

## Nipsey Hussle

### "Bullets Ft. The Game"

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[Chorus: Nipsey Hussle]

Why you niggaz outside without no gun  
You think this shit is a game  
But no, no not at all, I hope out gunnin'  
Show you niggaz I ain't playin'  
Pull the trigga, shoot that nigga, make sure that you  
get 'em  
Cus bullets ain't got no name.  
Pull the trigga, shoot that nigga, make sure that you  
get 'em  
Cus bullets ain't got no name.  
Why you niggaz outside without no gun  
You think this shit is a game  
But no, no not at all, I hope out gunnin'  
Show you niggaz I ain't playin'  
Cause bullets ain't got no name

[Verse 1: Nipsey Hussle]

Why you niggaz act as if ya body built to survive the  
shots  
Goin down nailed after I get crackin' ya gon' be  
outlined in chalk  
The sun is shinin', but still it's rainin,  
Ya don't wanna get wet then boy stop hangin',  
My hood is warrin', so ain't no warnin's,  
Niggaz'll take ya life now ya momz is mournin',  
I done seen it happen, and we got crackin,  
Six minutes they got right back at us,  
Ten minutes later we was right back at them,  
My burna so hot I put a hole in my mattress  
Cause bullets ain't got no name.

[Chorus: Nipsey Hussle]

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[Verse 2: The Game]

Ayo black war murda, army fatigue socks,  
Hat seven and a half and a 44 mag, in my dickies,  
Straight outta bompton. Blood won't stop  
See the block's finest, my hood gettin' tossed up.  
Out that convertible Phantom,  
Any drama let the glock start bustin' at random,  
I stay flamed up.  
Drivin' somethin red, there go Game, blood.  
Eight million records and I remain gangsta.  
Walkin like a pitbull, watchin' my bite,  
I'm from Compton a.k.a shoot-it-out-on-sight,  
Cause I was raised by a G, my momma nigga.  
My heart pumps no kool-aid, so bring the drama nigga.  
Fuck niggaz that's how I feel, straight up,  
Never run. Unless I'm runnin' red strings through my  
red Chuck's  
Duck! Mothafucka it's The Game  
Bustin' shots on ya block, and bullet's gots no name.

[Chorus: Nipsey Hussle]

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[Verse 3: Nipsey Hussle]

The sun is shinin', but still it's rainin',  
And you ain't gotta ask where he from just spray him,  
By the look up on his face you can tell we bangin  
See the look up on his face when that thing start rangin'  
(uh oh)  
POW!  
One down two to go, suspect usual.  
Murda scene the routine ain't new to you.  
Switch course double back, one down, double that.  
Yellow tape the gate, send 'em niggaz back.  
See them niggaz with a bullet 'fore they learn they  
lesson,  
You still ain't got yo gun you ain't got the message?  
My enemies they know they say he got extras,  
When I come through I only got one question...

(Why niggaz keep hangin' out?)

[Chorus: Nipsey Hussle]

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Cus bullets ain't got no name.

(Uh oh... POW!)

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