

Stick to Your Guns

"Let's Do It"

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(featuring Columbo & X-1)

Fuck niggaz though it was man?
Right, right, uh-huh
I'ma holla at 'em dog
Nah mean
Got my nigga, Mike B
South suicide Queens
X-million, bout to tear it down wit my nigga
You know? Stick holla at 'em dog

[Sticky Fingaz]

I'm gettin tired of the war stories, kid I heard 'em all
And before they could fake and make up another one
that's false
I'ma take it and break it down, so yall could knock it off
It's my call, in my corner they too soft
Mr. I-Don't-Give-A-Fuck, don't need much
But heat in the truck, weed in the dutch, beats I'm
beatin 'em up
Streetsweepin 'em up, niggaz deals is suckers
More than the game, don't let the fame go to your brain
I'm still in the rain, where lives get caught in the drain
It's nothin to me, niggaz ain't fuckin wit me
I dump at your v and leave you niggaz slumped in your
seat
Jump if it's beef, but wolves need somethin to eat
Nigga dollar signs cover my eyes, gucci material
Bottom line, hand on my nine wit no serial
First class flights and TV's is digital

[Chorus]

You could bust guns and get it right homey
Up in the club, we came to get it gully
Smoke weed, drink henny, man get it ugly
Hard liquor for sure, cause we don't pop bubbly
Load up your steel, nigga dump it only
We don't talk, true story, all about our money
From the streets we ride, you know our style homey
If shorty wanna bounce wit us then she out homey

[X-1]

Shit, cause it's all official
Load your pistol, I ain't right and I'm sure to hit you
Shoot through walls, you could die with your bitch too
So ladies, get out the way first
You gotta be kiddin dog, I got to spray first, nigga
Turn your promotional van into a hearse
Oh, bitches love the way I sit in the drop, pull up in the
spot
They suck cock off the strength of the watch
Lil' homey, and that's alone
Fuck you got guns for if your gats at home?
You need to have 'em on your waste like me
Run, duck, hide from the jake like me
Been around the world on fake ID
I got businesses, shot witnesses
Bottom line: X-1 is hot with this shit

[Chorus]

[Columbo]

Yo woozy, googly and cookie
Roofies and usually on two-three
Luny, disrespectful and moody
Stupid, I hate the world I'm too into me
Drink until I throw up and smoke until I tweak
Can't see me settle for less until I peak
Two milly, I'm too willy
Fifty thousand pills a week, I'm too filthy
Stocks and realty, crops and feel we
Scotch and whisky, I pop til I'm twisty
Talented and gifty, fuck til I'm limp D
I'm so empty, everybodies finish

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