

## **Game, The "Heavy Artillery"**

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[Intro: Rick Ross]

You know we got em

45s, machine guns, heavy artillery

We got those grenades on your ass, nigga

Boss. Black Wall Street

I'm in that bulletproof Maybach nigga (Teflon Don)

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Nigga talking like a G but walking like a broad

I pull up at the light, pineapple in your car

Nigga I shatter lives, my music camouflage

I court killers at the center of my synagogue

Torch in hand, extortion to the Fortune 500

From the porches to the Porsches with the wides on it

'Fore you snitches bitch, you better put your lives on it

Get you twisted by the [?] with them wires on it

I get my money smoking spliffs like it's Friday

I'm sitting sideways like I'm in my driveway

My champagne kicks, my shit 3 wheels

You niggas six feet, we gettin 3 meals

[Hook:]

They got jumped

45s, machine guns, and heavy artillery

[Verse 2: Game]

Yeah I got 2 gun charges, 2 felonies, just got off probation

Today motherfucker, won't budge for no charge

Real nigga, I hold no grudge with no thugs

Come through spraying, bullets out the McLaaren

They ain't meant for you, move bitch, you hard of hearing?

I speed off doing 90 with Tha Carter blaring

Bust shots in the Cavalier like I ball with Baron

Yeah I Blake Griff niggas, make stiff niggas

Eminem wasn't Dr. Dre's only sick nigga

Insane in the membrane like Soul Assassins

12 gauge stop a nigga heart like a bowl of Aspirin

I hold automatics, let your man hold the casket

Murder game cold as Aspen, body found in the trash

bin

First 48, they don't find me, case closed

Like a rehabilitation spot in Bobby Brown nose

Take em back to Boyz in da Hood when I pull the pump  
out

Something like C-Murder on Worldstar when I dump out

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Beanie Siegel]

Ain't nothing changed but them bullets in my clip

I still pull it, still bully niggas on the strip

Beef, I cook it fully with the fifth

And I ain't got no pets, I put a bullet in ya bitch

A nigga with a gun in his hand who won't bust it?

Like a bitch with a dick in her hand who won't suck it

This is the art of war, you niggas just drawing

Anything I target on is dearly departed, gone

Drive by or walk up on -

I just stop, breathe, aim cock squeeze

[?] on the Glock, infrared beam

Put your block up on machines while the pussies run  
and scream

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