

# We Got (feat. Chingy, I-20 & Tity Boi)

## Ludacris

DTP we got them guns that go Yea I'm all about that pistol playa, cold blooded killa  
Niggaz recognize my name, I dub the young dealer  
You better tell ya man that with the gages I'm nice  
I'll shoot up y'all white shirts until y'all look like dice  
But I'm through with all the talking time to show all you niggaz  
I 2-0, I'm like J-Lo going through niggaz  
DTP we ain't plying if you try to get our payin'  
A.K's get ta spraying like Bottom line that mean I'm 'bout it, any nigga want it, doubt it  
Bust you in the broad day on the street that's fully crowded  
Find our hole and inside your chest, just for thinking it's rap  
And tell that pretty bitch thug we got some pretty big gats  
Chaka say I'm shot out and I tend to agree  
So you should watch what you saying if it's intended for me  
So be careful what you starting, let my fingers do the walking  
And that oozy get to talking like  
Hammers, jam 'em, snatch 'em, grab 'em  
Can the an and fuck 'em, damn 'em  
Press him, man him, scarin' him, teared him, heat him up  
Bake him, take him, beat him up, I hate I hate, I eat him up  
A B C D E F shawty is you a G or what?  
Now it's just me and my nuts, that's all I got in this world  
I'm pulling pistols out my stomach  
And throwing them bitches up like Earl  
Serving the club, head shot, scattered, covered, run, scam 'em  
I'm 38, hot with a pearl handle And I'm throwing text like a NBA ref  
I got all gold guns like they came from IRAQ  
Artillery, could it be I got all kinds of these pistols  
I point my gun at ya homeboy make ya own folks hit ya  
And ain't taking no more pictures, if you snap I'ma click  
Anyway, plus I got bullets in the clip the size of Lil' Fate  
And I'm wavin' choppers like helicopters  
You gon' need hella doctors when the glock go  
Say on the set bitch, better watch your lip that text be quick  
20 over thurr, Tity over thurr, Luda over thurr, ain't no exit trick  
Us you don't mess with, we got them guns like action flicks  
Reload with the next clip, I'm the wrong nigga to flex with bitch  
Come on and test this, my gun I'm having sex with shit  
Put a bullet in shoot it out, got them long horns like Texas bitch  
Look at my necklace, maybe hit a nigga disrespect this click  
My pistol grip sound like this Now what, who want they day fucked  
When I cock and load the cake, bust bust?  
Y'all cowards play tough, and my peeps we come to spray stuff up

Y'all lives made up, like ugly hoes with make-up bra  
We'll shoot you up then toss yo ass in the lake tough nut  
My wrist rocky like Sylvester Stallone  
So thurr for you should invest in a vest for ya dome  
'Cause I know you marks planning on getting me when I'm landing  
Peace to nick but my cannon goFuck a medic, we gon' call yo ass a taxi cab  
Bleedin' so hard you'll need a life size maxi pad  
So flip the script and tell your woman it's your time on the month  
A.K. 47 for the niggaz  
Who's really looking for Heaven and a 9 for you chumps  
Got killaz in my squad and I'm the nicest one in my group  
But I got bananas for you niggaz and I ain't talking 'bout fruit  
I'll pay your cab back with the black mack  
Till your back crack, got the gat back likeClak clak clak  
Swallow a hallow make 'em digest with a 50 caliber  
Yo futures not looking so good, tomorrow's not on your calendar  
I, do away with the amateurs, they breathing too long  
I'll leave 'em coughing like the sound effects you hear in this song  
My shotguns are cold and hard, but my desert is easy  
And my triggers are always talking about  
Some squeeze me, squeeze me  
And for these fakers talking greezy, I'm starting the show  
My oozy got a drum roll, it goesThey got no nerve  
They got no nerve  
They got no nerve

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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