

## Nas "Shoot 'em Up"

Visit "[Shoot 'em Up](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah, yeah, uh, one 44, two 45's  
Three loaded clips, four niggas roll, one nigga drives  
500 Benz, six reasons why this kid should die?  
We shootin' every motherfucker outside

Pulled on his block, jumped out the car, guns in our  
hand  
At the same time everybody ran  
There that nigga go, hiding in the crowd  
Let the trigger blow, seven shots, now he lying on the  
ground

Blood on the floor  
Then we shot some more  
Niggas, he was with  
Two niggas hit, one nigga fell

One tryed to run, go get him, son  
Make sure he's done before we bail, I ain't trying to go  
to jail  
Must handle beef, code of the street  
Load up the heat, if these nigga think they could fuck  
around

Real niggas do real things  
By all means, niggas knowin how we get down, it goes

Shoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what?  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
Shoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what?  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder

Shoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what?  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
Shoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what?  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder

Driving through roads, Suburban Chevrolet  
Six tinted windows and I'm on my way  
To get up with my hoes, I pull up to they house  
Not a freak to be heard, nobody came out

Ringin' the bell, where in the hell  
Could they be at, I'm about to leave  
Steppin' slow, where my truck was at  
Who the fuck is that? Could it be a jack?

Now pull my strap, it's my man  
And we have the same plan  
There them bitches go  
Civic ninety-four, looking funny though  
Open up the car door, funny smile

Fuck two already, third ass was heavy  
"Nas this is Sherri, Sherri this is Nas and his man,  
ready?"  
Walked in the house, snatched off they clothes  
Ran through them hoes  
Plenty ice, that they all seemed to like

Can't find my man, heard a blam, blam  
Now I'm wonderin', "In this scam, do I even stand a  
chance?"  
He killed the hoes, took all they doe  
Fire in his eyes, higher than the sky  
Comin' down the stairs

Now he wantin' mine, reachin' for my nine  
Aiming with our guns at each others face, at the same  
time  
My nine on his lips, his fifth on my chin, I start  
whispering  
"Put your gun down, we can skip town"

Rocked him to sleep, pushed back his meat  
Lift off his chain, took his shit, emptied out close range

Shoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what?  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
Shoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what?  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder

Shoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what?  
Shoot 'em up, just shoot 'em up, what?  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder

Visit [Nas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.