

50 Cent F/ Bravehearts, Nas

"Stick To Ya Gunz"

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Intro (sampled):

Calling the police, calling the G men
Calling all americans to war on the underworld

All I need is money, and I'm getting that money tonight

Verse One: Lil' Fame

Let's take a slide through the ill side of town with this B-
Boy
Watch out for Jake, snakes and decoys
The streets keep you p-noid
Everyday's a new game, we do thangs for new thangs
This kid got stopped for like three G's and two chains
Yo, I know about these streets I was raised in
In my crib I heard villians outside blazin
Mad shots was poppin and, I see visions of droppin
men
Five minutes later some nigga was sprawled out on
Hopkinson
That's why this +Downtown Swinga+
Ruckus bringa be packin bangers
that make your whole shit out of clothes hangers
It's only one life to give in, get in where ya fit in
The fo'-fo' will cold push ya shit in
So keep ya gun breezed for fuckin with these New York
Desperadoes
We'll bust open your head like avocadoes
Heavy artillery in my facility
For you snake ass ones I stick to my gunz

Chorus:

Yo what up? Ain't nothin; is it real? Yeah son
What's todays mathematics nigga? Stick to ya gunz!
What's the word? Ain't nothin; is it real? Yeah son
What's todays knowledge of self? Stick to ya gunz!

Verse Two: Billy Danze

The most beautifullest thing in the world is a fo'-fo'
Desert Eagle
Nigga, THAT SHIT IS DIESEL!!
Lethal hollow point slugs bust through any object
Squeeze it at rapid fire, clear the whole projects
I ain't gonna be beefin or eyein you
Silently I move violently
Me, ain't no reliable see
I been chasin and lacin tough guys for days
Findin ways to erase em, and blaze em in the grave
If it happen the squad's cappin, I'm in the mix
And i'd rather be touched by twelve, than laid by six
My kind, on the front line still standin
Mr. Billy Danze, and I'll work you with a mini cannon
Holdin it down it's the drama lord
So you riff, you be lift and laid stiff as a fuckin board
Firin squad, niggaz on the run
Get props from top notch niggaz that ill bill, stick to
they guns

Chorus: repeat 2X

Verse Three: Kool G. Rap

Aiyyo, I represent Queens, on crime scenes a murder
machine
Put M-16's in niggaz spleens
So head for the hills, nigga cause when I get ill
it's blood spilled for real
I aim my fuckin steel and shoot to kill
So grab your bodyshield get ready for the dustin
The biscuit that I'm clutchin
Puffin like cess but that's the fuckin dutchman
Buckin at all you sucka cluckin niggaz that want the
ruckus
We'll be three niggaz who's clappin but we ain't
applaudin you motherfuckers
Keep my mack hid up under back, two shots to crack
lids
Ain't gotta go rush to Toys R Us to get you Cabbage
Patch Kids
Once I let the laser beams gleam and the red dots are
seen,
Your whole team is gettin blown to smithereens
Queens on the motherfuckin map nigga we stay
strapped
In fact I let a AK cap push your toupee back
Runnin with mad sons gunnin shit up and leave your hit
up for the funds
Niggaz better stick to they guns

Chorus: repeat 2X

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