

## Kuniva

### "Gut Shots 3"

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I'm with my boys in the hood, spitting the filth  
You... swinging, in the air  
Nigga please, a renegade on the mike  
You never rhyme right  
Yeah I'm hard to death, my barcode as a client's life  
Rip a rapper to shreds, shoot in and let the cake cry  
Sing you to the... for trying to snatch my yays off  
Proolly... when I'm blazing your whole pad up  
Strip you naked in the spot, portion of bad luck  
I was down nigga, I'm back up  
Homie back up,  
Get your little soft ass smacked up either clapped up  
Kuniva's a rebel who hired the rebel  
Supplying the shovel to my people  
After I fired the medal, bitch  
You rocking stilettos, I'm on another level  
You talk chop when you get confronted you  
Backpedal, a maniac with the bars  
A brainiac and because  
I was taught by bank proofs spraying hammers and  
jobs  
A dirty dozen... slap a rap rapper dead in his mouse  
Pray in his house,... his spouse  
I don't care who's there before you at the mouse  
Leave you both sprayed on the couch... mouth  
Enough bad talk, my lyrics alone kill on contact  
When it's time for dirt, niggas asking where Kuniva at  
Homie, we ain't family, don't even bother to speak to  
mine  
Laying bodies side by side looks like they equal sign  
I hear them whispering "another one crazy  
He's unapproachable, is that that same robber from  
shining"  
You damn right, you know my 8 time platinum dick  
I'm a fat ugly bitch dildo, I'm back in this bitch  
Fucking respect my son looking me  
Like I'm the shit, nigga  
My wife a real rap critics that I can spit  
She... dick, serious, baby you sick  
But she might be a little... because of the dick, haha  
Cheesy laugh, don't ask about my group nigga

No matter what, for them I still shoot niggas  
We all family so you can get the shit without making it  
You one of the people who never did shit  
... wig, split up, who bust a shell of your wih  
You wanna know the date you won't feel nigga  
What's the use of spitting lyrical shit  
It's only 3rd grade grammar that I'm killing you with  
Never tend minded, smooth criminal  
Homie I would... walk in your house  
Pimping your woman, some used genitals  
Backpack rapping the g shit  
I choose to do it all, even fuck the police shit  
I post it up... handcuff you a bitch  
Oh you still talking shit  
Like bitches can get the dick  
The same niggas who helped your hip hop selling mill  
It's funny how everybody talking bout doing bills  
We did it, them bitches were saying it wasn't real  
Like it wasn't created the same that we lack skill  
But you can live  
Now I drown in my enemy sink  
My guns hyper over 5 hour energy drink  
Get found dead, chickens get to blowing  
That's the true meaning of hip hop there  
Now shake up... in your dreams, upper cutting you  
And you so pissy, you probably gonna wake up  
bleeding  
My motto for any emcee or dj  
Grab a... break it on your face, bash it instant replay  
It's all good, aim for the stars  
It's okay if you miss,  
At least you'll hit someone not on the entourage  
The hip hop devil's inside and hard to get out of  
It's crazy people thinking you'll end up felon without it  
It's just me homie I don't face but thug  
All you'll be a text message typing hurt with a mug  
Told you once before nigga that this ain't all rap  
I'm bout to slap on a nigga,...  
I ain't playing a game... and watch they brain splat  
Marauder!

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