We Got Guns

Lil Cuete

My little homie's got way more kora than you
And you could try to roll up, we'll just do what we do
And I ain't lyin', we got guns, we got ammo, we got clips
We ain't trippin', we get sick for that Norwalk ClickThey say they're comin' for my life but it
don't mean shit

I'm 'bout to show these levas the real meaning of sick

I keep my pistol loaded, like 24/7

I got so much artillery, they call me ArmageddonI'm livin' like a soldier, one that's suicidal Leave 'em D.O.A ese, dead on arrival

Never feel remorse 'cause that's the way I was taught ife and with only one shot Go and hit it, roll up, you should kn

I'll take away your life and with only one shotGo and hit it, roll up, you should know where to come

But don't let the name fool you, I got big, big guns
Puttin' in work but my familia's to blame
'Cause all my family's Walkero, so I gotta gangbang
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We ain't trippin', we get sick for that Norwalk ClickDon't make me pull the trigger back while

aiming at you

I bet a hydro shock bullet puts an end to our feud

I got a thick vendetta for my fallen Walkeros Smokin' all these levas, like I'm smokin' the lenoWhen you could ask anybody 'cause they know I'm legit

And Lil' Cuete talks about that serio shit

I could rotten you in day or night like if it was nothing

I keep a bullet in the chamber, pull the trigger start dumpin'

And ese Cuete, he's somethin', that you couldn't be

I got plenty and many 'stilos, that you couldn't see

And you could come and try to take it but survival's a must

'Cause me and my Walkeros know that you ain't fuckin' with us, what?My little homie's got way more kora than you

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We ain't trippin', we get sick for that Norwalk ClickI'm takin' a life, to be specific, it's yours

I got my soldiers strapped up and we're ready for war

We can go toe-to-toe or we could all get down

I'm talkin' 'bout matching guns and going 'round for 'roundI've been in crazier shit than dealing with you

I've got a million other cholos trying to get me too

It doesn't start with me, check my family line

I was brought up to be crazy and sick in the mindAin't no question about it, I represent till I die I got this music thing locked down without even trying

I put that on my life, I won't settle for less

Man, I'm a gangbang till the day they put me to rest, so c'monMy little homie's got way more kora than you

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