

**James Rick****"Gunfinga"**

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Our aim: world domination

No fear, hands in-a di air  
Bust your gunfinga, wave it like ya don't care  
Bust hot lickshots in-a di atmosphere  
There's a party to rock, that's why the Rascalz are here  
(2x)

Lick shots and bust yo caps  
Put it up, where your gunfinga's at? (2x)

[ VERSE 1: Red 1 ]

Aiyo, gunfinga the tool, against the great, no rule  
Plow! Shots are bust and we notorious  
Thus thrust, Red'll defend the rugged and raw  
(Cause we-a rudeboy) So hit em with the hardcore stuff  
Cause my glock's not enough, sometimes a man fi get cuffed  
Handled ruff, we're minded too dangerous  
Ain't no messin with nobody less they puff with us  
Cause we keep to ourselves and the pounds we puff  
So let it burn, rockin the chalice, take turns  
Red 1 not concerned, I got em a-fi learn  
Bout respect due, yo respect a-fi earn  
Big up to Rascal Crew, foundation stands firm  
Fear none, think that we done, we just-a come  
Gunfinga cocked in-a di air, make it bum  
Bo! That's for my ghetto people  
Cause the world's unfair, never was equal  
Lick a bo! That's for Babylon pon patrol  
Cause Van City cats got tons of hydro  
And there's one more that we gotta let go  
And that's the one that we lick off in-a di po-po  
I test the empire, then we royal gumbo  
Many guns for hire when your regime crumble  
Then raise my gunfinga in the air, born again  
Wave it like a flag, world domination pon dem

No fear, hands in-a di air  
Bust your gunfinga, wave it like ya don't care  
Bust hot lickshots in-a di atmosphere

There's a party to rock, that's why the Rascalz are here  
(2x)

[ VERSE 2: Kardinal Offishall ]

Let me see your gunfinga, but hold your gun down,  
please

Yo, don't bust no shots, so me and my niggas could  
rock

Dem call me Mr. Kardinal (Dem call me Mr. Red 1)

Come follow me, holler me out if you know what I'm  
talkin about

My niggas walkin about, big up the ghetto gutter guns  
Street presidents, slum residents

And all my niggas on they two feet with street sense

And more than two cents in-a dem pocket

I rock a verse for keeps, run my lyrics in-a di mix

I bet he love it, respect, big up your chest

Kardinal and Rascalz gwan make you feel hi-i-igh

Killin you softly with no lye

While your toe taps I'm breakin your back over my hi-  
hat

Kick drum is makin you numb, snare snap is strapped

To bust back for every red-eyed nigga on the attack

So when I'm comin through, you cannot stop me on the  
go

For every nigga that clack-clacks, the Figure IV gotta be  
gold

Like that

Lick shots, bust yo caps

Put it up, where your gunfinga's at? (2x)

[ VERSE 3: Red One ]

Aiyo, the big gun spark, light up the dark (Yes, mire)

360 degrees, the place on fire

Feel the heat, yo, either surrender or retreat

Cause Kemo don't give a fuck, he put some fire in the  
beat

Gave me the trigger to watch me blow them off they  
feet

(Plow! Bust your gunfinga, cause respect compete)

The all Massive Van Crew, soldier men, too

You rudeboys in-a di dance, dedicated to you

And all the young guns up, they past they curfew

(Big up di sexy gal crew, cause dem bust shots too)

Sketels and workings just to make a debut

Keep di clip in-a di g-string, ready to move

So what you do is put your hand in-a di air

And you bust your gunfinga, wave it like ya don't care

I swear, one love to my people out there

You we salute, lickin off shots in the air

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