

## **Kurupt, R.O.C. , Phats Bossi, RZA, Dr. Dre, Warren G**

### **"You Can Get the Gat for That"**

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You can get the gat for this  
And you can get the gat for that

(CHORUS)

Niggaz wonder why S-P-I do or die  
I don't give a fuck, I'm just a nigga stayin high  
So why do you roll with a strap on ya side  
Cause these playin hatin niggaz wanna jack me for my rizzide  
Niggaz wonder why S-P-I do or die  
I'm just a young nigga and I'm tryin to get my cash on  
So why do you roll with a strap on ya side  
Cause if shit'll get too funky I might have to get my blast on

It goes 1 for the treble, 2 for the funk  
Time to get my motherfuckin 12 gauge pump  
I blast off like NASA, as I rolls right past ya  
Bust a couple a caps and leave ya ghost like casper  
I peels caps like bad, comes wicked like Iz  
They make me hollow tipped and then they seal it with a kizz  
For them bootsie motherfuckers that be ridin around  
Hidin around the corner tryin to get a motherfucker down  
Wearin his adams apple like a fuckin snapple  
Dismantle motherfuckers, and hear they bodies crackle  
Laugh like a jackel as I tackle they ass  
With a fury of them buckshots, crackin they mask  
Kinda skip the drama, puts bodies in freezers like Jeffrey Dahmer  
You can get the gat for that kidnap your mama  
The big mack from the itty-bitty city  
Niggaz actin shitty so I licks em with my nitty

(CHORUS)

Stick that nigga, I told my DJ Xtra Large  
As we pull some niggaz car up out his own garage  
I stack them niggaz up in them hearses like a can a sardines

2000 dollars a body, I'm for hire if you got the green  
"Ya got the mad buy, my millimeter to say  
187, comin wicked leavin black much day"  
I don't be fuckin with them niggaz who be shady n shit  
Better stock that grip and an extra clip and a bottle a  
hindu to sip on  
Trip on this nigga that's leavin' em dead in the alley  
Whats your murder penal code? 781 here in Cali  
Red rum, we hit'cha and we give ya some  
See mosta these niggaz up in my set, we bustin dum-  
dums  
My uzi eats em up and spits em out, fuck a title bout  
I'm pullin my gat up out a fist fight with out a doubt  
Cause I ain't playin, fightin is fuckin around  
I'd rather bust and leave your ass 6 feet up under  
ground

(CHORUS)

(G-Nut)

Yeah, its the G-Motherfuckin Nizzo, that nappy headed  
nigga  
They got me lookin up over my shoulder now man  
I gotta strap  
I ain't be shady, playa hataz hate me  
Bitches snitchin, heh, it really ain't the same  
But um, Spice told me once, him and DJ Xtra Large,  
they told me  
That I can get the strap for this  
And that I can get the strap for that  
And that's what the fuck I'm gone do  
I'm out this bitch man

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