

# 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  
running with a gun  
running with a gun  
running running  
running with a gun  
running with a gun  
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