

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