

# Give Up Your Guns

DJ Wich

When I woke up this morning  
I found myself alone  
I turned to touch her hair  
But she was gone  
She was gone  
And there beside my pillow  
Were her tears from the night before  
She said give up your guns and face the law  
I robbed a bank in Tampa  
And I thought I had it made  
But the hounds picked up my trail within the glades  
So I ran  
And I stumbled out of this cabin  
and she came to me once more  
She said give up your guns  
She said give up your guns  
She said give up your guns and face the law

This is a stick up, stick up  
Pistols will lift up, lift up  
If don't get up, get up Your hands  
Kwe tell 'em

So come to the violence  
Wnd we get numb and get silent  
Get my gun into firing  
I'm never runnin' or hiddin'

This is a stick up, stick up  
Pistols will lift up, lift up  
If you don't get up, get up Your hands  
Kwe tell 'em

Come to the violence  
and we get numb and get silent  
Get my gun into fring  
I'm never runnin' or hiddin'

About a hundred any minute bullets runnin' from the guns  
In front of any one of ya all youngins  
We ain't trippin' in the winter  
Still killin' spring chickens  
We ain't slippin', we ain't sittin'  
You ain't listen,  
This is me  
Bitch, this is Nickel bitch  
I'm G  
Withcmy nigga Kweli get back gettin' stacks since 03'  
No strings yo swing wack  
Spittin' crack, makin' tracks like a dope fiend oh  
Me and my team hot  
Dream team I done seen  
Obscene fiends seein' nigga whole backdrop  
Like a green screen stuck before it's scream  
So they stuck him up in Sing Sing  
I know what you mean dog  
I been caught between walls

I don't kill (I'm the boss)  
I just make scream calls  
I don't aim I don't give speech in the streets  
Like I'm livin' in the movie  
I just let the thing off  
Hittin' up my funds while I'm ripin' up the slums  
With the only pistol left  
Cause they giving up their guns

And now I'm in this cabin where my own true love should be  
Instead there lies a notes, she wrote to me  
And it says: Though you can't live by the bullet  
But you sure as dead can die  
My love give up your guns or say goodbye  
Goodbye  
Ant the sheriff now is calling with a shotgun at my door  
Son  
Give up your guns  
And face the law

This is a stick up, stick up  
Pistols will lift p, lift up  
If you don't get up, get up your guns  
Kwe tell 'em

Come to the violence  
And we get numb to get silent  
Get my gun into firin'  
I'm never runnin' or hiddin'

This is a stick up, stick up  
If you don't get up, get up your guns  
Kwe tell 'em

Come to the violence  
And we get numb to get silent  
Get my gun into firin'  
I'm never runnin' or hiddin'

Hell naw my niggas don't make speeches  
Cause we ain't no fake preachers  
Or follow fake teachers  
Soon as the state releases  
You from the bank  
You not a citizen  
You quickly learn to difference  
Between rights and privileges  
Nothing like Deliverence  
Remember when Sai got shot  
Yo it was winter, he layed on the ice shiverin'  
Comfortably numb  
He was killed for being hungry and young  
Violently is how the company run  
They dump in the slum  
See the flashing lights and the gun  
And the the end of the tunnel no rebuttal to run  
The blood is the sum of equation  
When yo addu up the factors  
The splatters attractive  
Life don't matter to rappers  
So we glorify and glamorize  
Talk about our plans to die  
And learn to always stay inside the motherfuckin' camera's eye

Get my good side,murder is so sexy  
But the hood cries every time one of us would die

Give up your guns ?Never !You crazy ?  
I'm all blazey  
All 80 fly out  
Put your right out let's try it out  
Save the babies  
Bressed to impress  
Blow a hole in your vest  
With suitcase money I roll up the stretch  
High powered by 09' Mausebergs  
Squeeze faster than new V's  
Fresh new bags or bullets or bean  
Got my paper poppin' and plottin'  
I blow a hole right through your stockin'  
We real niggas and don dons  
Pop through the vagabond tons  
Boulevards where niggas will pull a card  
Wrong songs don't play me lady killaz  
Baby guerrillas with hate feelings  
That'll spray up the ceilings  
The best ninjas in the business  
Mind your business  
Staten judicious  
Malicious team we live in the kitchens  
And this niggas go the fuck home  
Bring better biscuits  
Come to the rally and flash if you with this

I'm not playin'  
We shoot niggas  
All day  
Keep 'em hollows nigga  
They got new little guns  
New little joints with long baby missiles in it  
Them the joints we play with nigga  
Hard bottoms in the hoodie  
Ice water nigga  
Word up  
General Shala Raekwon  
All day E'day  
A professional,Yeah  
Get that money niggas  
Don't never give up your guns,you stupid ?