

Slightly Stoopid, Running With A Gun

his name is johnny he's got nothing to say
he's just a bad ass mutha getting' in your face
you better hang you head low
low to the ground
cause we're droppin' mad tracks
until we're feelin' the sound
it's the rhymes and the rhythms that you're used to
with the one-two beats you can dance to
to see the people everywhere in the streets
doin' time in the jail and whatcha wanta do cause you're
running with a gun
running with a gun
running running
running with a gun
running with a gun
running running
running with a gun
running with a gun
running running
running with a gun in his hand
all of a sudden i said could you believe
all the corruption and the anger in a society
but the man his stand is near
whipping us all
all it's armies and it's leaders
startin' to fall
no, you don't know
no, you don't know
what time it is
10 seconds flat said it's what it would take
to make you move don't hesitate
with the eyes and the cameras that are watching around
the enemy is near
and you're to be found
dead or alive
make no mistake
they're gonna blow your punk ass away
cause you're
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