

**Joey MacIntyre****"Who Ya Gonna Shoot Wit That?"**

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"I am pleased, to have the opportunity to discuss,  
your new gun with you."

[J-Dee]

I heard you had beef on your block  
so you bought you a glock, the one with the 17 shots  
Nicknamed Smith & Wessun  
Gonna teach them punks on your blocks a little lesson  
But, who you gon' shoot with that, homey?  
You'd rather blast an original instead of a phony  
True macaroni, you don't even know me  
And why does your gun say, 'Niggaz only'?  
But you need to get an angle on an anglo  
(??) shoot your bucks at the Ku Klux  
Got your gat, but you ain't thinkin of 'em  
Cause deep inside, I know you love 'em  
Point your gat at me and I'll blast ya  
But first I gotta ask ya..

Fool, who you talkin to?  
What you gotta ask me?

[Cube] But first I gotta ask ya..

[Chorus]

Who ya gonna who ya gonna shoot wit that, punk?  
Who ya gonna shoot wit that, punk?  
Who ya gonna who ya gonna shoot wit that, punk?

Yo man, whassup with the jack move fool?  
I ain't got no money man  
What you aimin that pistol at me for man?  
Ay man, why don't you go on with that?  
Go up to Beverly Hills or somethin  
"I am pleased, to have the opportunity to discuss,  
your new gun with you."

[J-Dee]

I'm drivin down the street, and I ain't got much more  
than you  
but you still wanna jack for my six-two

Impala, it's all about the dollar  
You claim you're gonna bust if I holler  
Don't say nuttin as I jump out  
But why you gotta blast me, before you stomp out?  
Start runnin cause I'm terrified  
Two shots from his gat made me realize  
you woulda let me do if I was a caucasian  
a jew or an asian  
But I see you wanna do me, do me  
Is it cause, I'm black as you be?  
Don't talk about a rep to me  
cause deep inside, I know you're white as a deputy  
Saw my car and bought a brand new gat  
Punk, but who you gon' shoot with that?

Chorus + J-Dee (line 4)

[J-Dee] I hope they find your ass dead in a trunk!

"I am pleased, to have the opportunity to discuss,  
your new gun with you."

Hey yo man, I just got jacked man  
They always talkin that black on black crime man  
I'm fin' to go put in some work man

"I am pleased, to have the opportunity to discuss,  
your new gun with you."

[J-Dee]

Now it's time to trip  
This fool done caught me slippin and he jacked  
I'm off to the house to take my pistol and my khakis  
Never ever thought I would get, got  
So I grabbed the fo'-fo' with the thirteen, shots  
Hunted him down, like an animal  
Caught his ass slippin with a skanless hoe  
I crept up behind him, put my hands around his mouth  
Fo'-fo' to the dome, yo punk we breakin out  
I ducked in the alley of the boulevard  
Jumped in the back, trailed by one car  
I'm thinkin to myself I can't kill him he's a brother  
even though he keeps robbin, and stealin from our  
mothers  
He's lookin in my eyes, he's gazin at my gat  
And then he said, "Who you gon' shoot with.."  
{\*BLAM\*}

[Cube] Sit Ubu, sit..

