

Young Buck & D-Tay "Taking Hits"

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{Hello? What's up, who is this?
Yo nigga, this Murda Rich
What's up nigga?
What's up with you my nigga?
Check this out, there is some shit done popped off
right?
Yeah}

{I'm a need you and 'Tay to go handle it, right
A'ight
I got like a hundred sittin' on this nigga fate
Bring it back to me on a plate that's what's up
A'ight, my nigga}

I'm not stoppin', ya heard what I'm sayin'
Put the money in my hand, and catch me if you can
Point him out and I'll pop him, walk up on him and drop
him
I've been waitin' and watchin', to put the bitch in a
coffin
We takin' hits

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It's gon' cost but we gon' get him gone take his life
away
2 AK's we gon' send him home
This is how we livin' from the projects to the prison
So don't be too comfortable bitch 'cause you can be a
victim

Get 'em buck, hit 'em up ambulance pick him up
Should've ducked, got killed nigga wasn't quick
enough
Shit is real I ain't here for no bullshit I'm here with a full
clip

Now le'me show you niggas what you'll get, get 'em
Tay

They never seen a mad man come and dump up on
these fools
Get the 4-5 cocked back gunnin' at you dudes
Back down thuged out and mask to match
I'm not doin' it 'cause them pussy niggas bastards cap

Who want that? You want that? I don't think you do
Like I gun ya buddy down shit I gun you too
I'm like 50 I don't care if it's platinum or white gold
Soon as I cock it back, gi'me that ice hoe, yeah

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{Hello?
Yo Buck, Murda Rich, nigga
What's up nigga?
Man, I'm tryin' to see what's up with that business nigga
[Incomprehensible] bust this niggas head, I'ma hit you
back a'ight?}

Hey, there he go an' he don't know that we behind him
So go pull up beside him and le'me put this 9 in him
You ever seen the 30-30 with the scope on it?
A bunch of niggas smokin' weed that got dope on it

And we don't leave no evidence or no finger prints
Follow certain elements 'cause niggas go to jail for this
They say I'm heaven sent, I think I'm hell bound
'Cause I'm addicted to the way a 12 gauge sound

I keep the dough in swing the chopper and Pitbull shit
If he run he ain't gettin' one get a grill full of it
That's for movin' it must have been some confusion
when I came in

Told you lay the fuck down or else these bullets cave in

Must thought I was playin' I'ma let you know when I
shoot that 4

How it go when a gangster roll murder man blood bath
what'd you take it for

I ain't playin' games ain't nothin' gon' ever change
Murder put money on your head gimme his brain
mothafucka

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