

## **GangStarr**

### **"Who Got Gunz"**

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[Fat Joe]

yeah uh, GangStarr

Crack Man, M.O.P. uh, BX, Brooknam, haha come on  
living legends, ya heard me?

yeah uh yo uh

I got seven Mac 11s about eight .38

Nine nines, Mac 10s

man this shit never end

Even if the apple won't spin

I reach in my back pocket and blast you and his twin

Niggaz yellin out the window "Joe's at it again"

But this bastard's got lawyers, keep him outta the pen

I mean feds wanna knock me just 'cause I'm cocky

An arrogant fuck, wave "Hi" when they watch me

Can't stop me everytime official

Better find my residuals or this nine gon' lift you

"He was a fine individual" what the papers scripted

Had him on the front page in his graduation pictures

And they probably never hit you if you brought your  
glock

Me and my gat like Wilson, we all we got

We walk the scorchin blocks with the hawk on top

Even if the old ladies love to call the cops

I got guns

[Lil' Fame]

You got, he got, they got

M dot, O dot, P my nigga we got guns

Big ones, extra large heat

Humongous shit that won't fit up under your car seat

Pop in a heart beat

Keep the cannon in my reach

Lay you flat on your back like you was tannin on the  
beach

We keep them damn thangs full of hollows

And I'm from Christopher bitch, bang with the Wallace

Fit raw this nigga you ain't loco

You're buttocks big boy, your heart pumps Sunoco

Brownsville deep in my genes

I show you +bad boy+ for real, keep thinkin shit is

+Peaches and Cream+

We'll run you down, MO-Ps hunt ya down  
Gun ya down, guns sing like blaow  
Raise up cock pot my biscuit for my nigga O.G. had  
quick shit  
We got guns

[Hook]

We got, we got, they got (GUNS!)  
Crazy ill, man rowdy  
I gots it locked  
Bringin the noise, bringin the funk, pop the lock  
But only if you feel this shit  
We got, we got, they got (GUNS!)  
Crazy ill, man rowdy  
I gots it locked  
Bringin the noise, bringin the funk

[Guru]

Nowadays my priorities ain't based on fun  
I'm tryna cop some more property and in case of them  
guns  
Sick society's got Guru protectin his fam  
Fuck Prudential, I got my own protection plan  
Respect me man, I'm on a mission so to speak  
You're too dumb to play your position so unique  
I'll trade 'way your meat faggot vacate the streets  
GangStarr, First Fam, and TS, we way deep  
And even if you had a thought to move on us  
Our fire power will devour, bitch you'll chew on dust  
Slow death, no rep, hollows have you gaspin  
You rich just for you, he got a lavish casket  
Call us savage bastards usin all means necessary  
It's only customary  
It's you we got to bury  
We'll dead your homo thug network  
Head shots make your head jerk  
My marksman on the roof, he's an expert

[Billy Danze]

Who got a problem? It's already been established  
I'll come through your town with a pound like a savage  
Still throwin down on the grounds that I'm average  
Can I hear for a gangster? YEAH NIGGA  
It's always some shit but it's always a clip  
to re-route your doubts and see what you about  
Your homeboy's a snitch and your bossman's a bitch  
We takin over these bricks (IS THAT SO?)  
Doin underhanded shit, I'll shoot you in your abdomen  
You fraud, you're movin like a broad with this faggot  
shit  
And you deserve a hole

in the back of your motherfuckin head the doctor can't  
fix  
on the concrete, we palm heat like soldiers  
Spit one in your whip and flip your shit over  
Keep in mind whatever the nine spit  
It's only as good as the nigga behind it bitch  
We got guns

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