

Master P "Bullets Got No Name"

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hahahaha

we got a bag full of bullets in this bitch with no name on them

you know what I'm saying

when you been hit by the bitch

you know it was ment for your punk ass

my nigga Ski whats up

my nigga C whats up

my nigga P whats up

I'm read to tear shit up

coming straight from the land of the O-A-K

and now listen to RaI, ruler of the bay

no matter where you at, be it rain or snow

on a motel floor with a front row hoe

partna pull out, get up, I want your undevided

forget the nut, I got the shit to ride with

let me tell you bout this little fool I know

he was swift and fast, always on the go

anybody was his target, just to let you know

to make it blunt, yo this nut was bisexual

he was all about peace, nothin more or less

always headed for your head, to avoid the vest

he was hollow at the tip, with a metal frame

get in his way, you're shot on the spot

cause he has no name

CHORUS: 4x

hollow tips in ya, bang!

so duck when you hear that rat-tat-tat

cause bullets got no name

cover your nuts nigga, what the fuck is up nigga

you got your name in my mouth

I got to wash it with the millimeter

95 motherfuckers won't be playing

bodies will be laying

cuase motherfuckers keep on playa hating

run up and get the four-four

open his chest with the full metal jacket

and put that nigga to rest

I ain't gonna fuck around and play the silly shit

my bullets have no name
so your partners better scatter bitch
so motherfucker now you know I'm from the O
got niggas from the mobb and some niggas that's
doing death row
so think again if you think that you can handle
get caught up in a motherfuckin 187 gangsta scandle
kill at rando, here's my motherfuckin anthem nigga
shoot to kill, cause if you don't, that other nigga will
I check my steel cause I feel the ghetto's trying to kill
me
Master P warned a nigga so now I gots the Uzi
motherfuckers wanta do me
but run up and get some slugs from a nigga
you thought was your homie

ain't no love in this town huh
so you gonna love the way these slugs travel around
huh
yea, who's the first to bust a cap
I thought you knew nigga
I'm leavin bodies on the ground cold and blue nigga
you fuck around
I'm puttin your ass in the house of pain
keep your partnas out this shit
this bullet has no name

CHORUS 4x

about yay short, about yay tall
about so big, but had the ball's to kill all ya'll
I represent, the town called the Rich
where niggas don't give a fuck about you or your bitch
HK's pop, a young nigga drop
2 hours later, here come the fuckin cops
cause ain't no love in this dope game
young niggas in my hood losing their life slanging this
cocaine
so when you hear that fuckin rata-tat-tat-tat
you better duck or get your motherfuckin cabbage
patch
or lose your shoe, or watch your mama sing the blues
you be the next motherfucker on the 10 O'clock news
took out the game, I run the game of life
cause in the ghetto, niggas out to get stripes
smoke that crank, fermalgahide, and dank
heroin and crack, and out to do ??????
and the music shit don't change
cuase rappers go to jail or even kill like the dope game
so what's the deal nigga, how you feel nigga
Infa Red and No Limit Records

I mean some real niggas
done hooked up, out to make some bucks
off the record, on the record
Master P can back it up
E-40 said 1 Luv
but it's the same shit every state, every city, every club
and every fucking concert
there's either some nigga, some bitch
with a bloody red shirt
or under the fuckin white sheet
this shit won't change
cause it'll happen again fuckin next week
and these bullets aint gots no names
and these niggas in my hood wanta live like John
Wayne
you got your gat, we got our gats
and we can end this shit in some rata-tat-tat-tata

CHORUS 5x

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