

Nipsey Hussle

"Bullets Rmx"

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(feat. The Game)

[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 triggaz, shoot that nigga, make sure that you
get 'em
Cus bullets ain't got no name.
Pull the triggaz, 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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(Uh oh... POW!)

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