

## **Janz Paul**

### **"Gunz Still Hot Remix"**

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[Reks]

Now Folks listen here, R-E-K-S.

Yo, we done trekked from the east coast.

Get up from my dawg in San Francisco on this Gunz  
Still Hot Remix.

Rasco, Ed O.G., livin' legends in the game,  
barkin' wit' one of the young dawgs.

We about to set it like this, c'mon.

[Ed O.G.]

If the suns still hot, then my guns still hot

You number one wit a bullet, wit just one shot

ass-backwards, I'm a dog spelled backwards

Who puff backwards wit tan timbs and black hoods

You gangsta, but testifying for immunity

Write your eulogy, time to close your window of  
opportunity

Ya career is over for major damages

Cheap labels, whack records, weak managers

Amateurs, pros get paid a fee

Niggas love the game so much they play for free

Talk shit behind my back but won't say it to me

Rasco and Reks, now which asshole is next

Ed O.G. is Boston bound

You lost ya skills and lost ya sound, now they at the lost  
and found

We so hot we take cold shower

get it on for hours, compare your shit to ours...c'mon

[Rasco - Hook 2X]

Ayo, we spit it, you cats better get wit it

Nuttin' but cash man, we stay fresh-fitted

If niggas is layed out then Rasco did it

Find me at the spot wit the guns still hot

[Reks]

I spit 16 bars of the deadliest paragraphs

Take the rap game, divide it by one, and then shatter  
half

Use the other half for target practice

Every rap cat wit a pad and pen or iron horses turn

corks to ashes  
Rasco sent to spit, my gun hot wit the clip  
Pistol [???], make ya heart pump, jump and then skip  
R E K S wit adrenaline scripts  
Keep it rockin' like the pendulum twitch, past  
millennium tick  
Continuous wit, the coast to coast  
flows to ya throat, flows you can quote  
Alls toe to toe, ready for war, my south paw will pop ya  
confetti jaw  
This ya first taste of Reks dawg, you'll get many more  
Rollin' wit two vets, and you bet we armed  
I don'âËet do threats, when I bark wit the dawgs I  
bring it on  
You whack cats ya lifelines up so beg Regis  
If you could make just one more call to the Lord Jesus

[Hook 2X]

[Rasco]  
My six-shooter can shoot from all ways, hotter than the  
sun  
For some we get dumb, you know where we from  
C-A-B-A-Y the area  
Ras' lock it down like a pitbull terrier  
My Beantown recruits, rockin' black suits  
For all of these whack groups, cause nigga we bout loot  
You want proof? I speaks nuttin' but truth  
255 feet and get shot off the roof  
I be the hitman for grands  
Nuttin less than the franks and grands in the hand,  
reppin' for San Fran  
My plan is this, expand the list  
Travel the globe and take the world off hold  
Spit cold, my ice is froze quite nice  
For that price I'm ready to pull that heist  
We still precise, pin-point ya joint  
Remove the groove, blown outta ya shoes  
I can never lose, I bruise tracks for stacks  
of them green backs, have me a drink and lean back  
and think of all them times I blew those spots  
Cover ya knot because the guns still hot

[Hook 2X]

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