

**England Dan & John Ford Coley****"Put The Lead On Ya"**

Visit "[Put The Lead On Ya](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Quiet voice in the background]

What the fuck is this?? Bullet holes Tupac.

{\*gun shots\*}

[Chorus]

Unload the barrel and blast

I'm puttin lead in yo' motherfuckin ass

[repeat Chorus 3X]

[Knumskull]

I'm broke as fuck in this life that Im livin in

I'm watchin niggaz bubble an the jealousy is kickin in

I wanna pull licks but that jelousy don't fit me

let's bet on the set, I'm a vet runnin from Fifty

It spell out, so I'm a post to the fullest

Only servin then, the Ice Cream Man is out again,

It's jealous niggaz on the lurk still

We had a treaty, so now they goin back on they first deal

(Awww now they ready to put the lead on ya

how would you like it if a nigga was broke an came fed on ya??!!)

That's why I'm still on my P's an Q's, readin fools

I'm known as a shista deceivin fools, (see quit pagin me!!)

snoopin around found trouble, fo tryin to fuck up a niggaz bubble

don't bubble mo than he got

cuz now he know that if he get rid of you

then that's more cash in the pot

I got a rival now,

tha turf is showin what it's worth

I gotta pack a gat fo survival now

they juss won't let me be, all I can be, so all I can see is victory, I'm struggle master, so

the doo-doo that you do will only make me wanna bubble faster

no party-poop cuz this troop came fed-eral

slappin hoes in they neck juss to let em know

it's all clear now why

it's so hard to say goodbye  
you broke, I'm gettin high  
don't make me put the lead on ya

[Chorus] - 2X

[Dru Down]

Here I come, I'm outta jail, fresh in the air  
nigga need a come up, so nigga didn't care  
so let me think, nigga, I need to pick up pace  
nigga need a lick, nigga need no safes, so ah  
let me get straight down to business  
I need me some distance to run when I carry gun  
an I'm a be like quick on my feet  
you try an be a hero  
my nine milli, you an me  
an even if you're the chief of police  
nigga you will still catch some heat  
cuz I'm juss.... one of the killaz in the town  
a niggaz know they call me Dru mutha fuckin Down  
so homie step back, this is a jack  
nigga make a move an that ass will get jacked  
because I'm loaded, I'm loaded off the dank-quid  
an Jackie you will get me high juss fo free see  
juss call me.... S-I-C-K  
I love to kill fo play  
cuz like Cube it was a good day  
an I'm a be like strictly on my Q's, P's an Q's  
I'm puttin quarter holes in fools  
so don't you even fuck wit my rep  
my rep's too big  
an leavin you diggin fo days  
an I'm a get ya  
nigga if I want ya  
I got a gun you run nigga  
I'm a pop ya  
because I'm broke I need to fill me some ends  
give me yo pocket book so I can break it in  
I goes to Wells Fargo, Bank of America  
an if your a woman, don't think I still won't put the lead  
on ya  
BEEITCH!

[Chorus] - 4X

[Yukmouth]

Hell yeah I'm on welfare, G-A checks  
keeps me paid like a mutha fuckin vet on the set  
let, my mail stretch an gets up  
to even the point where my bitch be choppin zips up  
I whips up the cream

twenty-eight grams on the triple beam  
chefs hittin clean, how much clean??  
four-fifteens, an the zap-co  
the rap-go slip an made a weak move  
don't sleep dude, I pull licks every week fool  
but ain't no Bonnie an Clyde nigga  
cuz if a bitch set up a lick, I get the money an slide  
nigga  
I hit the crap game first thang, leave if you shot yo  
cuz bein broke is the worst thang  
check this out man, cuz you know I ain't that type niggie  
I scoop the dice, once or twice then the riggie, riggie  
dangle roll shot, is a fa sho shot  
no shot, I mean it's so hot, I'm snatchin hella face from  
the block  
I got the glock  
sixteen on my waist juss incase  
never hit 6-8's, know the haters at the gate  
when I shake the dice-a, nother one bites the dust  
they mad as fuck gettin struck by the shista  
I shoulda known, cuz rule number one  
never roll craps wit some niggaz from a track you ain't  
from  
they young an claimin they broke, but they forgotten  
that I got they mail, an I can tell they plottin  
but shhhhitt, they'll get licked like a popsicle  
don't fuck around an get sent to the hospital  
lil niggaz think they slick, but they already sawin  
popin at y'all takin raw shit  
let me raise up from these cowards turf  
yeah, cuz lil do they know what's below the Eddie Bauer  
shirt  
niggaz mean muggin me but what that do  
I'm a soldier til it's over  
6-5 on my tattoo punk  
so if you want funk you be a dead homie  
cuz I be down if you pull a 2-elev homie  
now all the niggaz gettin lit up  
I told ya live in yo house wit out yo strap is a rigg up  
cuz I'm a put the lead on ya  
punk ass nigga

[Chorus]

Visit [England Dan & John Ford Coley](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.