

# The Roots, Guns Are Drawn

Yeah it would be cool it could be too  
Stop Running round in circles off of what we fuel  
Living a lie eventually believing it's true  
A lot of people here for us one could be you  
It's outrageous and they just ain't nothing  
But save us an ocean of brown fists in various flavors  
A favor for a favor man, this is the majors  
Tell me what you would do with no phone or pagers  
No Kinko's, no Fed Ex and no ATM's  
What you gone do when the poliece state vegin  
Well it already began but I guess it depends on what's really going on  
what's happening, huh  
Military target practicing  
They finna write another patriot act again  
The days is short the nights is long  
The fight goes on  
The pistol and the pipes are drawn

[Hook:]

The middle of the night  
We fight like barbarians  
In sight of the former might  
You might think that it's a waste  
Of our time  
And I think you would be right  
Till he drop that rhyme  
[Repeat]

And some might say that it's a waste of time  
Cause ain't no amount of dancing finna break the bondage  
We go to war and transcend space and time  
When every record ain't a record just to shake behinds  
You know the stakes is high we in the face of drama  
That's why we can't shake it or escape the problem  
Its like a game of roulette the barrel revolving  
They only wanna see us occupying a coffin  
Mothers crying too often from they lost child leaving  
From trying to get over, get under, get even  
Get inside getting, getting dumped, getting greedy  
We got to get it right  
It ain't about to be easy  
You better pull you goggles up, it's about to get greasy  
Believe it's on as long as we can still speak freely  
Pages of my life would make it hard to read me  
I know my people hearing me, holler it you hear me

[Repeat Hook]