

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

"Still Shootin"

Visit "[Still Shootin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm still shootin mothafuckas the warpath never stops
Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is causin a homicide
Ya popped if you're plottin on a jack punk
I'll see you comin from a mile away and light yo ass up
So if the funk is on you betta be strapped
Cuz you'll be bitin the nine once again black
Call me agent double O deuce four
I got a mini 380 in the sleeve of my coat
I'm a killA the mothafuckin X to the R-A-I-D-E-D L-O-C
smokin niggas like some green bud
So if you see me in your hood you better duck
Cuz I'm jackin every thang from a cut to a mini truck
Better not be trippin never slippin
It's just another mothafuckin grave that I'm diggin
Forties swiggin got a nigga bent and wanna kill
Fools try to catch me slippin but they never will
I'm the mothafuckin X loc no joke
I'm from the garden block where mothafuckas get
smoked
If your Daytons got a little more shine than the ones I
got
I'm gonna get my nine and your shit is mine
You hella bold if you reach for your gat
Cuz I'm gonna put a hole in your ass and it's like that
Lynch, (You gonna be heaven sent fool)
Niggas nuts on the wall I'm shooting mothafuckas

Chorus: Cuz I'll shoot your punk ass in a minute
I'll give you some of this (ginshots) or some of this
(more gunshots)

I'm a trigger happy nigga I prove it every time that I
ride
I'll kill a punk at the drop of a dime
For instance a nigga talkin shit
Betta yet a fool tryin to front for a bitch yeah
(I'll give you some of this (gunshots) or some of this
(gunshots)
Nigga aim nigga hit wanna trip nigga trip
Fuck a fool's gun if he got a empty clip
Brotha Lynch (I'm a blast, I'm a blast)

Where your bullet land? (in that ass, in that ass)
Niggas ain't shit a bitch is a dead bitch
If she fuck wit me she gonna be shittin led bricks
Cuz I treat a hoe like a hoe should be treated
Instead of a queen I treat a bitch like a thief
I'll have a hoe terrified thinkin I'm a looney
Settin up her folks so I can jack em for they jewelry
Kickin down doors wavin gats fuck a discussion
All I want is money if there ain't none then I'm bustin
yeah
I'm killin mamas, daddys and nephews
I'm killin sons, daughters and sparin you
You can play the Rambo role like you're a down black
brother
But picture this I'm still shootin mothafuckas

Chorus

You crazy if you think you're gonna get some
The only thing you're gonna get is yourself smoked
punk
And if you ever wake your ass up
You're in a box 24 deep cold as a mothafuck
To ya niggas that dissed me
Or either tried to blast and ya missed me
Keep your strap on cuz I'm a get my jack on
When I put my black on payback is fin to be on
Your brains gone I'm a let it be known trick
X Raided was never the one to be fucked with
Cuz you was sayin you was hard and all that shit
But when you found you couldn't quit you moved your
ass out of town with
your bitch
Dumb nigga I'm like the Terminator, loco
Kickin down doors with Brotha Lynch lookin for yo ass
Blast everybody in the house and fuck gettin caught
Bullet wounds will get a nigga caught
They tell the cops that they shot ya
You go to see the doctor then they got ya, huh
A nigga like me leaves no evidence sucka
When I'm jackin me a fool, I shoot the mothafucka

(Talking)

Yeah, once again it's on you know what I'm sayin?
That nigga X mothafuckin Raided never gave a fuck
about shit
You run up and you gone that's how it is you know what
I'm sayin?
Don't have your back against the wall like my boy Mick
said
If you don't talk that shit, I might let your punk ass live

You know what I'm sayin? sayin? sayin?
(then again he might not)

Visit [Whitney Houston F/ Brandy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.