

# Gunsmoke Town - Kodak Black Lyrics

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## "Gunsmoke Town"

Put my life on the line the seventh time for you niggas  
And these the same niggas, I catch 'em out here, I'ma kill 'em  
It's fucked up out here, at first they cross and then play victim  
Your big homies ain't right, lil' Wop lost his life to the system  
I fucked off, I lost three million tryna satisfy these bitches  
I've been on this KTB business, gotta maximize these riches  
Put the hood on my back just for the projects to evict me  
I made it with this rap and the same devil tried to trick me  
Only right I'm movin' swiftly  
I'm shiftin' through the city, tryna duck fake love  
One day I'll have everything I envisioned of  
I was in the field, slingin' that steel for real, now I get it done  
Blood, sweat, and tears behind the scene that y'all ain't get to see  
It's still some unfinished business I ain't get to complete  
She say if I wasn't rich, then she wouldn't have to compete

If I wasn't famous 'cause it's different bitches on the daily  
I ran my money up and got her fightin' for my love  
I know she missin' me 'cause I'm missin' her  
I'm sittin' like, "How the fuck in one day I ate sixty Percs?"  
I'm sittin' here tryna figure out how to get this shit to work  
Got a Trackhawk engine on the stick, I put it in reverse, then I slide  
Comin' with my youngins, me and them jiggers gon' run up in your house  
Two sticks in the handgun and it's rented, ain't for Enterprise  
Jump out, get to hittin', we handle business on my fuckin' side  
License plate flippin' on that mission every time we ride  
Everybody remember me in the projects, from back in the day  
Fourteen the first time a shot a nigga, 14-7 LA  
Fifteen, I was runnin' in them stores, give me everything  
Chew down on my big homie like, "Make sure I get fuckin' paid"  
Fuck you mean you gettin' more? That ain't how this finna go  
You wasn't with us in the store, you wasn't hidin' in the mo'  
Switch the whip, I switched the flow again, you ain't even know  
I ain't playin', I'm comin' to get my man, I'm gettin' your man's ho  
We get the low, nigga, we ain't playin' with it, put cameras on your shit  
We backed in at your crib, you ain't even know it's trackers on your whip  
Yep  
Fuck nigga, you dust

It's gon' be the second house on the left, soon we get there, lil' one blow it  
up

So when we get up, we gon' blow that bitch down

Talked to Soda on collect, he know to hold that shit down

From Pompano, yeah, that's my motherfuckin' round

Yeah, he roam where I roam, through that gunsmoke town

Yeah, he roam where I roam, through that gunsmoke town, you heard me?

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