

Hey hotshot, you're a one man band  
The Don on the block with a glock in your hand  
With the girl and the ride, you don't want to hear  
Think you're getting respect, all you've found is fear  
The one damn thing you're sure to find  
Is another gun, where you gonna hide?  
Said you'd never never run, I guess you lied  
You're the fool in the crew that died  
Your mother cried

Hold your fire, cool your temper  
Young guns ever too bold  
Hold your fire, just remember  
Young guns never grow old

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Think you're getting respect all you find is fear  
The one damn thing you're sure to find  
Is a bigger gun to blow away your pride  
Your young blood running in the roadside  
And in the crossfire, innocents died  
We all cried

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