

D-Block

"Guns Up"

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{Hey Mario!}

[Styles P]

Straws let's go nigga
Vinny Idol on the track

[Straw]

Aiyyo I tell niggaz blow me quick
Fuck the best bulletproof my tints, window down when
my Ruger spit
Yeah you fuckin with a Arliss nigga
One in the head, 16 in the cartridge nigga
And, you can have a team but regardless nigga
You might fuck with e'rybody else but not this nigga
Cause I heat the beef up like Foreman's
Plus I let the streetsweeper Air niggaz out like Jordans
Catch me in the lot with D-Block gorillas
For green I tie you up 'til God cut off your fingers
The mausberg handle give 'em brain contusions
Two trey slugs do the brain removin
I don't give a fuck about a D, ask P
Straw run in your house a quarter past 3
Straw run at the house with all your crack ki's
Just for the love of my niggaz, you other cats bleed

[Chorus: Straw]

Guns up, foes down
Straw and the Ghost when it goes down, vest and a fo'-
pound
We don't give a fuck about the law when we blast off
Get the cash, do the dash with the masks off

[Styles P]

So all y'all blow my cock
No security, the show don't stop
It's goin down then the fo' gon' pop
Yeah you fuckin with a cocky nigga
Run up your face like them steps on Rocky nigga
And you gon' need a mask like a hockey nigga
Might fuck with e'rybody else but not me nigga
Cause I hold up your paper like thumbtacks

And I got knife game like Jigga, retire and come back
Catch me comin through with Team Arliss nigga
For green I leave blood on the carpet nigga
And you can't get it up, with a stain remover
The four-four long is the brain remover
I don't give a fuck about the law, ask Straw
Most rappers is whack and got a glass jaw
Load up the gun, I show you what the mask for (I'll show
you)
D-Block bitch, that's niggaz that blast fours

[Chorus]

[Straw]

Aiyyo Straw be in your house with his guns drawn
The nine milli fire 'til I'm sure that a lung gone
Try and do the stealth work, settin the car bomb
Detonators target activatin the cell phone
It's Arliss, we be in the hood puttin work in daily
Meditate with the Ghost 'til my eyes is hazy
Red Jag convertible, black 380
Intentions to murder get the cash and I'm Swayze
Lost in the virgin Isle, never see a day of trial
Do away with the witness, be a man girl or child
Ain't a soul seperatin Straw from his profits
Frustrated when it's on I'm the one with the rockets
I don't give a fuck about a D, ask P
Until I'm buried in shells, I'm where the cash be
Probably buried in L's, the haze and hash weed
Need more than forensics, tryin to catch me - it's on

[Chorus]

{*gun blast*}

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