

Fred Astaire

"Pistol Pistol"

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[Bizarre] Yeah, welcome to Amityville
[Swiftly] Detroit, nigga!
[Bizarre] The reason why rappers gotta pack pistols
[Swiftly] Why is that? {*both laughing*}

[Chorus One - Eminem]
Slick criminal wit, the shit I spit chews
like a bullet came back that just missed and hit you
I say the type of shit parents slit their wrists to
Need an anthem to amp you, then this the shit to
Too many enemies on my list to sift through
Nobody got my back in this bitch but this do
Sorry officer I don't care how pissed it get you
But I don't go nowhere without my pistol pistol

[Chorus Two - overlaps Chorus One 2X]
Ain't goin nowhere without my gun
I walk the streets I pack my gun
I go to sleep I got my gun
Can't go nowhere without my gun

[Swiftly McVay]
Nigga, we violently active - so fuck with us
See I'm backwards - I slap niggas and punch bitches
Just for askin, they must've been wantin to meet the
Lord
When my parents talked to me, they got mean mugged
and ignored
They were snoopin through my closet, seen drugs on
the floor
Shells from the forty-four scattered over they porch
Bustin pistols in your windows with intentions to destroy
you
Tryin to break your neck to conversate? Bitch, I'll do it
for you
Catch me laughin at your funeral when they lower you
You and yo' ho, you gots to go, bitches died slow and
horrible
There's no tomorrow fo' - any nigga we'll shower you
We young strapped & powerful (BITCH!) and I ain't
gotta lie to you

[Proof]

Stepped in the door, wavin the fo'-fo'
Blazin at po-po, escapin and lay low
They call my tongue ya-yo, but I spit fire
I lit five inside a fuckin dickrider
The clip slider, love to blast a Mag
You a FAG, you love bein ass to ass
Grab a gun by the nose with the butt to gat-spank ya
Never say that I'm a gangsta (now THAT'S gangsta)
Y'all niggaz sound like Jigga but act like 'Pac
Yo my trigger got the flu and this gat might cough
It ain't nuttin to tell, empty shells for the witness
I'm the hot nigga that's gon' put hell outta business
It won't be the same since we touchin the game
Make the hardest nigga in your crew, tuck in his chain
Y'all think this shit's a game and I'm bluffin for fame?
I'll squeeze off this tech until nothin remains

[Chorus One] + [Chorus Two]

[Kuniva]

The only time that I'm at peace/piece is when I'm close
to one
cause I don't know what's waitin for me when my vocals
are done
Tote the gun, it's my way of life and it works
These cowardly niggaz'll put yo' fuckin life in the dirt
Cause it was wrong how they left my dog, he was
priceless
Alone in the streets, bleedin, starin, layin lifeless
That's why I'm heated, you never know who starts
creepin (uh-huh)
Wakin you up with AK's while you lie sleepin
I'd rather pack the heat and not need it;
rather than need one and not have it, I married this
Glock-matic

[sung] {*gun cocked*} Nowhere without my..
{*gunshot*}

[Kon Artis]

You know the sound
when I'm spinnin round spittin these rounds from fo'
pounds
While the whole crowd screamin as loud from they
mouths
as they possibly allow? {*series of gunshots fire*}
Nothing is parallel to making you carousel
Arial sommersault like ferris wheels to a pair of shells
Denaun carry the nine where I go

Bullets whistle and hit you while I'm shootin at five-oh
Some semi-automatic for static's the motto
Spittin like [*Columbine kids*] from Colorado

[Chorus One] + [Chorus Two]

[Bizarre]

This nine'll turn a softy to a hard rock
It'll make Jehovah's Witnesses, think before they knock
(Sorry, sorry!)
It'll make your grandmother come out of a purse
it'll make Limp Bizkit, get rid of Fred Durst (Ha ha!)
It'll make Holyfield start fightin
it'll make Ma\$e say "Fuck church!", and go back to
writin
It'll make Shyne say he sound like Biggie Smalls
it'll make R. Kelly - give respect to Aaron Hall
It'll make Christopher Reeves start walkin
it'll make a dog with no voice, suddenly start barkin
It'll make a nun turn to a filthy slut
it'll make the hardest pitbull, turn to a fuckin mutt
It'll make a Muslim dye his hair blonde
It'll make the redneck start to read the Holy Qu'ran
It'll make Ike stop beatin Tina
it'll make Slim Shady - fall back in love with Christina
Christina Aguilera... HA HA HA HA!

[Chorus One] + [Chorus Two]

[Swiftly]

Ha, nigga, nigga, nigga! You better have an aim
Cause if you don't - you FINISHED - flat out, nigga,
nigga, nigga
What? Fuck around and get popped.. with NO
hesitation, straight up

[Bizarre]

Look at where the fuck we stay at!
Nigga, look where the fuck we stay at!
Fuck around with us.. you good as popped
You fuckin good as popped..
Ahahahahaha! You good as popped, ahahahaha!
{*fades out*}

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