

Rocio Durcal or Juan Gabriel

"Gun Talk"

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[Chorus]

Well bitch niggaz get you of the grind, nigga grab the
nine and
Well fake niggaz try to cop the style, cop the 40 cal
then
Well if you don't like the way its going down, nigga grip
the pounding
And if there's more than one that got the gold, grab the
cal keep going

[Verse 1 - Ja Rule]

Real talk, the inc about to run New York
Cause there's no real niggaz left to hold the torch
Who gon' hold us of, cause you don't read newspaper's
nigga
Lt Ja tell it, that's murder inc boy's, that's real killers
Money laundering, tax avoid and drug dealers
Backed by chemical grit, you can't be serious
We just niggaz getting money, fucking all the bitches
And life and death between a matter of inches
You know
That fo' four that handle his business
Like capital game, reload and hit them with interest
Damn
What so gangsta about these niggaz
Now I got the full speed niggaz, led
Leave them dead over prayers, or head
Cause we done fucking these same bitches
And you know they talk, and the pillows be my witness
My forgiveness
Niggaz can't be this stupid
It's gun talk, niggaz better get used to it

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Blackchild]

I don't care if you're a criminal or a cop, shoot or get
shot
I'm raised by the plot, product of the hater
The gauge and the glock, and I keep a blade
I ain't afraid if it pop, the gauge still a gun

Married muder one, sleep with the fishes
Tasting red rum, young and corrupted
Nothing to fuck with, straight out of the gutter
With no introduction
Our role models is forced with the hollows
Fuck slothes the swallow the fifth a holla
The whitness and the polla
Weed twisting ganja
Load up the clip's and flip the corner
They Morner, be morners stay gunner
We gangster, gangster point and blank ya'
Thank ya'
Niggaz keep me in the mood
To eat a nigga food
I murder with real bombs

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Ja Rule]

The nine the cal the pound of coke, niggaz
The weed the dope the E' the coke, niggaz
The gauge is mine, that's all I know
I've been doing this since 9 6, the oldies know
This tough load, the 3 8 o's, I let my hoe's hold
Keep it in them working, In case I'm legal searching
They got worship god, and trust the gun
Ask for your forgiveness, and send niggaz up
Fucking stick niggaz up, these bitch niggaz touch
It's all about violence, real niggaz is silenced
And know these niggaz whoes guns got low mileage
Got ducked taped, all tied up in their houses
I'll make you watch while I fuck the spouse
This, ain't buisness, it's personal, gun talk
when I holla your the first to know
How many hoes, and how much blood has been lost of

[Chorus]

Yeah
Murder INC
We riding here motherfuckers

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