

La The Darkman

"Gunz Don't Kill"

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[Intro: La the Darkman] Uh, yeah... uh, yeah... Yeah...
[La the Darkman] Niggas that ain't fam, I give a fuck
about cha Rob you like a bank, get some money up out
cha Two faced faggot ass, backstabbing punks Waiting
on you to move, so I can pull out and dump It's a cold
cold world, and niggas are weeded up So I keep gats,
so I can heat it up Winter, spring, summer, fall, I
prepare to brawl Fuck some, I want it all, La quick on
the draw Hard nosed nigga with a Sing Sing click Lock
on a nigga, like a red nosed pick Tired of these broads
with this 'love you' shit Love ain't for me, but you can
love my dick Or all this cake, that you seeing me get Or
all these whips, that you seeing me switch You get the
money, the power, then the bitch Niggas choose
getting high over getting rich, so I [Chorus 2X: La the
Darkman] Shoot 'em, nigga, shoot 'em, nigga, shoot
'em, nigga Guns don't kill, it's the nigga behind the
trigger, I [La the Darkman] I'm a specialist, move like a
cat burglar La, real life stocking cap murderer Leave
you filled with holes, blood all over your nice clothes I
never sleep like I took a million No-Doze Most niggas
don't trust me, but, they can't touch me Real bad boy,
and I ain't down with Puffy Niggas must be, out they
God damn mind Thinking my Sing Sing regime ain't
gon' shine Thinking I only get my money from a rhyme I
cop, cook, pack and sell, I'm on my grind And I stay in
the hottest whips, that foreigners design With houses
like Saddam and Osama, hard to find I'm a don, you
get shot going against me Leave a bag where you shit,
leave a straw where you pee I'm that deal, turn your
two legs to two wheels You'll never walk again, believe
I'm that chill, I [Chorus 2X]

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