

## **Eminem**

# **"Pistol Poppin"**

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(guns cocking then one gunshot)

[Eminem:] Haha

[Ca\$his:] Ca\$his, Ca\$his

[Eminem:] Yeah!

[Ca\$his:] King Mathers

[Eminem:] C'MON!

[Ca\$his:] Pistol poppin, come get me nigga! (echoes)

(Chorus: Ca\$his)

Pistol poppin, bodies droppin, layin all around

You thought it was a game, now the neighbors callin  
out

The police find that, what's that sound?

While you layin on the ground with your fuckin brain out

(Ca\$his:)

Walk through the door with my hands on a gun

Cause niggaz 'round here wanna ask where I'm from

I throw up my signs, step back and pop one

'fore you throw up your sign if you even got one

I used to bust niggaz heads open for fun

Chase him down, stomp him out, if he tried to run

I could flip packs, get stacks, big straps, where it at?

Slung crack, real cat, you ain't never did that

Go hard, no peace, I gotta keep, chrome heat

I don't sleep, homie I'm watched by the police

Cops out patrolling, grab a glock-40

Sniper at the squad car, story noting

Fuck it if you want beef, click-clack, wack rap

Tossed straps before, I'm out of here, homie

Militant in a sense, I don't really give a shit

Call up, Eminem, I gotta plead innocent

(chorus)

(Ca\$his:)

Sixteenth in my sneakers, I ain't listen to my teachers

I'm the most hated nigga alive, since Jesus

Maybe in the afterlife they'll reveal my Christ-like  
abilities

Come back, then ride on my enemies

Never been afraid of beef, metals of my bravery  
War situations got you sayin he, crazy G  
And emerge with the beat, I can serve anything

Especially anybody tryin to diss my team ? Shady  
[blam] G-Unit, Aftermath the same thing  
So if you say them punk nigga you say me  
I be in L.A. G, get at me when you see me  
Catch you in O.C., and in the bag you'll be leaving  
I ain't worried 'bout my freedom cause for me to get  
even  
Is worth e'rything, it's on B.B.G.N.  
I son'd you folk, I'm lookin at your pinkie  
You a fake-ass gangsta, what a waste of my scenery

(chorus x2)

(Eminem:)

Maybe I just feel like there's too many pussies in rap  
Shady (Ca\$his) we gotta push 'em to the back  
Move 'em along, push 'em aside, don't get me wrong  
I love the finger snaps and the claps into the song  
It's got a catch but come on man, the raps  
We all gotta step our game up; especially these lame  
fucks  
Who walk around with their chest out  
Just tryin to be down with anybody who's left now  
Better be down with them, huh  
But I dare some bitch to say somethin about, Eminem  
Cause I'm not in the mood to be playin around with  
dudes  
I already seen two friends get shot in the head  
And lay on the ground this year and, one didn't make it  
Proof, you are the truth  
Please don't let us come face to face with these boo-  
boo-hoo  
Fake-ass tattooed havin  
Fif' please tell 'em right now how hard it has been  
For me to try and, stay out it  
But they just won't quit runnin their mouth  
At least 'til there's a gun in it; son of a bitch!  
We all got shooters, yeah these days who doesn't?  
And as far as the snaps and claps, I wasn't  
Dissin the South, that isn't what this is about  
I just so sick of the beef, I don't even wanna see  
anymore

(chorus x2)

