

Fido Guido

"Pistol Grip"

Visit "[Pistol Grip](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1 - Chevy P aka Smoke]

Nowadays girls and boys wanna lick me
Her put her tongue on me him pull his gun on me
I won't let 'em get me I stay strapped
In case I try to stick her and he try to stick me
So I'm... packin my magnums
In case I gotta blast one
The only time I'm leakin out my head is when I'm
sweatin
You ain't gon have me layin dead in my Chevy
I worked hard for my rings shades and bracelet
He left dead came to take it brains eraded
He bled red stains in pavement
His crane split slain he lay stiff.. think about it...
Before you make that move this be ya warning
He's ready to be squeezed like an orange
Bullets penetrate ya (bleedin like menstruation)
I'ma empty out (more shells) than in (Run-D.M.C.'s)
closet

[Hook - Chevy P aka Smoke]

I got my..
Pistol grip on the side of me
And ain't no bitch gon catch me slippin cause it ride wit
me
I got my heater in my lap I'm squeezin on my strap
Try me you'll bleed
I let it rip empty the clip
Run up you'll die in these streets

[Verse 2 - Shawn Jay]

Shawn Jay known to rip a instrumental
You can bleed like I wrote pen but this one in a pencil
Starvin artist I paint a picture
Way I (touch O's) everyday for me like a game of
(Twister)
Achievement say I'm a legend
Ghetto bitches be wishin they could spend a day in my
presence
I'm stackin plenty dough I stay on cloud nine
Like 2Pac in "I Ain't Mad At Cha" video

Now start with me I'ma target ya click
The (Scope) I got ain't the type you (gargle and spit)
It sit on top of the fifth small semi's and 4-4s
Heat'll leave a enemy so cold
Thirty feet away with one eye squinted
You look like the man on the fuckin Public Enemy logo
First nigga start shit
Watch the tech spray a flame like a airbrush artist

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Chevy P aka Smoke]
Shit.. I'll die for mine you aint gon take it wit ease
You better go (jack monterey) for his (cheese)
You run up on me in my 745 Beamer
You catch 7 shots from my 45... eat em
In my lap is where the heat's kept
I ride strapped and I ain't talkin about no seatbelts
When I pull shoot and blast I'm aimin at cha head
To make sure you dead you better wear a bulletproof
mask

[Shawn Jay]
It's no secret I keep the nina
It sit soul/sole food like sneaker cleaner
I sell those pies I tell no lies
Cookies same size as Tickle-Me-Elmo's eyes
You don't know no dirt
I'll put a hole through the head of the horse in ya polo
shirt
Like a nerd in a science fair hang around projects
Bluck! when I stop by

[Hook - 2X]

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