

## T-nutty

# "Strapped Down"

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[Intro]

Strapped down wit a gun (wit a gun)  
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[Verse 1]

It's my perogative to cock a glock have you not to live  
get to dumppin on yo relatives  
if they start to fussin  
I'ma get to bustin  
on anybody out of line  
Hennessy in my body and a .9  
rotty shotty doin naughty crimes  
wit a quarter pokin out a dime  
when you ride in the coupe deville itch  
use to kill like a rider not a manakin  
nigga posted wit a automatic steady panicin  
instead of scramblin I'm damagin  
any nigga take me for granted  
have that figured cause that nigga'z bigger  
I wont hesitate to let'em have it  
I'ma addict  
addicted to rappin weed in blunts and dope in plastic  
wen the gun and the clip attaches  
niggaz get lit like a book of matches  
but hustlaz takin action cause nigga gotta get paid  
quick to put a snitch niggaz in a ditch for the fact they  
bitch made  
for a big face \$20 bill  
theres plenty of niggaz that i'll peal  
like a banana in south sacromental sicc wit cliff and I'll  
back up  
I don't give a fuck bout where we at CUZ  
longs we in the city of sac you just betta watch yo bro  
call me T NUTTY  
for the green money I'll leave you leakin bloody red  
creepin up like last flowheakin tweakin off what my

cuddy said [cuddy said Nutty man]  
these niggaz think that we dummies man  
posted up like Al Bundy wit a blondy off bom we rapped  
up like a mummy

[Chorus - 2X]

It's do or die nigga got me strapped down wit a gun  
(wit a gun)  
Strapped down wit a gun (wit a gun) Strapped down wit  
a gun (wit a gun)  
fam its do or die nigga got me strapped wit a gun  
they say I need to stop it but I'm cocky cause I'm on one

[Verse 2]

Do to the fact that I'm off that yac  
right now I'm feelin on sympathy  
fuck a timonthy or anyone callin they-self my enemey  
off the hennessy lost my energy  
cuz I was smokin inner city bom wit my folk  
most of the niggaz is Locs crush you wit a open paw  
give up the dope or nigga get choked  
matter a fact snatchback by throat strangled wit rope  
now tangled up in the game wit out yo coke  
cuz you prevoked a nigga wit scope snipe a nigga from  
the scova  
hand it over man empty yo pocket I wonder knock you  
out yo nova  
cuz of the doja and sova gettin over on me  
cuz on my street we don't play that runnin gay cats up a  
tree  
so wen theres beef I be stealin like a thief straight to  
the mouth like Keith  
cuz I'm that nigga dats slicker than grease  
pull out the weapon and sweat'em like Keith  
fucc the police if they after me tryna capture but they  
cant  
wen I arrive I got five on the fate  
my nigga nate get the dank  
and if it stank cause of that sticky icky  
blow it lets get stupider  
the bom I smoke is nuclear  
it'll have you higher than jupiter

[Chorus - 2X]

[Verse 3]

the gardens my neck of the woods and gonna be there  
for good  
so all you wannabe niggaz theres only 1 Nutty-Nut so  
fucc yo hood  
I give it like a nutt shood

dumpin wen them peckerwoods comin after me  
the reason why I be buzzin cause I'm runnin wit cuzzin  
Anthony  
so pass the weed so I can be thinkin of another tragedy  
instead of aonther brother I rather smother the police  
academy  
but niggaz is always mad at me  
stare at Nutty wit an attitude  
but it don't matter lil bitty dude  
I'm not Mr. T but I pity fooz  
if you getty rude part of the game maintain wen it rain  
you betta be doin thang its tryna pass if you cant hang  
you'll be beggin that bitch for change  
I'll be changin my step from right to left  
I'm like a pit that I'll fight to the death  
kickin it wit killa sqiderz kept  
dont try to creep cause I already crept  
up on ya and I'd tried warn ya that gun  
bigger than that nigga Panther nigga run  
watch yo step cause niggaz these days get hurt  
it be them scary fellows wearin fairy yellows  
that get tookeen off the turf  
lookin up at the dirt

[Chorus - 2X]

[guy's voice]

now I was tryna figure out why the guy was sayin what  
he was sayin, Nicky just hitt'em  
no matter how big a guy mite be, Nicky will take'em on  
yo beat Nicky wit fist, he comes back wit a bat  
you beat'em wit a knife, he comes back wit gun  
and if you beat'em wit a gun you betta kill'em  
cuz he'll keep comin back and back until wanna of you  
is dead

[Verse 4]

why you actin like you know me homie  
bite like arachnophobia  
hold it right bro cause I'm that nigga on the terria  
right now if not a nutty get out of here if you loud after  
the rotty shottysta  
swollow the bottle of Vodika  
feelin like pullin a lick on the Mafia  
remind me up on a cop  
like Mr. Officer lick cock  
this is how we setup shop  
load up tec and wet up a glock  
and a bitch nigga I respect not  
kiss my ass from Sac to Albany  
all the niggaz that you saw wit me was mothafuckin G

A N G S T A tryna do betta than yesterday  
chasin chedda instead of stressin betta cop you a  
weapon cause we bang  
in a strange world where we hang out together  
fuck what they talkin bout nigga whatever  
look its my nigga Keith Sweat we all got the weapon for  
dumppin we dumppin for pepper  
nigga from peter piper  
most of my 24th streetaz liferz  
maybe they stayin for shereddin gettin locked for case  
earn stripes like Tony the Tiger  
I'ma South Sider  
if you not a rider then you can roll  
but the rest of us wen we checkin punks  
[provisionally]  
suckerz play low

[Chorus - 4X]

we crippin  
Strapped down wit a gun (wit a gun)  
my nigga  
Strapped down wit a gun (wit a gun)  
we gangstaz  
Strapped down wit a gun (wit a gun)  
South Side  
Strapped down wit a gun (wit a gun)  
sly  
Strapped down wit a gun (wit a gun)  
no body  
Strapped down wit a gun (wit a gun)  
we bangin  
Strapped down wit a gun (wit a gun)  
T-Nutty  
Strapped down wit a gun (wit a gun)  
Loc  
Strapped down wit a gun (wit a gun)

Thats how we gon do it nigga  
Strapped down wit a Gezell  
.9z whatever nigaa

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