

## Fatima Rainy

### "We Got"

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[Ludacris]

DTP we got them guns that go...

[I-20]

Yea I'm all about that pistol playa, cold blooded killa  
Niggaz recognize my name, I dub the young dealer  
You better tell ya man that with the gages I'm nice  
I'll shoot up y'all white shirts until y'all look like dice  
But I'm through with all the talking time to show all you  
niggaz

I 2-0, I'm like J-Lo... going through niggaz

DTP we ain't plying if you try to get our payin

A.K's get ta spraying like...

Bottom line that mean I'm bout it, any nigga want it,  
doubt it

Bust you in the broad day, on the street that's fully  
crowded

Find our hole and inside your chest, just for thinking its  
rap

And tell that pretty bitch thug we got some pretty big  
gats

Chaka say I'm shot out, and I tend to agree

So you should what you saying if it's intended for me

So be careful what you starting, let my fingers do the  
walking

And that oozy get to talking like...

[Titi Boi]

Hammers, jam 'em, snatch 'em, grab 'em

Can the an and fuck 'em, damn 'em

Press him, man him, scarin him, teared him, heat him  
up

Bake him, take him, beat him up, I hate I hate, I eat him  
up

A-B-C-E-F shawty is you a G or what

Now it's just me and my nuts, that's all I got in this  
world

I'm pulling pistols out my stomach and throwing them  
bitches up like Earl

Serving the club, head shot, scattered, covered, run,  
scram 'em

I'm 38, hot with a pearl handle...  
And I'm throwing text like a NBA ref  
I got, all gold guns like they came from I-RAQ  
Artillery, could it be I got all kinds of these pistols  
I point my gun at ya homeboy make ya own folks hit ya  
And ain't taking no more pictures, if you snap I'ma click  
Anyway, plus I got bullets in the clip the size of Lil Fate  
And I'm wavin choppers like heli-copters  
You gon' need hella doctors, when the glock go....

[Chingy]

Say on the set bitch, better watch your lip that text be quick  
20 over thurr, Tity over thurr, Luda over thurr, ain't no exit trick  
Us you don't mess with, we got them guns like action flicks  
Reload with the next clip, I'm the wrong nigga to flex with bitch  
Come on and test this, my gun I'm having sex with shit  
Put a bullet in (in) shoot it out, got them long horns like Texas bitch  
Look at my necklace, maybe hit a ngga disrespect this click  
My pistol grip sound like this...now what  
Who want they day fucked, when I cock and load the cake, bust bust  
Yall cowards play tough, and my peeps we come to spray stuff up  
Yall lives made up, like ugly hoes with make-up bra  
We'll shoot you up then toss yo ass in the lake tough nut  
My wrist rocky, like Sylvester Stallone  
So thurr for you should invest, in a vest for ya dome  
Cause I know you marks planning on getting me when I'm landing  
Peace to nick, but my cannon go...

[Ludacris]

Fuck a medic, we gon' call yo ass a taxi cab  
Bleedin so hard you'll need a life size maxi pad  
So flip the script and tell your woman its your time on the month  
A.K. 47 for the niggaz who's really looking for heaven and a 9 for you chumps  
Got killaz in my squad and I'm the nicest one in my group  
But I got bananas for you niggaz and I ain't talking bout fruit  
I'll peel your CAP BACK with the BLACK MACK  
Till your BACK CRACK, cock the GAT BACK like... CLAK

CLAK CLAK

Swallow a hallow make 'em digest with a 50 caliber  
Yo futures not looking so good, tomorrows not on your  
calendar

I, do away with the amateurs, they breathing too long  
I'll leave 'em coughing like the sound effects you hear  
in this song

My Shotguns are cold and hard, but my Desert is easy  
And my triggers are always talking about some  
squeeze me, squeeze me

And for these fakers talking greezy, I'm starting the  
show

My Uzi got a drum roll, it goes...

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