

Game, The "Enemy"

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Bullet, Bullet. Dont bullet if u ain't gonna use her,
bullet, bullet, bullet, bullet, bullet, bullet.
Bullet, Bullet. Dont bullet if u ain't gonna use her,
bullet, bullet, bullet, bullet

Pick up, pick up, this i stick up, stick up
Nobody do something to pick up pick up
Call 911, nobody pick up, pick, cuz the goverment dont
care about

Niggas, Niggas.
In the hood turn niggas to cop killers, killers
We come through ridin' on them three wheelas,
wheelas
It kills to be killed in my village, village
For the love of the money, them cat pillars, pillars
We run trough your hood like godzilla, godzilla
With guns big enough to kill gorilla, gorilla.

In the club we shinin'
Vivi es' diamonds, and we still bad boys like Mary o'
Winders

We hotter than the fucking shinshilla, shilla
We strap but don't tell it to the squilla, squilla
Them omkeinsta gangstas don't fill up, fill up
Snitch boys get buck 50, and the grillem', grillem'

Chorus

Enemy Line, Enemy Line. Dont be caught with your
chopper in the enemy line.
Enemy Line, Enemy Line, how there in Compton, the
Enemy Line

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Coralian is the ultimate high, who gon' stop shottas, the

gun datters
They give me one more chance like BIG Poppa, to make
it hotter
But who's hotter than a rude boy that goes after rasta...
faraian
Me and my entourage walk up in the party and smoke
that bitch out like a Ducati and I'm nicked to the
nigga that pulls triggers like treasures.
I push your blood klaat head, for that fucking Rolex.

Then past the millimeter to left front side
Rude boys never die, we multiply.
Me and Damian Marley, Wyclef and the foggy homies in
Kingston
(Pick up, pick up the bad man there)

Twentytwo bullets, but not lettin' into England
Niggers starting to singing, drama what we bring them
G-money makers, no time for the haters
Cuz hustla in Jamacia, right in Jamaica

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Bullet, Bullet.Dont bullet if u ain't gonna use her,
bullet, bullet, bullet, bullet.

Me a di not get it with no fo to eatin'.....

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