

Onyx "Gun Clap"

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Walkin down the street with my, glock in my hand

No safety, you know it and our guns don't jam

Keep one in the hand and no need for cockin

When niggaz start the poppin them shells get to droppin

[Chorus 2X]

Fuck rap music, this is gun clap music

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Load it up, cock it back and blast to it

[Fredro Starr]

Yo, who shot ya? It's too late to try to operate

Hard escape through New York State

It's on killa, fuck all the niggaz that hate

I can feel ya shook when ya walk through the gate

Your heartbeat break like a Kay Slay tape

Bust guns to this, raisin the crime rate

Niggaz better blast when it's time to shoot

Niggaz on the roof tryna blast at you

See me in the six coupe, twins engine

Skiddin, murder scene left, God ridden

New guns, old guns, need to test those

I burn, baby, burn like sniffin asbestos

Bust low, reload and stay low

I twist more caps than the 40 oco

Bitches know, could tell by the look on the thug face

The way they play it in the club, it ain't safe

[Chorus]

[Sonsee]

A'yo I'm still not a hater but the heat'll spray ya

Say hello to the bad guy, meet your creator

Your gone, locked down streets in blocks down east

Hopped out jeeps, knocked out teeth and chopped
down beef

With the boxpound heat, it's your option to die

Poppin the nine at ten, then guns in the sky

Grew up in the Stuy, peace to every ghetto

Up in the x-sincos with my niggaz from Queens wit
heavy metal

Drug raps through the PJ's, ki's and trees, now we payin
DA's

Gettin paid from three ways

Who wanna die? It won't cost you a dollar

Get your boys to follow of course you still gonna holla

Money I'm sick, keep puttin clips in them rugers

And spit, you couldn't measure my fifth with six rulers

Hold up killer, I'm all about gettin loot

And when I cock back duke I'm givin glock tattoo

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

Some say the bigger the gun, the more damage it do

I say the smaller the pistol, the better it shoot

I give a holla to my niggaz in warfare

Sticky don't care, if don't nobody else care

And um, I'm always quick to reach for the glock

So if you run up in my spot motherfuckers get shot

In these streets niggaz drivin fives gettin set up

Forgive but don't forget your benz'll get wet up

Niggaz come around frontin, don't believe 'em

You ain't no killer you be layin there bleedin

Cause nigga you know me

Don't make me blast you up and snatch your ass out
the b

And bitch niggaz don't blast back

They like ladies, they take their ice chains to the casket

And since we all came from the hood

Got our name from the hood and our game from the
hood

I think it's time to kill for our good, time to heal our
hood

Be real to our hood

And if we don't we'll have a race of babies

That'll take 380's to school and get crazy

And to my sons tryna make ones

Sellin cracks on the blocks, watch out when the jake
comes

And to my real thugs get up, I know you fed up niggaz

But keep ya guns up

[Chorus]

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