

# Gimme Gimme Gunshots

P.O.S.

Well, some of you might be sayin' like they tryin' not  
to like us  
But we want you to know we good

I am a gun

Okay frustration takes a fat cat  
And slows 'em down like a bullet forced through layers  
of disgusting Biggie Smalls fat  
Still gets the job done  
But only now it takes like ten gun claps to stab the fat of just one  
The effort of a bullet through a hero sees kick armor  
Doesn't make him less a hero, more a metaphor for life  
My effort works in full clips  
Only hero's a farmer  
Cause he helps me fatten up and that's my bullet into strife, you know?  
I knew this guy, hell bent on getting over  
I said help me paint this viz shit  
"Oh my god it's fun!"  
But it wasn't...I called him Huckleberry Fuckup  
Cause he pulled that crap like every day and nothing ever got done  
The frustrated, crumble under the way to their own  
bungling hate of their own brain  
Effort's like a gunshot - a split second of manmade perfection  
Dial up speed and direction

So..

Let me give a little cause to the flickering sun  
Stop, drop, then gimme props, gimme gunshots  
Gimme all that work, gimme age spots  
Gimme all that hurt, gimme snapshots  
Lemme get a photograph and laugh under your bad news  
Kill the wet words, give me effort  
Let me give a little cause to the bickering  
Then stop stop the short short for flickering  
Gimme work, gimme hurt, gimme effort  
Kill the weak plots, gimme gimme gunshots  
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I won't deny it, I'm a straight rider  
You don't wanna f\*\*k with DoomTree

I've got ambitions of a rider  
Like another famed victim of effort  
Less effort though  
Well...I guess he took it and smiled  
Five shots couldn't stop the knowledge dropper  
Turned posh in his Tiff jar and clone donor  
But fifteen could  
Maybe it was fortunate  
Give me the strength to pierce flesh  
The highest caliber of focus that'll give me death  
The hammer pin, powder push  
A simple try'll do, I won't lie to you  
I'm simply trying to let that blood goosh

I'm simply trying to slip past medocrity's lips  
Just wanna kill that bitch from the inside, you know what I'm sayin  
The thorny Doom branch on the side of every blank loaded  
Armchair thinker, and backseat liver  
You perish my people like Anne Rice  
You parody passion  
My bullet will will not think twice before before bashing (I won't)  
Thank God I put effort into everything (seriously)  
Doom

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gimme gimme guns

Bang  
Pow