

JadaKiss Feat Styles P "Shoot Outs"

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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 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 and Wesson
You don't wanna feel the ghost
Or the kiss of death and tubs still lift up
So do the sink now, Pablo Escobar shit
Buyin' a clink now, Dead President shit
Robbin' the Brinks now, 100 shot Tommy guns
Hell of a stink now

J A D A

'Cause the P will hollow the gun to holla at son
Muah, I'm that nigga y'all know that
Do it holiday style
Double R is comin' for war

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On the average day we smoke about a quarter
And everything's is bad for a nigga now-a-days
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 trays
That remind you of dimes

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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 try and 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
And 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 'cuz I'm sneezing 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 you back 10 feet
I ma catch you
Real brutal shit
Make sure I snap your neck too
S L R or the Aston Mar'
Lamborghini or the Porsche with the crashin' bars

Iced out or wear no ice at all
100 G's 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
And they never had A K's peelin' face
'Cuz its written in the stars for us to seal your fate
Time to skate

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