

Guns N' Roses

Clipse

Uh uh, uh huh
Clipse (Clipse), Exclusive shit (Exclusive shit)
Yeah, whooo

Guns n' roses mafia proses
Briefcase money, hot cars, and hot clothes
This is the life, nigga that's the life

I wouldn't have it any other way
Yeah, gun play burning loves the one die
Makes me cry some days
Lawless, riding backwards on a one way
De color flawless, bitch I reek of money (bitch)
Fast life, born to die, who gives a fuck
We done seen it all by 25, and lived it up
From the rawest to the raw, to the slug through your door
They missed you but pressed your bitch in a hollow tip bra
There's science to the way we move, cock two's
And walk through the club without scuffing our Prada shoes
On this side we on the by by, we buy the rules
So when you play with us y'all niggas just gotta lose
Lust for them things that turn women to wives
Live for that shit that determines your street size
Run with them twins that waters you mother's eyes
That's diamonds, cocaine, and burners on my thighs
Raw like peeblo, guns and mink coats
Light up canoes, til titanics I sink ships
Love doing bitches with pink lips, call me Padre
Talk shit with a gun in my hand call me cock-ay
Did this straight, bricks ain't large
Bricks for weight, filling a crate, filling a barge, now that's large
Sipping blue ells, and playing cards
Plus a pat on the back from the fucking coastguard

Yo yo, I got a love for small lawns and hair pin triggers
Dare niggas third in my crew, it's known killers
Model hoes that blow with hour glass figures
We live for raw sex and 80 proof liquors
Run, walk, and crawl for catching hot balls
From my dogs who take game while smoking lock jaws
Why burn your mouth in the name of cheat talk
Be prepared to change your tune by the time my heat spark
After dark get your crew for me is a cake walk
And I love rap records with lots of gun talk
It's day time two both pies on waist sides
Can't trace, I hop back crimson lake sides
I make five which is why y'all hate
I got dark skin, jet black bitches with jade eyes
We wildin out, hang them high, and dry them out
I do them type of things y'all niggas is lying bout
My speech is the reason my race is dying out
So I pray to God the same time I'm pulling the iron out
We rock stars, smoke red, mixed with lobster
We Jamaican sexing, pillow talking, and pop trois
In pasta, look, you wanna be a mobster
On stage recipient of a nice guy

Malicious nigga y'all cats fictitious
When the shit hits, it's how you know we mean business

When the slugs hits, I wonder will the pain last
See my life like a movie, inside my brain fast
I'm asking you, cause we used to rock the same ass
When I die, put me in mausoleum with the stained glass, the stained glass
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