

Lucretia Mcevil**"Artillery"**

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Restraint!

Artillery motherfucker, legit balling bitch but don't get it twisted

Ain't no hoes over here

Yeah, we got guns nigga, aimed at all you hating bitches

From K-Town to the Manor, Holy City to the Wild Hundreds

The war is on, and all my killers is riding

Todd Nitty, what you got for these hoes

(click...clock...blast)

(Todd Nitty)

I got that 9 double M glock, with the infrared beam dot

Aiming at your knot, making your heart stop

Yelling out "Fuck Tha Po" who some call it 5-0

Better look out for when they pull that kick door

Nothing but gangstas, thats all who I hang with

Slanging them thangs with, came up in the game with

The fucking hood rats, because them some broke hoes

Me get a rich bitch and stick her for her dough

The Manor in that K-Town, thats how we put it down

Letting off fifty rounds, thats how our shit sound

Artillery up the ass, scullies and ski masks

9's and bubble masks, gunning at your ass

Motherfucking street thugs, legit ballers

Money and the power, moving that flour

Taking no shorts and taking no losses

Hauling niggas asses off in coffins with that..

hook

One, two, three, 45.'s,

Six, seven, eight, nine milli-meter

Ten, eleven, twelve gauge pump nigga (4x)

A nigga riding with stealers, hustlers, killers all my life

Legit Ballers bitch, don't even try to fuck with us

gangsta's

Because we some mobstas

You come with that bullshit, then pussy I'll pop ya'

See it's that nigga Todd Nitty, that be squeezing
triggers like bitches
titties
Who is it, the most left on nigga, they crept on nigga,
with that teflon nigga
And it went BLOW! BLOW! body bag that bitch
Sent his ass to the morgue with the rest of them
snitches
I heat 'em up like a motherfucking Newport
Left his ass with more holes than a golf course
What you thought boy, I'm from that 9th Ward
Where them stories are true about them Manor boys
How we leaving 'em, bleedin' and crawling on the
ground
Like he's a dead nigga now

hook

I got that love for my nigga Twist, for aid and
assistance
He told me holsters, caught him up in some bullshit
Don't even trips though, I'm heading in your route
Soon as I roll up, we puttin' they lights out
Poppin' a clip in, with one in the chamber

(Twista)
Finna' ride on a stranger, put the hoes life in danger

(Todd Nitty)
Started letting off hollows, straight through they car
door

(Twista)
I'm a G from Chicago, pull the game weightless where I
go

(Todd Nitty)
Bustin' pistols with laser injects, putting holes in they
Avarex

(Twista)
Going straight through your tailored vests, now it's you
or your neighbor next

(Todd Nitty)
Now we got your boy tied up, to the hideout we ride up

(Twista)
They gonna show us the stash-pot, with the little
handles side up

(Todd Nitty)

Took the money and lello, and thats hwo the day goes

(Twista)

Get the bankroll, gotta gank hoes, and I got the 44.

Time to leave finna' go

Hit 'em with that...

hook

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