

C-Rayz Walz

"Guns and Butter"

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[ad libs and shouts for first 12 seconds]

[C-Rayz Walz]

C-Rayz, guns and butter!

Go back upstairs, eat your mac cheese and fishsticks

You not 50, you gon' die tryin to "Get Rich"

I spit sick, my lungs' disease is from Asia

My LP's a "Funcrusher" too, my Fantasia's

Roy Jones, knock opponents and ball too

I'm a MC! (Yo!) What the fuck they call you?!

Pussy, my grammar's truth y'all

You wanna be a player, just to dive for loose balls

Dickhead - come out your face, say somethin slick

My lines get all up in your ass, like your uncle's dick

That chick said you're a small piece of wood

stuck in her fingertip (huh?) Little prick!

You ain't even on my son's level, he just a little sick

This ain't really nuttin devil, it's just a little bit

Illegitimate trip through my scenic path

If I really spit, the kids would hate english class

Do the math, my science will blow up your lab

Slow up your staff, I laugh at your arts and crafts

You ass, smelly socks and jocks, gym trash

Drag past those who study honies with drab bags

Son you, have your moms yellin HEY THEY +BAGGED-

DAD+

Come through, bomb you like schools in Iraq

Dumb dude, in fact you fiction, mouth be spittin

Raps collapse your ear where wax'll stack, listen

Drum tap, young cat, old vision, soul glisten

Gun clap, one track mind, rhyme whole rhythm creatin

Instead of waitin, refrain from thought patterns

Of your dame givin me crazy brains like horseradish

[Chorus]

Get those props, follow my light

Spit so hot, last week I had to swallow my ice

We end the year with a token ending, swollen sentence

Off the chain like a stolen pendant

Get those props, follow my light

Spit so hot, last week I had to swallow my ice

In the gutter where suckers'll cut ya, mothers'll hug ya
It all comes down to guns and butter

[C-Rayz Walz]

I already seen a mill'/Amil, but you ain't even heard me
yet

She moves well without the +Roc+ like the Jersey Nets
You can't, get in the game, your position is lame
Stay on the bench, enjoy the wood you Marc Twain
character

I'm holdin back! So I won't melt the polar caps
So good off the top, my hairline's growin back
I make sense/cents now, I'll make dollars later
Holla hater, catch a scratch from the Cut Creator
These is Reebok lines, they supposed to be pumped
And get your smoke for free, like promotional blunts
Your style standard, my style is simply candid
I don't jerk off no more, I came empty-handed
Honeydip said you spit like you sprayin a clip
And wipe my mouth off with tissue, I be sayin some shit
So you can stack cracks, clap gats or rap
We where the wild things are, and it's a fact I max
Subtract the whack, now divide the stacks
Multiplied by the feel of the real, and I'm back
And my DAT contains the masters, so I maintain
disaster

Polly with NASA, master tracks

Anything less than that? I'm bridgin the gap
Like African tribes, I got pussy sewed up, it's a rap
But if it's that deep, dap me, clap me too
I fear none of you characters, like Scrappy Doo
"C'mon, put 'em up!" Make the rumors greater
My name's fate, we gon' meet up, sooner or later
Give you fools +Juelz+, like a Santana verse
And wreck the beat 'til your bandana burst

[Chorus]

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