

## Luniz

# "Put The Lead On Ya"

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\*(Quiet voice in the background)\*

What the fuck is this?? Bullet holes Tupac.

\*(gun shots)\*

\*(chorus)\* x3

Unload the barrel an blast  
I'm puttin lead in yo mutha fuckin ass.

Verse 1 \*(Knumskull)\*

I'm broke as fuck an it's like that  
I'm livin an I'm watchin niggaz bubble an the jelousy is  
kickin in  
I wanna pull licks but that jelousy don't fit me  
Let's bet on the set, I'm a vet runnin from Fifty,  
It spell out, so I'm a post to the fullest,  
Only servin then,  
The Ice Cream Man is out again,  
It's jelous niggaz on the lurk still,  
We had a treaty,  
So now they goin back on they first deal,  
(Awww now they ready to put the lead on ya,  
How would you like it if a nigga was broke an came fed  
on ya??!!)  
That's why I'm still on my P's an Q's,  
Readin fools,  
I'm known as a shista deceivin fools,  
(see quit pagin me!!)  
Snoopin around found trouble, fo tryin to fuck up a  
niggaz bubble,  
Don't bubble mo than he got,  
'cause now he know that if he get rid of you, then that's  
more cash in the  
Pot,  
I got a rival now,  
Tha turf is showin what it's worth,  
I gotta pack a gat fo survival now,  
They juss won't let me be,  
All I can be,

So all I can see,  
Is victory,  
I'm struggle master,  
So,  
The doo-doo that you do,  
Will only make me wanna bubble faster,  
No party-poop 'cause this troop came fed-eral,  
Slappin hoes in they neck juss to let em know,  
It's all clear now why,  
It's so hard to say goodbye,  
You broke, I'm gettin high,  
Don't make me put the lead on ya.

\*(chorus)\* x2

Verse 2 \*(Dru Down)\*

Here I come,  
I'm outta jail,  
Fresh in the air,  
Nigga need a come up, so nigga didn't care,  
So let me think,  
Nigga,  
I need to pick up pace,  
Nigga need a lick,  
Nigga need no safes,  
So ah,  
Let me get straight down to business,  
I need me some distance to run when I carry gun,  
An I'm a be like quick on my feet,  
You try an be a hero,  
My nine milli, you an me,  
An even if you're the chief of police,  
Nigga you will still catch some heat,  
'cause I'm juss.... one of the killaz in the town,  
A niggaz know they call me Dru mutha fuckin Down,  
So homie step back,  
This is a jack,  
Nigga make a move an that ass will get jacked,  
Because I'm loaded,  
I'm loaded off the dank-quid,  
An Jackie you will get me high juss fo free see,  
Juss call me.... S-I-C-K,  
I love to kill fo play,  
'cause like Cube it was a good day,  
An I'm a be like strictly on my Q's,  
P's an Q's,  
I'm puttin quarter holes in fools,  
So don't you even fuck wit my rep,  
My rep's too big,  
An leavin you diggin fo days,

An I'm a get ya,  
Nigga if I want ya,  
I got a gun you run nigga,  
I'm a pop ya,  
Because I'm broke I need to fill me some ends,  
Give me yo pocket book so I can break it in,  
I goes to Wells Fargo, Bank of America,  
An if your a woman, don't think I still won't put the lead  
on ya.  
BEEITCH!

\*(chorus)\* x4

Verse 3 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Hell yeah I'm on welfare,  
G-A checks,  
Keeps me paid like a mutha fuckin vet on the set,  
Let, my mail stretch an gets up,  
To even the point where my bitch be choppin zips up,  
I whips up the cream,  
Twenty-eight grams on the triple beam,  
Chefs hittin clean, how much clean??  
Four-fifteens, an the zap-co,  
The rap-go slip an made a weak move,  
Don't sleep dude, I pull licks every week fool,  
But ain't no Bonnie an Clyde nigga,  
'cause if a bitch set up a lick, I get the money an slide  
nigga,  
I hit the crap game first thang, leave if you shot yo,  
'cause bein broke is the worst thang,  
Check this out man, 'cause you know I ain't that type  
niggie,  
I scoop the dice, once or twice then the riggie, riggie,  
Dangle roll shot, is a fa sho shot,  
No shot, I mean it's so hot, I'm snatchin hella face from  
the block,  
I got the glock,  
Sixteen on my waist juss incase,  
Never hit 6-8's, know the haters at the gate,  
When I shake the dice-a, nother one bites the dust,  
They mad as fuck gettin struck by the shista,  
I shoulda known,  
'cause rule number one,  
Never roll craps wit some niggaz from a track you ain't  
from,  
They young an claimin they broke, but they forgotten,  
That I got they mail, an I can tell they plottin,  
But shhhhitt, they'll get licked like a popsicle,  
Don't fuck around an get sent to the hospital,  
Lil niggaz think they slick, but they already sawin,

Popin at y'all takin raw shit,  
Let me raise up from these cowards turf,  
Yeah, 'cause lil do they know what's below the Eddie  
Bauer shirt,  
Niggaz mean muggin me but what that do,  
I'm a soldier til it's over,  
6-5 on my tattoo punk,  
So if you want funk you be a dead homie,  
'cause I be down if you pull a 2-elev homie,  
Now all the niggaz gettin lit up,  
I told ya live in yo house wit out yo strap is a rigg up,  
'cause I'm a put the lead on ya,  
Punk ass nigga.

\*(chorus)\*

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