

**Heltah Skeltah f/ Smif-n-Wessun****"W.M.D"**

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[Sean Price] Yo, two-two-two, five thirty-two, thirty-eight  
Four-four-four, five, increase the murder rate Great,  
shit can vertebrae, fuck up your backbone Snatch ya  
backpack, nigga, fuck up your wack poems You can't  
rap, slap his natch with the black chrome This whipping  
was a warning, so ya take your ass back home Nigga,  
see I pop shit with the same kinda guns that T.I. got  
knocked with Extra clip carrier, quick to click burry ya  
Both talk tough, but bitch, I'mma bit scarier Uh, Rambo  
guns, Commando guns Catch you at the beach, will  
heat up your sandals, son Fuck with a vet, best believe  
you fuck with the best Put a slug in the revolver that'll  
fuck up your flesh Put a slug in the revolver and play  
Russian Roulette Fuck it, I try, I do it, fuck if you die  
Ruck, is the, luckiest fucker alive I went from nothing to  
something a couple of times [Tek] I got a gun with a  
nozzle pump, cock back, we dump Lift ya, who said  
white men can't jump I know, dead men talk cuz niggas  
get caught But if ya, body a juror then a killa gon' talk  
Do ya biddy bop to the block, goodbye to your tail Shit,  
a city cop, city shots, I am Sean Bell Semi auto four,  
leave your head looking real gory Be a ghost before  
Halloween, that's true story That I blink like a  
transporter moving your order Quarterback spiral like  
bullets hit your autora We ain't here to warn 'em, bring  
the water trigger, we squeezin' Twenty minute  
shootouts, clip empty we leaving When I jump in the  
porsche, hop in the charger Fans can't catch the boy,  
I'm an artful dodger You know who in charge, get your  
whole team washed Then go in and buy guns with the  
money from these bars [Steele] Yeah, the flow rapper,  
forties and automatic Arm tatted, chron' addict, it's on  
when the God rapping The dog grabbing, my paws,  
palming the double action Pump blasting, punk  
bastards, slump backwards Rap mastered, got cash?  
They all plastic Since graphics, all of my cons, all  
savage Lord of War, Nicholas Cage, sick cannons Spit  
talents, til we the last Klik standing Timbs branded,  
scuffed up from kicking asses Bucktown, we shoot  
first, then ask questions This is my gun, this is my  
weapon This is for fun, this is for sending niggas to

heaven Sing 'em a sermon, I heard somebody needed  
a reverend Heard he was telling, the bird, he sent a  
word to my brethren Parabellum to the back of your  
melon You want the rest? See the news at eleven [Rock]  
It go nine millimeter, mack 10, mack 11, twelve gauge  
Have your monkey maggot ass on channel seven  
Telling like, they shooting, that just how we making you  
Duck Down This go round, what up now? He said, what,  
now? You the old mattress bout to get drugged out Like  
me, I'm so addictive, I'm the newest drug out With  
guns out, ignorant birds, we dumb foul Run out of  
shells and you ingrown hairs get plucked out Get  
smacked with a cap and come loud Rock a pocket  
rocket, put a drop top on Run's house I ain't talking bout  
horizons when I say 'sun down' Son, down! down for  
the count, it was just for one round Give me two of  
those gats that Bruno had On Pluto now, and only on  
them who hold gat Ain't that false advertisement? I  
should sue those fags I'm just playing, you know that!  
Fuck around these days, these dirty DA's'll do your  
raps Not guilty, but I do know gats, think about it like  
Seriously... is it true or all raps When I say I put a hole  
the size of my boot in your back

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