

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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