

## Twista "No Pistols"

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Yea mobster, let's ride on them bitches  
It's time to go to war, niggard, you ready

Don't want to see you wit no pistols  
If you ain't ready to roll, niggard  
(Put down that 45)

Don't want to see you wit no pistols  
If you ain't ready to roll, niggard  
(Got to let that 40 ride)

Don't want to see you wit no pistols  
If you ain't ready to roll, niggard  
(Let's do a homicide)

Don't ever want to see you wit no pistols  
If you ain't ready to roll, niggard  
(You ain't ready to ride)

Don't want to see you wit that four five unless you gone  
ride  
If I say you gone die, motherfucker, I get so live  
But you be procrastinating  
I think you fucking play wit pistols 'cause they're  
fascinating

You motherfuckers ain't gone do nothing When  
you get through fronting  
Niggas that I know already know you ain't gone shot  
nothing  
End up at the pearly gates when they test you  
Got a dirty face but what you know about a 38 special,  
shit

And I know them hard words make you jump  
But ya heart worth when you make the moss barb  
pump, bitch  
And them shorties looking at you like a punk bitch  
'Cause you ain't make what you claim ain't gon  
bump click

And my pry when you hear them bullets bumping  
When them shorties come and ride on em  
When the pistols click clack

If you still alive will you really get the dumping  
If you got that 45 on you  
Tell them bitches get back

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Once upon a time in the chi  
There were three real killers who bust guns and puff fi  
They copped weight by the key and backed up every  
gram  
And stay ready for busting wit the pistol in they hand

I'm preaching murder like a vicious reverend  
About niggas who claim they shooting but neva seen  
three 57's  
Now what reason would u hold it fa  
Put the pistol down, nigga, pick that weed up, roll it up

Twist up the lie, you don't really won die  
Don't ya blood clot lying, ya bullets don't fly  
V style aim smooth like Vidal Sason  
I keep the smith and Weston wit me like I'm black moon

Tossed up the living room, stomped through the  
kitchen  
Knocked off that nigga in the bathroom shitting and  
pissing  
What you shaking for, I taught you said you ready to  
ride  
Don't be coming wit me if you said you strapped  
because I

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I keep a P 95 nine milli ruga  
You fucking wit a shooter quick to bloody ya suit up  
My aim impeccable, point like a decibel  
300 foot away in a tower snipping the festival

What you know about 9's  
And glock 40's and 45's AR 15's wit the 5 pound slide  
30 shot clips snub, noses wit the rubber grips  
Wicked tex would put the kiss of death on ya lovers lips

It's M.O.B nigga , we quick to squeeze, nigga  
AK-47's making them bitches retrieve, nigga  
Like a G nigga, I make 'em bleed, nigga  
Come at me wrong and I'm busting that's on my seed,  
nigga

My poor chest is filled of bullets and tec's  
Ski mask gloves and vets so nigga what's next, nigga  
It's real tugging you a bitch to the bone  
If you ain't gone do nothing, shorty, leave them pistols  
alone

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