

Guns N' Roses

"Shoot to Kill"

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New York , word up , check it out,
wanna let y'all know why we here tonight,
and all the ladies, for real y'all throw it up,
word up, yo why we came tonight,
and all the niggas, for real, word up,
this is real yo, why we here tonight,
it's on y'all, aiyo c'mon, word up,
it's on y'all, yo son yo...

check this shit out,
this year niggas put up or get out,
fore' i put the hit out,
have me smack shit out,
these bitch ass niggas,
it make em all spit out,
blood and teeth,
yo what the fuck y'all want beef?
word up, I roll heavily in my LX 470,
pull up at all the spots,
make my enemies remember me,
I jet from the scene,
spliff in the sunset,
I get out ya friends and I ain't go for my gun yet,
ain't no mystery,
or how I came to make history,
big up on behalf of all the niggas that was missin me,
aiyo they feel around,
we laugh,
on how we devour guys,
shower guys with lead,
show em where the power lies,
fuckin with Starang,
you ain't got a pot to piss in,
can't stand the brain,
just another new edition,
taped up in the back of my man's Expedition,
got you wishin you wasn't in this position,
now whether you live or not is up to a Henny's say,
go ahead pop shit,
you gon' die anyway,
fucked up in the game,

you wasn't fuckin with lames,
going against the brains like goin against the grains.

Chorus:

Yo what's my mother fuckin name?

Big Will,
Hennyville,
aiyo we shoot to kill,
and we won't stop until,
a nigga see a mill,
with a house on the hills,
livin out in the burbs,
with his choice of full will.

Yo what's my mother fuckin name?

Hennyville,
Big Will,
shoot to kill,
aiyo we won't stop until,
a nigga see a mill,
with a house on the hills,
takin a truckload of bitches,
back to brownsville.

It ain't no thang,
if niggas wanna bang with this,
and clean the clips,
get it all and bring the pits,
bring the miss,
and watch me walk off with the chip,
grabbin my dick,
tell a girl, blow em a kiss,
nigga discreetly,
I see you out there, see me,
roll you over in the street and not go beep beep,
ville still gunnin,
love the look of hundreds,
critic quotes,
once again they've out done it,
house stunnin mouth runnin niggas act funny,
stay or dumb dummy,
we just stay countin money,
blessed be he,
in N-Y,
blow smoke in the sky,
till the day I die,
yo I'm a villest,
got' be my nigga full will,
if theres a problem,
got this shits just drop some pills,
or be left lumped up,

rest in the dump truck,
goin against the wrong side,
you done fucked up,
I put it up for those who close to heart,
wrong moves, get niggas ripped apart.

Chorus

What's his mother fuckin name,
Dru Ha, Dru Ha, god damn,
word up word up cmon, duck down,
what's his mother fuckin name me and J,(me and J my
nigga)
in the place to be,(make about a g a day)
and what's his mother fuckin name B.O.(B.O.biggy b-
bounce)
baby bidounce, in the place to be,
and what's his mother fuckin name,
(who dat) Chucky Duck, Duck in the place to be
(uh huh chuck down duck down representative)
Brownsville(9-8, 9-9 shit) Sefro uh huh,(9-8, 9-9 shit)
Brownsville, word up c'mon.
(and it's on again word up and it's on again)

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