

# Jadakiss

## "Jada's Got a G\*\*"

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In the streets  
Shit it fuckin' real out here  
Niggas be hatin', violatin'  
But you need to know

Jada's got a, Jada's got a gun  
Niggas clear out, bitches duck and run  
Jada's got a, Jada's got a gun  
Niggas clear out, bitches duck and run

And I been had one so don't forget that  
357 Magnum wit no kickback  
Put 'em all in your six pack for a big stack  
And I never keep the money where I keep the clips at

Violatin' get you one in your throat  
You still datin' your heat but me and my guns elope  
When I die bury me with the toast  
In case I run into a little bit of drama wherever I go

And I won't hesitate, make you levitate  
Hit you with the titanium, 38 and it's featherweight  
Bullets like good dope how I keep 'em coming  
Kill a couple niggas then everybody want 'em

Who gon' shoot and who gon' brawl  
If push comes to shove everybody know, you gon' fall  
And I got mine on me  
The automatic or the 40 Cali or even the black glock  
nine on me

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I got a gun wit 200 shots  
I'm the reason you moved your family to a whole new  
other block  
I got shit that could wake up the deaf  
That'll knock down the door and break up the steps

Don't even bother wearin' a vest  
'Cuz these ain't the kinda slugs that's gon' get lodged  
in your chest  
Gotta nighttime scope that could see through the walls  
So just to get shit crackin' I'ma tear up your dog

I'ma show you what's dumbin' out  
And you could believe whatever I shoot it's comin' off  
or comin' out  
And don't even try runnin' out  
'Cuz the 44 Mag'll leave your ass by another house

This is Jadakiss, I'm sprayin' everything' I see in my  
radius  
The kids stay blazin' shit  
Which gun is my favorite?  
I don't know I got 'em all from the old to the latest shit

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Guns and the sneakers made Jada  
The bitches and the reefer came later  
With the money and the haters but I'm a humble kid  
Still put the pump in your baby mother mouth  
Make her mumble where you live

25 years, no felony, I'm tellin' y'all  
Why you think I saved it, to blow a nigga melon off  
As a young boy always carried a cap gun  
And fell in love wit it first time I clapped one

Now I'm a grown man, more mature and pleasant  
And like hittin' niggas in the jaw with the desert  
And everybody got a gun, why not me?  
You gotta keep it on you now it's just like ID

And I never seen a man cry 'til I seen a man shot  
Fuck pride, bullets is too damn hot  
So if you ain't got one then you gotta run  
Handle it or tell the whole world that

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