Shooter (feat. Young Scooter & Bankroll Fresh)

Gucci Mane

It's some shooters in this house, it's some shooters in this house
It's a whole bunch, a whole bunch of shooters in this house
It's some shooters in this house, it's some shooters in this house
If you wanna go to war, fuck it, nigga let's shoot it outWalk up from my spot, see I don't have a seat
I just been there, 5 shoot outs last week
He bought the run division, plus he moving in the kitchen
Nobody make a move nigga when Scooter handling bizness
Reaching in his pocket, Gucci slap him with the pistolGet your bitch ass down nigga, motherfucking move nigga
Hood rich!Break up to your sister, I'm a sunder in the runner
I don't give a damn about it, but I make niggas with the tunner
I got money in the jungle, tryina pop a kish kush
Me and Scooter ain't twins but we got twin choppers
I Waka Flocka Flame a nigga hit em with the yapa
I'm a street nigga, never be a partner to a copper
What the fuck going on nigga?
Who the fuck let these police ass nigga in?
I don't know
Fuck at the spot niggaSnitching ass niggas got caught with a brick
Same day call my phone for 30 seats
I can see with one eye open like Slick Rick
Fuck the police that's why I rep about them bricksI ain't did it nigga, but these bricks get remix
When the choppa start spitting, nigga gonn get split
Nigga rob me in the car, while it was 1996
Ever since the day, them niggas trying me sinceBow down bruh
Tell my nigga Raj here in '96
No, you get out boy
You did
You still gotta pay...
Nigga owed me a brick, that was 3 years ago
Seen him in the club, niggas shot him in the throat
Black amigo Scooter still rob me gold
And I still got a lot of shooters on the pay rollI don't Scooter
I got shooters
You got a shooter?
Aye man what?
Get it down by that fresh man, you're sitting by the counter?
I need 'em bruh
Yea, let 'em in

Aye, open the door niggaI need 50 of them pretty mills, this nigga at the store
He waiting right now, Gucci is it a go?
I hope it is, cause if it is, my shooters, they on go
Shooter on the Scooter, brain them both
He runnin right right now, she just came from way up the road
10 millimeter with 30 shots, make your fuckin head explodeI got a traphouse mansion with some hard wood floors
Can't come in, I got burglar bar doors
Trap going crazy, but I got it under control
I just bust them open, fix em up and move them out the door
Hoodest nigga in this building, man get Scooter on the phone
I'm like a NBA coach, cause I keep shooters at my home
All I know I never seen his face in my life
Street smart so I know this nigga ain't right
Pull up at my spot, country car hit your lights
Before you hit the door, you get robbed on sightIt's some shooters in this house, it's some shooters in this house
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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