played, I had to upset his home
Now, if you want drama, I don't hesitate to bring it
I up that AK-47 and start to sling it

(Hook-2x [B.G.])

[B.G.]

When it's on my mind, I'm ready for whatever, nigga
I'ma take this beef straight to another level, nigga
Your sister just got married - I shoot-up her reception,
nigga
Whack your clique one by one 'til no one left in it, nigga
Spot the car movin' slow with no lights, tryin' to creep
That's me, and I'm there to tear down the whole street
B.G. don't play no games, I'm 'bout sprayin'
When you see me, all you gon' see is "flucka-flucka-
flame!!"
Brains on the ground - yellow tape all around
People sayin', "That had to be a nigga from uptown."
When I'm lose, I'm lose - when I'm strapped, I'ma use it
'Cause I ain't gon' have that in my hand and don't shoot
it
I'ma abuse it - bust hollows like Cupid bust arrows
I only put hollow tips in my barrel
You wanna battle - nigga, I'ma bring noise
I got to show ya I'm a original Hot Boy, and a-

(Hook [B.G.])

-gun slinger - consider me a home wrecker
I'm a gun slinger - label me as a dome checker

I'm a gun slinger - consider me a home wrecker
I'm a gun slinger - label me as a dome checker

I'm a gun slinger - consider me a home wrecker
I'm a gun slinger - label me as a dome checker

I'm a gun slinger - consider me a home wrecker
I'm a gun slinger - people call me a dome checker

[B.G. {talking}]

Nigga, checkmate
Nigga, checkmate!
Wrong move, nigga - checkmate!

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