

Ringo Starr

"All Glocks Down"

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"I can break it down like whatever you want"
-> Buckshot Shorty (2x)

Verse 1:

All glocks down arriving is the bulletproof lyricist
Rood boy big up now here this
I'm classic like a coca cola why don't you roll a "L"
And make it spiffy are the "L"s twisty oh yes lets get
lifty
Long lived the rugged female Heather B.
So all you gun waving niggas put down your glocks
please
No need for playing the hard anymore
The bulletproof lyricist is knocking at your door
So open up let me in lets get nasty if you wanna
I'll freak dat butt like a filt by Heather Hunter
Touch you touch you I might just buss you
Buss your shit MC turned ? eastcoast kid
How I swing bounce to brooklyn
No need to tell you what I part took in
Just know Heather B. is back in town
Its no question all glocks down

Chorus: Glocks down, hit'em with that funky sound
I can break it down like whatever you want (say 4x)

Verse 2:

Walking with middle finger up brown tims steppin'
through
Coming soon to a corner spot near you
Its the side walkin' rap talkin' hip hop sister
No need to try me misss-ter
You got rhymes go for it we need no chorus
Freestyles comin' from da door
And who's testin' the untestable styles flexible
You gonna haveta bounce twelve rounds
TKO by the third fuck what you heard
I didn't feel like playing around
Cuz you's part-time witha part rhyme committing no

crimes
And claiming to be hard on the block
So feel my funk my beat my vibe
Recognize that i'm live or alive you know the time
Kid just raise up rise up open your eyes up
I already got you sized up so wise up BITCH
A "L" to the neck a double duece I'm best
And now my mind set I'll be rowdy through the death
Due us part on love rock crew right here in heart
don't even play me son you'll get did done
Turnin' all gats or guns i'll leave you shorty with her
hair undone
And then you know Heather B. is back in town
So no question all glocks down

Chorus

Verse 3:

I got my peeps to my left side and then my right
Can't wait until tonight when real niggas turn trife
I love the orange light from the dutch master tip
My whole crew bent a half a hunned gone spit
Chocolate tay true dat yo who him who dat
Snatchin' up da "L" like a snipher
Son you will surely miss the next cipher
If you ever tryta hog up the "L" again
Last one to put in first son to dig in
Now I hear you riffin' me while I'm countin' your toke
The henloke burns my throat with no jaser
I'm feelin vibes by my hip from the black pager
Blowin' up for da nine four for da nine five
For da nine square either way say word word
Heather B. is in there to the most high
To the most def no quest all glock down

Chorus

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