## A.P. Golden Boy, I hear guns

No one is bulletproof even under your homies roof remember D12 rapper Proof Slim Shady couldn't move guns reached even Biggie they are never picky although can be a little tricky but bullets never sticky go trough somebody's neck destroyed westcoast legend Pac rap lyrics bite your leg like dog on your deck guns almost killed Game but they gave him also fame so lucky not be a lame he on the stage came but streets will always remember it's like for memory amber young hustlers very short temper and pistols' shots to pamper I see dead people I see blood it's so fucked up and so fucking odd police never on a dot hip-hop song played from i-pod corps and kids like twin brothers little boys without fathers drugs hoes money are what bothers very few reach age of grandfathers chorus times 4 I hear guns go like (bang bang) I see shots man (bang bang) Not many see outside a gang so they go to rob a bank life will their asses spank hit bad like a huge tank they don't know yet what matters they believe only what rap Marshal Mathers for sure they ain't have manners they look only at huge banners want to mean something and be rich don't go to work but parties and beach fuck even the most pretty bitch they're ready to throw every body in a ditch to rich their goals and dreams following orders commend for their teams have to walk on pirats' beams never able to express souls' screams run in a shadow of gunshots be preapered to die it's more than nuts jeans have more than few blood spots conscience cleared by a couple of Jim Bean shots chased with bottle of Miller's Highlife light bear all that to be stronger and no mo' feel fear be part of family blood who is near when u hear firearms nothing more is clear so they take lifes in own hands stealing good stuff from dead people pants work hard and grow like ants here in US and overseas lands chorus times 4 I hear guns go like (bang bang) I see shots man (bang bang)