

Various Artists "Pistol Pistol"

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O Trice, c'mon
Yeah, niggaz got me
I'ma get 'em, it ain't over

You can catch me in the whip with a fifth of pimp juice
And I'm poppin' the clip, 'bout to fix this issue
You pray that I don't hit, I ain't equipped to miss you
You're gonna need an ambulance to stitch your tissue

Or either have a bag on your hip to shit through
You seen us on the ave anxious to get you
But my penis is a mag, when I lift, it hits you
'Cause I don't go nowhere without my pistol pistol

I solemnly swear on my daughter's tears
The nigga that got him in the head
Will feel it before the year ends
Hope you inconspicuous, my friend
'Cause once the word get back, you in a world of sin

Bullets will hurdle at him for tryin' to murder what's
Been determined as the first solo African
To go platinum where the accident happened at
But maggots, I'm alive with vengeance to get back

My momma blood pressure was affected from that
My lil' girl need her daddy on the phone at a certain
time
Exact now and niggaz act wild
But when the mac come out, y'all niggaz ex' out

And I don't wanna hear X Y Z
I'm X'in out your whole entity for tryin' to kill me
Filthy motherfuckers, I'll show you what real be
When these HTB's light up your kidneys

I'm so sincere, you see in a hearse this year
It's not a verse, it's a curse from birth
And what's on your person and over here
This is Obie hearin' clear, niggaz beware
We're comin' at you with firearms in air

And your purpose so superfluous
How could I be merciful when murkin' me's a
mercenary's goal?
Nigga, I got paper, I'll have ya ass urgently exposed
No emergency's bringin' back your souls

Slugs shatter your bones for pat-pattin' me in the dome
Learn this patter-in', we catch him at home, he wrong
That's when automatics sporadically catch him in the
abdomen
Another dirty motherfucker's gone

You can catch me in the whip with a fifth of pimp juice
And I'm poppin' the clip, 'bout to fix this issue
You pray that I don't hit, I ain't equipped to miss you
You're gonna need an ambulance to stitch your tissue

Or either have a bag on your hip to shit through
You seen us on the ave anxious to get you
But my penis is a mag, when I lift, it hits you
'Cause I don't go nowhere without my pistol pistol

Second round's on me
Robbin', shootin', killin', murder
Oh shit, run
Robbin', shootin', killin', murder

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