

Wu-Tang Clan Feat. Sunny Valentine "Gun Will Go"

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We got butter, we got butter
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We got butter, we got butter
(The gun'll go)
We got butter, we got butter
(The gun'll go)
The gun'll go

Aiyyo, aiyyo one thing for sure, keep you of all
Keep a nice crib, fly away, keep to the point
Keep niggaz outta your face, who snakes
Keep bitches in they place, keep the mac in a special
place

Keep moving for papes, keep cool, keep doing what
you doing
Keep it fly, keep me in the crates
'Cuz I will erase shit on the real note you'se a waste
It's right here for you, I will lace you

Rip you and brace you, put a nice W up on your face
Word to mother, you could get chased
It's nothing to taste, blood on a thug if he gotta go
All I know is we be giving grace

This is a place from where we make tapes
We make 'em everywhere, still in all we be making
base
Y'all be making paste, these little niggaz, they be
making shapes
Our shit is art, yours is traced

This is the way that we rolling in the streets
You know when we roll we be packing that heat
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go, gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go

This is Poverty Island man, these animals don't run

Slums where the ambulance don't come
Who got the best base? Fiends waiting to smoke some
Approach some, ask him where he getting that coke
from

My dudes hug blocks like samurai shogun
'Cuz no V and no ones equaling no fun
Who want a treat they know, huh? Body to go numb
My woman need funds, plus her hair and her toes done

It is what it is though, don't fuck with the kid flow
That make it hard to get dough, the harder to get gold
Harder the piff blow, harder when it snow
The pinky and the wrist glow, this here what we live for

Get gwop then get low but first thought
We gotta get the work off, the gift and the curse boss
Yeah, see I'm the shit yo, the dirt in the fit, no
Hustling from the get go, the motto is get more

This is the way that werolling in the streets
You know when we roll we be packing that heat
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go, gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go

We was quiet flashy brothers, strapped all along
With the dirty .38 long, twelve hour shift gate
Took case, state to state, you think he won't hold his
weight?
Put your money on the plate and watch it get scrapped

We get ape up in that club, off that juice and Henn
And it's a no win situation fucking with them
You mean like Ewing at the front at the rim, finger roll a
Dutch
Million dollar stages touched, techs, gauges bust

Trust no one, the lone shogun, rugged Timb boot
stomper
Damaging lyrical mass destruction launcher
Nothing can calm the quakeage when I break, kid
Peace to my brothers up north, doing state bids

Whoa, this is the way we be rolling in the streets
You know when we roll we be packing that heat
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go, gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go

Whoa, this is the way we be rolling in the club
You know when we roll we be packing .32 snubs
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go, gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go, gun'll go
The gun'll go, the gun'll go

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