

Fifty Cent

"Gunz Come Out"

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[Chorus x2]

Ya'll niggas know (wut wut ya'll niggas know what I'm about)

Ya'll niggas know, find me at my do' when the guns come out

[Verse 1]

I do this all the time, stuck with a little shine

Walk with a little nine, case I get in a bind

They say I'm fuckin' crazy, they think I'm out my mind

Cause I'm down to bust a nigga head all the time

Now you know the hoes, they know how I roll

In that new Rolls with the suicide doors

22 inch chrome, a nigga money low

You try to touch me, I put out ya get ya brains blown

You go against the grain, pussy and you on ya own

You right there in my zone, welcome to the terridome

The ice blowin' my chain, blood blow in my veins

Blue still in the range, I'm doin' my thang

The semi auto spray, run if you get away

I'll find your whereabouts and clap at you another day

Nigga play with the bread, get a hole in ya head

You touch a dime of mine thug and your ass dead

[Chorus x2]

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Ya'll niggas know, find me at my do' when the guns come out

[Verse 2]

In the hood, hoopty, hate low, niggas don't know I'm around

Hop out, hit 'em up, lay my murder game down

You see me in ya projects, 187's in progress

Hard niggas finna' soften up when that lead touch 'em

You cut 'em once and keep fight, fuck it just keep cuttin' em

Its real killa instinct, kill or be killed

Trust me, you don't wanna feel how hollow tips feel

Fuck around and get ya cap peeled

Nigga you know the drill, Brownsville

Flat bush, ground heights, Brooklyn Zoo
Feed the wolves, they eat the food
And they ?? fathom too
Nigga welcome to the jungle, New York New York
Gangstas who signed with me actually let their guns
talk
I'm cool with some bloods, I'm cool with some cripes
I'm cool but if there's a problem, nigga I got extra clips
I don't know karate, but I split the bricks
I don't love 'em loverboy, we the shit bitch

[Chorus x2]

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about)
Ya'll niggas know, find me at my do' when the guns
come out

[Verse 3]

I'll come through and touch ya, walk out then cut ya
In case your dumbass wanna tussle
AR-15, co-exist to make the shell case muffle
Scope, infrared, run you're still dead
Hit your calf, hit your ass, hit ya back, then your head
Contract killa, murder for the scrilla
Search, find a nigga, run up behind a nigga
Shoot car windows out to flatline a nigga
Gun pop, heart stop, homie this is heavy
You on your way to meet your maker, nigga are you
ready
No exception to the rule, death is promised
Plus I just bought my niggas new macs and llamas
Got respect for you, ?? I will comodate you
One phone call and niggas will exterminate you
No future fuckin' with me, there's no tomorrow
Niggas'll run up on you tonight and hit ya the hardest

[Chorus x2]

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