

Jennifer Rush & Elton John

"Gun Powder"

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Verse 1 *(Rame Royal)*

I reside
in Oakland, California Eastside
ain't no bullshit
I mean to the fullest we ride
be wise if you ain't ready for trigger action
niggas may ask ya now
when I comes to blastin
the sons of fashion
it's too much
like gettin touched for rappin
slip the clip in you fucked
won't even know what happened
unload, close caskets from the cappin
defaced
erased
can't be replaced
it's a disgrace
vet players set this pace
can't keep up
We leave you wit what?
Hit your chest
Like kicks from the bass?
Someone should of told you
I'm from the old skool
meanin the cold dude wit heat
when I hold my two
make your whole body go like Jul's
then disinigrate
slugs penetrate any thug
don't discriminate
I mean this
go up in you like intervenous
witness' forgettin this
ain't seen shit
they fiend this
Town's Finest
few dank hits
YaHighness
wrap that ass up in a blanket like blindness

dump you in the trunk punk
wit the pump, mass, an semi
while I toast yo ass wit the Henny.

Cuz I'm the type of nigga
that's quick to blast
fuck wit me
I bust a cap in that ass
cuz I don't give a fuck
I buck an keep bailin....
I hope you bitch niggas ain't tellin!

Chorus *(Rame Royal)* 2x

Duce-duce's
duce-5's
3-80's
3-57's
glocks
4-4's
4-5's
an Mac 11's
Tech's, AP-9's
AR-15's
AK-47's
uzi's, M-16's.
(second time "Uzi's, M-16's" is replaced by "fully auto
machines")

Verse 2 *(Phats Bossalini)*

It was me an Rame
in a drop top Mustang
money from caine
wit visions of havin fame
I went to Regime
M-16's wit red beams
to serve crack fiends
tef filled the magazines
WHAT?!

I'm on a come up
pressin my luck
hold glocks not givin a fuck
fillin my cup to the brim
regrettin my sins
I push a Benz
fuck 10's
plus all they friends
they love the bubble man
it's Bossi
fuckin wit mine could be costly

multiple shots
slash yo spot then we outtie
AK's
tossin grenades
yo blocks raid
when the gun blaze
you an yo niggas done hit the pave.
WHAT?!

(Rame Royal)

(Ra-me!!!)
What?
(Roy-al!)
Gun Powder! (echos twice)
(Nigga it's Gonzoe!)
When shot's reign down from the tower.
It's Gun Powder.
Hit yo chest an devour.
Gun Powder.
Nigga!
Bring you to your final hour.
It's Gun Powder. (echos twice)

Verse 3 *(Gonzoe)*

I'm 21 now
burn keys of weed down to ashes
make more money
sip Henn outta Champagne glasses
like niggas
cuz they give us
a foul hand to work with
I keep takin hits from the deck until it's perfect
my sister's smoked out
an I'm stuck feedin her kids
work my site phat on the block
and it's worth ends
so fuck it
ain't no luck in this game
it's Rame's thinkin
I ain't lookin in the police face wit out blinkin
can't crack
the eye contact
I give that shit right back
talk to him wit this thang on my lap
maybe it's my habitat
my surroundins
my world
bout hoochie bitches
Cutlass'

wit 15's poundin
It's Gun Powder.

(Rame Royal)

Cuz I'm the type of nigga
that's quick to blast
fuck wit me
I bust a cap in that ass
cuz I don't give a fuck
I buck an keep bailin....
I hope you bitch niggas ain't tellin!

(Chorus) 2x

Verse 4 *(Crown Jul)*

We got Downtown livin
an big city dreams
got my trigger finger
an my palms itchin for green
stalkin caps an trench coats
poppin at all them poster nigga kinfolks
best hope is revenge close
an get to hoppin
I get to choppin dicks off
this ain't Loreenna Bobbit
they can't stop it
I gets off
and man you been spotted
red dotted
ya head shot at
bustin 3-57's
pushin 3-50 rocket
up an down the asphalte
catapultin bullets up in them ass holes
full of dope
we full of saucy
get the cash flow
drunk niggas be accuarate
be mackin the gats
so punk niggas evacuate the area and
we raid yo block in caravans
strapped wit 4 Mac's
brought back from Afghanistan
face it
wit Millimeter in hand
if you ever need a friend
call the heater man.

Verse 5 *(Yukmouth)*

I got a AK
a Tre-8
a Tech-9
an HK
uzi and a chrome 4-5
Stashed outside.

Skinny niggas don't box
I sock niggas in the head wit the glock
clown they ass wit the Peppermint Snops
pop Extacy an mushroom tops
fuck the boon docks
an come to 6-500 Blocks
wit a batch of rocks stashed in the boom box
posted up
roll the dice nigga broke it up
smoke it up
Kryptonite like Fruit Topia
I twist ya cap
niggas be gettin they caps twisted
caught up in traps
fuckin wit hood rat bitches
man I mack bitches
slap bitches like Pretty Tony
niggas be phonier than Cubic-Zirconi
I make you mutha fuckas scream "I Miss My Homie"
(UGGGHHH!!)
Whip out the gun and I would FUCK yo hood
now where you from niggah!??

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