

## Jadakiss "Shoot Outs "Feat. Styles P.""

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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'll die with ya  
Headed O.T.? Then bring some pies with ya

Buy your man a Lambo but tell him to fly with ya  
Or throw the nigga jewels an' tell him to shine with ya  
I shine, you shine, like Smith & Wesson  
You don't wanna feel the Ghost or the Kiss Of Death an'

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

J A D A  
'Coz the P'll hollow the gun to holla at, son  
Muah, I'm that nigga, y'all know that do it  
Holiday Style, double R's comin' for war

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On the average day we smoke about a quarter  
An' everythin's 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 Berettas  
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

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Yo, 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

An' they makin' technology to try an' screw niggas  
I'm good long as an old gun will kill a new nigga  
Y'all dudes with 9 lives got one life left  
An' controversy sells but it ain't like death

So pop him in the head 'til his brains start to fizz on him  
I ain't sell my soul to the Devil, I bought his from him  
Waitin' on the day they say Jesus is gonna come  
So God bless y'all niggas 'coz I'm sneezin' with my gun

Ah choo, bless you, you ain't D Block or double R, nigga  
No doubt, I'ma stretch you  
I'ma shoot back 10 feet, I'ma 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 ain't a real debate  
An' they never had AKs peelin' face  
'Coz it's written in the stars for us to seal your fate  
Time to skate

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