Master P "Bullets Gots No Name"

Visit "Bullets Gots No Name" on MotoLyrics.com

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 Ral, 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

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 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 heroine 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

Visit Master P page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.