

Manfred Morgan**"Gun Talk"**

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Da-da-da-da-da-da
Da - da - da - da - da

Nineteen-muthafuckin-ninety-nine
Willie D
Retreat or get hit
I'm loved by few, hated by many
But guess what?
I don't give a shit

[VERSE 1: Willie D]

Fuck it, in the bucket, ready for the drama
Finna heat this muthafucka up like Texas in the
summer
Trauma comin like a cold blue, got your body shakin
like jelly
Leavin you smelly with bullet wounds to the belly
My adversaries want me dead, my survival's crucial
I see caskets in your muthafuckin future
If you're neutral, stay the hell away from me, bitch
Cause this rotten nigga's ain't never gonna be shit
Mom did her best, but I guess her best wasn't good
enough
Cause I stopped knockin bitches out when my nuts got
bigger
Bought me a gun and shot my first nigga
Trigger-happy laws suck my cock-suckin balls
I have the paramedics cleanin out your fuckin drawers
They put my muthafuckin homie in the slammer, black
For a stray shooter and a gramm of crack
Damn, this track make me wanna eat it up and shit it
out
Pork made when I hit a cop
I'm havin dreams of bloody pictures
My adversary makin wishes
But I ain't sparin them bitches

I let my gun talk
Let it talk, nigga
Let it, let it, let it, let it
I let my gun talk (2x)

[CHORUS: Young Noble & Willie D (2x)]

What would my gun say if it could talk to you
Shut your muthafuckin mouth and put your hands to
the roof
I promise I won't shoot, give me all the loot
Act cute, and I got a shot for all of you

[Kastro]

I'm at the end of my rope, I can't pretend I see hope
Descendants of kings and queens, we can't even
escape dope
No need for a scape goat, we our own worst enemy
Constantly fuckin ourself with no remedy
Let me tell it, we ain't ready for war
We ain't ready for what they got in store
From all shores, Geto Boys and Outlawz, frontline
soldiers
In the midst of battle dumpin on em one-time rollers
Hold up

[Young Noble]

Niggas dip when the flame spit, aim to hit
Y'all can't take shit, we came to trip
Blame your bitch for suckin on my homeboy's dick
Said she got off a mill, huh, for ridin on my click
That's what you get, never write a check with your
mouth
That your ass can't cash, I blast your ass
And I ain't gotta flash a nigga, Willie D'll pop ya
Fuck around, smoke your asses, nigga

[Kastro]

We got this muthafucka head on lock
Until we see results, I don't care, we won't stop
Hot shots, retarded, we ain't martyrs, we riders
Holler if you hear us, man, I love it when they fear us
Oh yeah, it's them niggas with them triggers that speak
on it
Six figure killers, whatever you own, we want it
Willie D want it, and sucker, I do too
Now what the fuck is you gonna do when pistols start
talkin to you?

[Young Noble]

When you speak of dope, don't think of dope, think of
me
Y-o-u-n-g N-o to the b-l-e
Eat MC's like BLT's, nigga please
You a watergun soldier in blue fatigues
Shoot to freeze, eternally you journey with me

Losin DT's, right on the corner, a new street
You choose defeat, I choose to win, you lose again
Ain't life grim? I know it was meant

[CHORUS]

[Spice 1]

My own Glock pistol whipped a nigga in the head
Cause he said, "I wouldn't buy the infrared"
My Tec-9 jam and stutter when he get at a hoe
So I filed down a pin, made him fully auto
Kept talkin shit, seein haters come out and play
Tell me he homesick, wanna go back to the Bay
So we can ride around the hood and get at Mrs. Glock
She was spittin back at us when you and me was on the
block
My two homies Smith & Wesson wanna fuck Nina Ross
Said they gon' rape that bitch if she don't let em both
toss
My Uzi change his own clips for me
Got my muthafuckin mind playin tricks on me
It's sick, homie
Speakin a worldwide language, gun talk, everybody
listen
Kissin and rubbin my pistol like a pretty picture
Goin on a mission, killin niggas that's talkin shit, and
No, we ain't missin, we aim straight and dippin
Bossallini slash killer slash real nigga
Fuck Tommy Hilfiger, my Tommy kill niggas
Got me smokin on green leafs, thuggin until I'm red-
rum
Ridin on enemies, mobbin until my death come

[CHORUS]

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