

Big Tymers F/ Bullet Proof, Lil Wayne

"Taking Hits"

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{*phone rings*}

Hello? What's up, who is this?
Yo nigga, this Murda Rich
What's up nigga?
What's up with you my nigga? Check this out
Some shit done popped off right?
Yeah
I need you and 'Tay to go handle it
Aight
I got like a hundred sittin on this nigga's fat
Bring it back to me on a plate, that's what's up
Aight

[Chorus: Young Buck] + (D-Tay)
I'm not stoppin', ya heard what I'm sayin'
Out the money in my hand, and catch me if you can
(Point him out, and I'll pop him, walk up on him and
drop him)
(I've been waitin and watchin', to put the bitch in a
coffin) We takin hits!
I'm not stoppin', ya heard what I'm sayin'
Out the money in my hand, and catch me if you can
(Point him out, and I'll pop him, walk up on him and
drop him)
(I've been waitin and watchin', to put the bitch in a
coffin) We takin hits!

[Young Buck]
It's gon' cost, but we gon' get him gone, take his life
away
2 AK's, we gon' send him home
This is how we livin' from the projects to the prisons
So don't be too comfortable, bitch 'cause you can be a
victim
Get 'em Buck, Hit 'em up, ambulance pick 'em up
Shoulda ducked, got killed, nigga wasn't quick enough
Shit is real, I ain't here for no bullshit
I'm here with a full clip
now let me show you niggaz what you'll get (Get 'em
Tay)

[D-Tay]

They never seen a mad man, come and dump up on
these fools

Get the 4-5 cocked back, gunnin at you dudes
Black down, thugged out, and masked to match
I'm not doin' it cause theme pussy niggaz, bastards
cap

Who want that? You want that, I don't think you do
Like I gun the bloody down, shit, I gun you too
I'm like 50, I don't care if its platinum or white gold
Soon as I cock it back, gimme that ice hoe (yeah)

[Chorus]

{*phone rings again*}

Hello?

Yo buck, Murda Rich nigga

What's up nigga?

Man, I'm tryin to see what's up with that business,
nigga

Hey man, we fin' to bust this nigga's head
I'ma hit you back, aight?

[Young Buck]

Hey there he go, he don't know that we behind him
So go pull up beside him, and lemme put this 9 in him
You ever seen the 30-30 with the scope on it?
A bunch of niggaz smokin weed, that got dope on it
And we don't leave no evidence, or no fingerprints
Follow certain elements, cause niggaz go to jail for this
They say I'm heaven sent, I think I'm Hell bound
Cause I'm addicted to the way a twelve gauge Sound

[D-Tay]

I keep the dough in, swing the chopper and the pit-bull
shit

If he run, he ain't gettin one, get a clip full of it
That's for movin, must have been some confusion,
when I came in

Told you lay the fuck down, or else these bullets cave
in

Nust thought I was playin, I'ma let you know when I
shoot that 4

How it go when a gangster roll

Murder man, blood bath, what'd you take it for
I ain't playin' games, ain't nothin gon' ever change
Murder put money on your head, gimme his brain,
motherfucker!

[Chorus]

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