

Gun'sn Roses

"2 Sides"

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[[Intro] Molly-Q (Lounge Mode)]

Bout to go to the other side (RIGHT!)
(RIGHT!) That's right, it's time to get it on
You know, cuz it's like..
(You understand what we doin here?
Do they understand what we doin here?)
Nah.. (RIGHT! RIGHT!)

[Polite]

Yo, yo..
Eh..

[Chorus x2: Polite]

It's 2 sides of the fence, which one you on?
Either a friend or foe, if a foe he gone
Erase him off the face of the Earth, snake from birth
We still on the block, nigga, puttin in work

[Lounge Mode]

BITCH!
It's love and hate
Everything is love in the club, I snub-eights
I smash out the barbeque, great
Ain't no real Willies out there
It's just silly niggaz talkin bout they bout it
Yo who the kid with the bad mouth?
Heard he shout somethin awful at Staten Island niggaz
We gone get it right, fuck around, we wild tonight
It's all good on the wood
We know the world like we know the hood
Same shit, guns go off in the night
New York coppers, New York robbers
It be a hobby to my niggaz, yo you dare come inside
my lobby
Big guns, big sons, ain't nothin changed
In the game, same shit, mothafuckas know the name

[Chorus]

[Molly-Q]

Don't we come as I walk? King Gunner with Lounger

I'm Born Invincible, check for me, I'm invisible
Digital, smoke leaf juice out the cactus
Dance with the Mantis, broke ya, run rampid
Slide in with the heat in the tower of death
Double impact, bangin attack, send ya mind back
Sex slave, ya bird, all up in ya gossip
Me and Hass, Clock with rhymes are hypnotic
Master my art, in the clubs, about to start
Set it off, Molly cough, the gats never toss
I'm wanted with my prints on the murder weapon
Fuel injectin, learn the lesson while I'm blessin
Tracks like Jeff Gordon, speakin through the porcelain
Sign O.T.F., big Fourth Horseman

[Break: Molly-Q (Lounge Mode)]
Out to bank, what? Nothin, baby
(Aight, that's so big) Word?
Word? I'm hoppin that (I got that)

[Chorus x]

[Lord Superb]
Did a movie with Brooke Shields, been to Central
Booking
Tear Island features and still puttin in workin
Hurt 'em, the hood said, "Hurt 'em", vomit murder
Think of calm-stalkin niggaz in the yard with burners
Sink of Nana been sick, what a nurse said
And on the first day, ha ha, the PJ's be
Y'all niggaz crazy, what you got the Alzheimers?
Me and my mans dream of becomin oldtimers
You get the laundry mats, I got the van service
Mama born again, hop on to ten churches
One man, three houses, two hundred purses
Life insurance, green caddies and young chauffers
She don't even make bread in her platinum toasters
Stay pissy drunk, I never flipped the mattress over
And this track is over when I do my ad-libs over
I'm just practice flowin, ain't even crackers know this
Not even double albums is half the poem
Let me in the mic booth, I have to show 'em
See the men mackin it all, you laugh at
Whodi, he ain't even 50 Cent, he half a quarter

[Outro: Polite]
And we O.T.F. in it, the bird is back!
Y'all got problems, y'all got problems
Y'all got problems, oooh.. ohh
Yanahmean? Cream Team, O.T.F., my nigga Lounge
'Lite up in here, that's Polite

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