

Gunplay

"Black on Black"

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[Hook: Ace Hood]

Okay now guess who's back
In a black Maybach
With a black card on me, better know it's straight like
that
My nigga we black on black, black on black
My Rolex gold, but know my strap all black
My nigga we black on black
Flag all black
Put it all on that
My niggas gon' ride for a fact
Yeah homie we black on black, black on black
One thing that's fact: I'm rich and black

[Verse 1: Gunplay]

I put black on the paint
I whip white in the sink
I put work on the pike
I ain't scared of handcuffs and links
Only thing that petrify me is no money in bank
I'mma Chevy out there sprayin' bitch, I'll jail bite the
crank
I'm a shark out the tank, I don't bark I just bite
Keep that K all day, don't walk up on me I'll put that
knife
All gold Dayton spokes strokin' the pavement slow
I did that ho a favor and she paid me back in throat
I told the kitchen they wasn't cutting the loaf
Butcher knife on the shelf like, "Where the fuck the filet
mignon?"
Take a close look at my face, the war paint is on
Stuck my dick in the world, now I'm raping this song,
I'm wrong?

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Bun B]

Man I'm sitting in a black room dressed up in a black fit
I'm cleaning my black guns and loading my black clips
Count from one to fifty, that's a fully loaded mag
I pick it all up and put it in a black bag

Put on my black gloves, put on my black mask
Pop my trunk and load it up and jump in my black Jag
Sipping on black Hennessy out of a black flask
And best believe that I'm coming to get your black ass
When I pull that Mac out, they know I'm finna black out
They start hitting fences, taking alley ways and the
back route
I caught one of 'em slipping, put that thing up to his
back
Pulled that trigger on that nigga, and all he saw was
black

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Ace Hood]

Okay now black lil nigga, in them all black denims
With a Mossberg pump that'll have them sleep in your
liver
Better watch that shit that you say, my goons don't play
That black Glock 9 never leave my side, no way
I keep that strap when I pray, even when I bow head to
say grace
Any nigga bring beef my way, better let that 4-4 spray
Yeah nigga that's black on black, my whips all black
That Ghost don't fold, them four Diablos on that
And I keep that black Louis bag, racks on racks
My bitch so bad, Chinese and black, yeah
I'm a wild young nigga, getting rich off rap
My Rolex fitted, spent about sixty on that

[Hook]

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