

Gang Starr

"Who Got Guns"

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feat. Fat Joe, M.O.P.

[Fat Joe]

yeah uh, GangStarr

Crack Man, M.O.P. uh, BX, Brooknam, haha come on
living legends, ya heard me?

yeah uh yo uh

I got seven Mac 11s about eight .38

Nine nines, Mac 10s

man this shit never end

Even if the apple won't spin

I reach in my back pocket and blast you and his twin

Niggaz yellin out the window "Joe's at it again"

But this bastard's got lawyers, keep him outta the pen

I mean feds wanna knock me just cuz I'm cocky

An arrogant fuck, wave "Hi" when they watch me

Can't stop me everytime official

Better find my residuals or this nine gon' lift you

"He was a fine individual" what the papers scripted

Had him on the front page in his graduation pictures

And they probably never hit you if you brought your
glock

Me and my gat like Wilson, we all we got

We walk the scorchin blocks with the hawk on top

Even if the old ladies love to call the cops

I got guns

[Lil' Fame]

You got, he got, they got

M dot, O dot, P my nigga we got guns

Big ones, extra large heat

Humongous shit that won't fit up under your car seat

Pop in a heart beat

Keep the cannon in my reach

Lay you flat on your back like you was tannin on the
beach

We keep them damn thangs full of hollows

And I'm from Christopher bitch, bang with the Wallace

Fit raw this nigga you ain't loco

You're buttocks big boy, your heart pumps Sunoco

Brownsville deep in my genes

I show you bad boy for real, keep thinkin shit is Peaches
and Cream
We'll run you down, MO-Ps hunt ya down
Gun ya down, guns sing like blaow
Raise up cock pot my biscuit for my nigga O.G. had
quick shit
We got guns

[Hook]
We got, we got, they got (GUNS!)

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