

## Jacynthe

### "Shoot Out"

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(feat. Styles P)

[JADAKISS (STYLES P)]

Let's go  
(Feds in the precinct lookin at our picture)  
If rap don't work we gonna get it like Guy Fisher  
(I was taught to ride with them niggas that die with ya)  
Headed OT? Then bring some pies with ya  
(Buy your man a lambo and tell him to fly with ya)  
Or throw the nigga jewels and tell him to shine with ya  
(I shine)  
You shine  
(Like smith n wesson you don't wanna feel the ghost)  
Or the kiss of death n'  
(Tubs still lift up)  
So do the sink now  
(Pablo escobar shit)  
Buyin a clink now  
(Dead presidents shit)  
Robbin the Brinks now  
(100 shot tommy guns)  
Hell of a stink now

[Chorus]

J-A-D-A  
( 'Cause the P will hollow the gun to holla at son)  
Muah, im that nigga ya'll know that  
(Do it Holiday Style)  
Double R is Comin for War

On the average day we smoke about a quarter  
(And everythings is bad for a nigga nowadays)  
So we drink a lot of water  
(talk about you "so rich")  
Nigga you "so bitch"  
(that your parents probably think they got a daughter)  
Yeah we them boys that bring all the terror  
(we persevered through all the errors)  
Lay niggas down with all barettas  
(everything in the bag--chains, watches...)

...all your leathers  
(So you can act funny with yourselves)  
I'm in the hood with dope  
(Sacks is filled twenty after twelve)  
A sign of the times kitchen cook 38, 38 treys  
(that remind you of dimes)

[Chorus]

Hustlers, entrepreneurs  
(Anything to do with the hood)  
That's what we responsible for  
(Battin you down)  
Knifin you up  
(Stompin your jaw)  
Bail a nigga out for stealin something out on the tour  
(And they makin technology to trya nd screw niggas)  
I'm good long as an old gun will kill a new nigga  
(Yall dudes with 9 lives got one life left)  
And controversy sells but it aint like death  
(So pop him in the head til his brains start to fizz on  
him)  
I aint sell my soul to the devil, I bought his from him  
(Waitin on the day they say jesus is gonna come)  
So god bless yall niggas cuz im sneezing with my gun

Ah-choo  
(Bless you)  
You aint D Block or Double R nigga  
(No doubt imma stretch you)  
Imma shoot back 10 feet  
(Imma catch you)  
Real brutal shit  
(Make sure I snap your neck too)  
SLR or the Aston Mar'  
(Lamborghini or the Porsche with the crashin bars)  
Iced out  
(Or wear no ice at all)  
100 Gs on the dice game  
(Life's a ball)  
Listen up -- if you real get real estate  
(We the best in the game, that aint a real debate)  
And they never had AK's peelin face  
(Cuz it's written in the stars for us to seal your fate)  
Time to skate

[Chorus]

