

## Ludacris

# "We Got-Feat Chingy/I-20/Tity Boi"

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DTP we got them guns that go

Yeah, I'm all about that pistol playa, cold blooded killa  
Niggaz recognize my name, [Incomprehensible]  
You better tell ya man that with the gages I'm nice  
I'll shoot up y'all white shirts until y'all look like dikes

But I'm through with all the talking time to show all you  
niggaz  
I 2-0, I'm like J-Lo, going through niggaz  
DTP we ain't plying if you try to get our pen  
A.K's get ta spraying like

Bottom line that mean I'm bout it, any nigga want it,  
doubt it  
Bust you in the broad day, on the street that's fully  
crowded  
Find our hole and fagots there, just for thinking it's rap  
And tell that pretty bitch thug we got some pretty big  
gats

Chaka say I'm shot out, and I tend to agree  
So you should what you saying if it's intended for me  
So be careful what you starting, let my fingers do the  
walking  
And that oozy get to talking like

Hammers, jam 'em, snatch 'em, grab 'em  
Can the an and fuck 'em, damn 'em  
Press him, man him, scan him, tan him, kneed him up  
Bake him, take him, beat him up, I hate I hate, I eat him  
up  
A B C E F shawty is you a G or what

Now it's just me and my nuts, that's all I got in this  
world  
I'm pulling pistols out my stomach and throwing them  
bitches up like earl  
Serving the club, head shot, scattered, covered, run,  
scram 'em  
I'm 38, hot with a pearl handle

And I'm throwing text like a NBA ref  
I got, all gold guns like they came from Iraq  
Artillery, could it be I got all kinds of these pistols  
I point my gun at ya homeboy make ya own folks hit ya

And ain't taking no more pictures, if you snap I'ma click  
Anyway, plus I got bullets in the clip the size of Lil Fate  
And I'm webbing choppers like heli-copters  
You gon' need hella doctors, when the glock go

Say on the set bitch, better watch your lip that text be  
quick  
20 over thurr, Tity over thurr, Luda over thurr, ain't no  
exit trick  
Us you don't mess with, we got them guns like action  
flicks  
Reload with the next clip, I'm the ro nigga to flex with  
bitch

Come on and test this, my gun I'm having sex with shit  
Put a bullet in shoot it out, got them long horns like  
Texas bitch  
Look at my necklace, maybe hit a nigga disrespect this  
click  
My pistol grip sound like this, now what

Who want that they fucked, when I cock and load the  
cake, bust bust  
Y'all cowards play tough, and my peeps we come to  
spray stuff up  
Y'all lives made up, like ugly hoes with make-up bra  
We'll suit you up then toss yo ass in the lake tough nut

I'm wrist rocky, like Sylvester Stallone  
So thurr for you should invest, in a vest for ya dome  
'Cause I know you marks planning on getting me when  
I'm landing  
Beast the nick, but my cannon go

Fuck a medic, we gon' call yo ass a taxi cab  
Bleedin' so hard you'll need a life size maxi pad  
So flip the script and tell your woman it's your time on  
the month  
A.K. 47 for the niggaz who's really looking for heaven  
And a 9 for you chumps

Got killaz in my squad and I'm the nicest one in my  
group  
But I got bananas for you niggaz and I ain't talking  
'bout fruit  
I'll pay your cab back with the black mack

Till your back crack, got the gat back like

Swallow a hallow make 'em digest with a 50 caliber  
Yo futures not looking so good, tomorrows not on your  
calendar

I, do away with the amateurs, they breathing too long  
I'll leave 'em coughing like the sound effects you hear  
in this song

My shotguns are cold and hard, but my desert is easy  
And my triggers are always talking about some  
squeeze me, squeeze me

And for these fakers talking greezy, I'm starting the  
show

My Oozy got a drum roll, it goes

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