

Haygoods

"Kiss the Bride"

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Times are gettin hectic, people gettin drastic
Follow certain niggas, I'ma see you in a casket
Me, I'm a believer, yes, in self-preservation
Waitin on the cops, I be a dead situation
That's why I got my .45 Mag named Sheila
Love her like a fiend love the biggest drug dealer
People say she mean and people say she unfriendly
But yo, I know they're jealous, cause they know she
gon' defend me
Used to have a 9 milli Glock named Suzy
Had to give her up, because a murder she was used in
Then I met my star, a 9 milli named Cathy
Puttin people off cause every cop would harrass me
Before I let her go she introduced me to a Uzi
But it never happened, so she really ain't amused me
Took her out to dinner, out to lunch and out to
breakfast
Talkin bout we thought you - what you know about
Texas?
Anyway, I left her, cause there was no satisfaction
Couldn't leave her lonely, so I gave the bitch the action
Little later on I met another little mistress
A.K. 47, mess with her and miss Christmas
So kiss the bride

Brothers call me up and say, "Yo 'heem, where your
girls at?
Let me borrow one," I tell em: "Cool, bring it right back"
1992 without a gun you're just a has-been
Guns don't have no babies, they produce a lotta dead
men
Policemen carry guns for their protection, who protects
me?
Me, myself and I, ammunition and artillery
If a person break into my crib in the midnight
Blood gonna run like a nigga run stop lights
Anywhere you see me, you can bet I got my girlfriend
Billy D was bad enough to diss me, and I shot him
Cause a major killer made available to everyone
So bein left without em makes your monkey ass a
victim

Take em when you picnic, travellin or campin
Keep her on your person when you coolin and lampin
Who are you to keep me and my girl from bein happy?
You ain't gotta duck, unfriendly people shootin at me
So tell your judge and jury go to hell with the quickness
Ain't no punishment that stop Raheem in gun business
Walk with a Magnum, punks, I'ma tag em
Run em out of church, and after that I body-bag em
So kiss the bride

Everyone I get is automatic with a spare clip
Just in case a faggot wanna check me with some dumb
shit
Nigga with a problem, attitude and all that
I'ma make him think before his ass try to come back
Me and all my women stick together like family
Take em on stage when I go to get my Grammy
Never will I leave her, cause she's always takin care of
me
No matter who I'm with, she never show no kinda
jealousy
People say I'm crazy for lovin my artillery
When it comes to love, no other girl could fit the bill of
me
That's why we're gettin married, can't nobody take her
Get her registered, so I can show police paper
Show em I'm legit, and I don't cater to the fuck shit
Let em see the gun, and any others got shot with
Never been convicted, and I never think I will be
Long as you got money, then you're safe if you're
guilty
So kiss the bride

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