

Jacynthe**"Keep The Gunz Cocked Remix"**

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F/ Karton

[Hook]

Keep the gun cocked
Keep the gun cocked
Keep the gun cocked
The hood know what it is
Keep the gun cocked
Keep the gun cocked
Represent Double R
The hood know what it is
Keep the gun cocked
Keep the gun cocked
Boost the crime rate
The hood know what it is
I'm in the hood 'cause I fuck with the thugs
Tryin' to figure out why the money never added up to
the love

[Verse 1]

I be around but I just be outta sight
And I'ma be spittin till the world run outta mics
In the hood till the projects run outta mice
Bettin' heavy 'till the bodegas run outta dice
And I'm workin with more hammers than you can
imagine
And when I get in the booth I do it with passion niggaz
It's the same old kiss mango six
Seats suede listening to something Sheek just laid
And sometimes I feel I oughta chill
And I ain't scared but I guess it's only right
When you rein' with a quarter mill
Your ends go up your mens go down
It's like tryin to roll a dutch with the windows down
And I'm comin from the gulliest blocks
Winter time drug game slow my niggaz
Pump skullies and socks
But I ain't gonna challenge you to talk
I'ma see you when I see you with the bats,
Hi calibers and hawks- what

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Ayo you hatin' on Infa.Red get on line
I got more fans than the project building in the summer
time
Shit on your idol smack your prot??
Kick your moms in the back crack her vertebrae
And fagots only respect pressure
If you ballin' why you staring at old
Moet bottles on your dresser
And I'm not the one to brag
But I put more red dots on you than a target bag
I sew your body up in a mattress
Put you in the basement use you for target practice
I feel like Q when her pushed Bishop off the roof
These niggaz in the hood keep sayin I got the juice
I'm a hustler first a rapper second
Don't tell Hove or L.A. Reid that's off the record
I just tripled my advance
You Hummer stuntin like you got birds
You only getting points off grams-cock sucka

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I don't wanna hear about your set or wherever you
claim
Don't tell me 'bout oh boy, whatever his name
Don't you know in anybody hood barettas'll reign
New York don't think O-dog is jealous of Kane
I'm never mad at a nigga about the letter he bang
I tell niggaz to get they money up and better they aim
Controversial sales'll let me make a controversial
statement
I will murder everybody in this game stop hatin'
If it's true that the rap game ain't far from coke
I could tell you how many bubbles in a bar of soap
I'm Double R biatch that's V.I.P
Ghetto parks on me, street niggaz might need to see ID
K in the truck on the low-low
Even got the house on hydrolics it's jumpin with doe
doe
Keep a lil something somethin' kissin that waist
Cali go hard never mention that place

[Hook]

[Verse 4]

It's Flashy y'all yeah I spit the cockiest bars
So if there's beef nigga then see me I'm not a mirage

I rock with a R so if anything pops I'm involved
The six sawyers poppin' 'em all and the problem is
solved
See Ruff Ryders's like a religion I follow the laws
Stick to code violating bodies'll fall
Its not an option to starve
That's why I stay in the booth like prison guards when
they watchin' the yard
And yeah I heard they callin Flashy
Insane 'cause I ain't change
Got a new deal and I still catch a cab or a train
I'm still the same nigga packaging caine
Rolling up L after L like cool J was on the back of my
name
So if it's drama niggaz know where I live
But I guarantee you'll pay some
Repercussions for approaching the crib
'cause if the raps ain't soak in your
Wig then ice pokin' your ribs
'cause when it's beef the hood know what it is- Nigga

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