

MotoLyrics 
Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

# Ludacris "We Got"

Visit "We Got" on MotoLyrics.com

Feat. Chingy, I-20, Tity Boi

[Ludacris]

DTP we got them guns that go...

[Gun Shots]

[1-20]

Yea I'm all about that pistol playa, cold blooded killa Niggaz recognize my name, I dub the young dealer You better tell ya man that we whip the gauges out nice Ill shoot up yall white shirts until yall look like dice But I'm through with all the talking time to show all you

I 2-0, I'm like J-Lo...going through niggaz DTP we aint playing if you try to get our payin A.K's get ta spraying like...

[Gun Shots]

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 a hole inside ya chest, just for thinking this rap And tell that pretty ;-) 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 uzi get to talking like...

[Gun Shots]

[Tity Boi]

Hammers, jam 'em, snatch 'em, grab 'em Can the an and ;-) 'em, damn 'em Press him, man him, scared him, teared him, kneed

Bake him, take him, beat him up, I hate I hate, I eat him up

A-B-C-D-uh 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 ;-)es 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 techs 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 aint taking no more pictures, if you snap ima 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...

### [Gun Shots]

# [Chingy]

Stay on the set ;-), better watch your lip that tech spit quick

20 over thurr, Tity over thurr, Luda over thurr, aint no exit trick

Us you don't mess with, we got them guns like action flicks

Reload with the next clip, I'm the wrong nigga to flex with ;-)

Come on and test this, my gun I'm having sex with ;-)
Put a bullet in (in) shoot it out, got them long horns like
Texas ;-)

Look at my necklace, make me hit a nigga that disrespect this click

My pistol grip sound like this...

## [Gun Shots]

Now what

Who want that they day ;-)ed, when I cock and load the 'K, bust bust

Yall cowards play tough, and my peeps we come to spray stuff up

Yall lives made up, like ugly hoes with make-up bra We'll shoot you up and toss yo ass in the lake tough nut My 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

Houston nigga, but my cannon go....

### [Gun Shots]

# [Ludacris]

;-) 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 aint talking bout fruit

III peel your cap back with the black mack
Till your back crack, cock the gat back like...CLAK CLAK
CLAK

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 III 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 Uzi got a drum roll, it goes...

[Gun Shots]

Visit <u>Ludacris</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.