

## **Dom Pachino f/ C-Tera, P.C., Squigg Trust, T.M.F. "Gunz N Butter"**

Visit "[Gunz N Butter](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[C-Tera] I hear you wanna live my life, nigga, just log on To WWW Dot Chris Terra Dot Com Back slash, Whip Yo Ass, Dot Nigga Dot Com Come experience the shit that I'm on, more than just rap Money, sex, drugs, I can give you a pack Give you a whole fucking ounce, if you want, it's cool, nigga Cuz, we can do whatever you want Bring your guns to the town and bust Two on two, you and yours, put 'em up against Tera and Trust Squeeze til your cranium's crushed, you're coughing up blood Fill your lungs with so much lead, you'll be coughing up slugs Got the repercutting nigga, when you fucking with thugs Twenty seven, T.M.F., who fucking with us? Stapleton's Finest, Broad Street Killas behind us Have you bleeding all week like a fucking vagina [Squigg Trust] Squigg's incognito, draw metal like Magneto And bring the blood out ya like a West Nile mosquito I ain't biting, I'm shooting, my gun smoke's polluting Your last gasp for air, the coroner'll do the moving Of your body, you can catch Tera, Trust and Trife in the lobby On Broad Street and Warren's where you find me Posted with my game face on, and tre eight long Make a sale on my block and bet I blaze on Hot like fire, we spitting rhymes like saliva Stapleton Projects, they're ain't another hood liver Niggas'll put a hole in your liver, and one in your kidney Place the gun on my waist while it's blazing like a chimney Gun powder residues, on my Nike glove Leave you for dead at the scene, your admomen's oozing blood That's ST-A-P-L-E, T-O-N, Projects, I love my hood, Stapleton We pack chrome, and we known, that's where the deaf heads roam Live and die for our hood, nigga it's home sweet home [Tommy Whispers] You disgust me, like a scuff on my Timbs You ain't learn from the first verse, whose fucking with him Stay bent with a chuck full of gin, under the tongue, tucking a gem Riker's Isle style, stuck in the pens Get cut, from ya eyebrow down to your chin Bullets attack the team's logo, exit out through your brim You already know how Tommy do, papi chu', got the game locked Like copy do, cop and go, lock and load Rock a show, thirteen, years on the honor role Professional, mix the track down like

vegetables Put my life on it, got Trife on it Watch me  
drink a bottle of Jack and shoot dice on it Put your  
money where your mouth is, better price on it Damn,  
Tommy, calm down, you just got hype on it Cuz these  
niggas think they live til they see the pipes coming So  
what we try'nna tell ya, just go and write something  
More fire, look your face bulging, higher [Kryme Life]  
Shit, even if ya hating, ya'll niggas gon' still feel us  
When it's on, ain't no waiting, my niggas is gon' peel  
shit Stainless steel, aim to kill, and where ain't giving  
out lead shots Nigga we gon' flame ya grill, for real  
Hold my heat sturdy like an infant grip And keep it neat  
when I bust it like penmanship Curve my bullets like  
script, from around the corner Niggas get hit, straight  
out of nowhere, run up on you Now you get mixed, ain't  
gotta go there Cuz when the stomach growl, niggas  
play foul No fair, aiyo, this gon' be a grimey year, I can  
smell it in the air That's why I make sure I'm on point,  
like a spear Yo, my niggas got, too many darts, too  
much smarts All ya'll niggas got, is too many thoughts  
and not enough heart Ya'll don't want nothing to spark,  
I'm pouring gas on the fire First time, gon' be the last  
time you try us [P.C.] Aiyo I, ride with iron, test me if I'm  
lying I'mma survive, if not, I'mma die trying I was  
taught to get money, stack, never spend money And if I  
need more, I know how to flip money I'm thinking of  
ways, to get rich, dummy Can't starve no more, gotta  
eat when I'm hungry If it take guns to feed me, I'mma  
fill my tummy Cross me, I guarantee shit will get ugly I  
done been through it all, had my downfall Now it's,  
time to rise, like the sun at dawn You don't want beef,  
so don't even come at me raw You be like damn I never  
seen a gun that long [Trife Diesel] Aiyo, these things  
that I'm tossing'll make you lose most of your organs  
Especially the one's that's mostly important See I brawl  
with the best of men, nigga, you extra thin And you a  
bitch, your body produce estrogen My guns shoot  
excellent, free from the worries Leave the, scene in a  
hurry, last seen in the berry Your team'll get buried,  
don't cross the stream on that Ferry When it's on, get  
ya dogs, my hyena's is ready Get placed in the body  
bag, hit up your body bag The doctor lost count on how  
many holes your body had No time to lolly gag, in and  
out the lobby fast Niggas is hating, screwfacing, they  
obviously mad

Visit [Dom Pachino f/ C-Tera, P.C., Squigg Trust, T.M.F.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

