

# Young Buck, Gunz Go Bang

(Chorus-Young Buck)

Shots ran down, if you aint got a gun  
Then you dont want none then that ass better run  
You can get hit in the middle of this shit  
Bullets dont have no eyes when them muthaf\*\*kas come  
Letcha GUNZ GO BANG, Letcha GUNZ GO BANG  
Squeeze the trigger nigga, do the damn thing  
Letcha GUNZ GO BANG, Letcha GUNZ GO BANG  
Anybody can get it, thats all im sayin

(Verse-Young Buck)

Two Fo-Five's, tattood on my side  
You'll die nigga, before i lose my pride  
I dont hide nigga, This aint a bulletproof ride  
I be out shit, before any nigga wanna try  
Aint a vest that they make that can take a chopper  
A unsolved mystery if its done proper  
Partna, look what happened to Jimmy Hoffer  
They still aint found his ass so who shot em  
AK'z i got em, i mean alot of em  
I got it lookin like Fort Knox in this bitch  
A .40 Cal glock shoot 32 shots  
Cant tell me i aint ready to get in some shit  
Make a lane for me, homie get out the way  
Been outta control and i aint got no brakes  
Like a G would, i just do it for the hood  
If i rob you, then my whole block could

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(Verse-Lil' Fame)

Yo i been f\*\*kin with these Brownville niggas for a long long time  
We put it down for a long long time  
Scufflin these streets for a long long time, and aint too many f\*\*kin with mine  
Now i been spittin at you bitches for a long long time  
Gettin at you bitches for a long long time  
Brownsville stat, head patrol, anti-actional  
Thats how i do it yall, thats how i duz it  
Dont give a f\*\*k (blllllaaattt) if you blood or 'causein  
Keep ya ear tuned, nigga i be dancin with the grim reaper  
Stuck in this bitch gettin reefer  
So, gangsta with it with the face the  
Face the boogy with the gangstas, gangsta boogy come on  
Every street nigga aint a rapper  
And every rapper aint a street nigga, so holla at me

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(Verse-Billy Danze)

Dont bitch out now nigga, you see comin with the magnum  
Heavy copper tops SPIT, clear out ya block QUICK  
M.O.P. faggot we at it again with G-UNIT!!  
Look, roll up in ya truck and i'll pump sumthin thru it  
CASHVILLE, Buck said they love me  
'cause im side steppin and grippin my weapon when its ugly  
And yall cant touch me, easy how you rub me  
I'll show you the meaning of what a true thug mean  
Brooklyn, home to the black bags and the white sheets  
Its where we be position niggas of their feet  
Its rugged in the street, FA' SHO!  
We learn to, kick off a clip and open ya shit at the door  
No sudden moves, dont do it  
You'll get foul chopped in a bag and stuffed in a Buick  
The moral of the story is We Get To It  
Where the G's roll, and dude i never walk alone

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