

# Rappin' 4-Tay, Lay Ya Gunz Down

[Verse 1:]

I be poppin' this game with the most infamous  
Riders who be frontin' shit niggas known for killin' shit  
Out on the run with your gun  
Mr. Smith 'n Wesson makin' major connection  
Stressin' but you pack protection  
Dear Lord I'm prayin'  
In whatever direction they out to get me  
Stop breakin' laws for the cause haters out to kill me  
Look what I'm facin' retaliation who's the man  
Takin' out your anger but there's victim of circumstancers  
Like little kids and brothas 'n sistas 'n cuzzins  
But you don't give a fuck cause you keep blowin' 'em up  
Spreadin' 'n buckin' 'em  
Now what's your contribution life in an institution  
Them guns you're usin' in this game got us brothas losin' everythang  
And it's lookin' bad for the home team  
Sometimes a gang'll have you caught up wit them tripple beams  
No, never be a punk I'm coughin' off this chronic smoke  
I know you ain't no joke  
You's a bitch when you smoke your folks

[Chorus: x2]

Brothas are dyin' and bullets are flyin'  
And mommas are cryin'  
Muthafucka put them guns down  
Babies are dyin' and mommas are cryin'  
Because the bullets keep flyin'  
Muthafucka lay dem guns down (lay dem guns down)

[Verse 2:]

They say it takes a man to walk away but fuck that  
So you's a man because you pack a .9 millami to Gat  
That shit is old who you wanna impress all your friends  
Cock the hammer back [?] stuck in the pen  
That's what they want playa  
Can't you see it's clear they  
Shippin' them guns just like that coke so we can spray  
It takes a fool to learn the devil loves nobody  
Plus the trigga's got no heart, man fuck a autopsy  
We ripped off I'm pissed off my people's fallin' off  
Tryin' to get a reputation find him with his head off in a ditch  
So ain't that 'bout a bitch found out he was a snitch  
So they kicked to the norch and never did a liquor time  
That's why I spit these rhymes so hopefully  
You can see the game is quick to hypnotise your mind  
And if you let it you'll gettin' caught up  
Thought he had your back but when the drama took place  
Them fools was up now picture that

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse 3:]

Who can you trust when they buckin' up 'n down your block  
Cause 911 is just a joke full of crooked cops  
Nightstalkers creepin' thru your back  
[?] but it be for real , man  
That's just what them guns for  
Cause it ain't no tellin'  
Gots to always keep escape routes  
Convicts and felons ain't the only fools  
Takin' 'em out for good punk I wish you would  
I hope I'm understood because them funerals batch and batch  
This ain't no good

Can't even stroll on the sunday with my kids and mother  
I'm gettin' sick and tired  
I'll always have a break for cover  
With all this drama 'n hustlin'  
A playa's tryin' to accomplish  
And that's we all know another day is never promised  
It's fault across the world not just up in California  
You doin' dirt you best believe the dirt gon creep up on ya  
Batterram here comes the F.B.I. and D.A.  
When they come to buck you down it's hard to live a playa's way

[Chorus: x2]

[Outro:]

[?]

Bob Dole and Bill Clinton  
Y'all need to holla at playa , dough  
And all you TRU playas out there , man  
Put them guns down  
And that's real