

Kuniva

"Who Ya' Gone Shoot"

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[Hook]

I said I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot with it
I said I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot
I said I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot with it
But what, what, what?

Listen, I can give it to you, yeah, I can give it to you
7 mile dog, get your bitch straight nuded
I keep a shooter nigga, ruger and a 7 deuce
Pedal to the floor of the coup, blowing hula hoops
Fuck a state troop, 7 let the cake loose
Brawling up the eye 94, of the great goose
I'm in a great mood, eating whole plate food
Skating through the hood on them tools
Call it great moves
Getting bitches and they can't stand up
Pimp brooking ever green, Tony Montana
It's me and... rolling getting our ranging on
Gangster shit, cert of y'all, baking mix, cerovone
I'm at a marathon, pistol and a miniphone
Cranking till the menace's gone,
Light it up and hit it strong, huh
That nigga's banging when the song come on
Goon squad runging af, niggas know what zone you on

[Hook]

I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot with it
I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot
I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot with it
But what, what, what?

I'm too gagna for your motherfucking hood
I'm too gagna for them motherfucking hoes behind
you
I'm too gagna for your motherfucking hood

I'm too gangsta for them motherfucking hoes behind
you
I got a problem with authority, I live in glory
For y'all I'm a bastard, so the safest thing to do is
ignore me
Stay away like I've been quarantined
Or else I splatter you and write your name in blood on
the wall
So the hood know it's me
I'm on the scene, let nobody in the beam
My whole G is rocking glue, but he fall about the green
You can't touch us, you be transparent
You can't stand in the way of the shots
Of going through you and your man's parents
Don't stand glaring, the wrong way
I throw your man's... top the will of a pharis
With a gun that's named 7
He's a rebel with a weapon,
The west and the half is distressing
Crying, speaking with a weapon
Begging him to ask he a question
Is it really a heaven?
You about to find out, see the news clips at 11
Kunavi rep the east,
And once again homie if you speak beef
I'll shoot you and scream increase the peace!

[Hook]

I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot with it
I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot
I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot with it
But what, what, what?

I give it to you them 50 calibers desert eagle hollow tips
Will knock you out on some Apollo shit
Catch me on that twick twick gs, now go and follow
bitch
I get excited when the throttle spit
And since my name always in your mouth
Then go an swallow tricks, hey Jack
I'm on my ralo shit
Me and kuniva out in Vegas fucking model chicks
Y'all still burn lotto ticks, that nigg famous
Tell you the truth, it ain't the music
The fact that I picked up a firearm and I used it
Right to protect myself, I abused it
Goon squad records, what? The new ruthless
Hell yeah

Y'all see it, quit acting like you don't, nigga
Run your ass to the d and get stoned nigga
They tell me you tell them to tell me you coming
But you ain't and you won't nigga
You wanna live? Don't, nigga
I got the... you know what, come on with it!

[Hook]
I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot with it
I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot
I can give it to you
But who you gonna shot with it
But what, what, what?

I'm too gagnsta for your motherfucking hood
I'm too gangsta for them motherfucking hoes behind
you
I'm too gagnsta for your motherfucking hood
I'm too gangsta for them motherfucking hoes behind
you.

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