

GangStarr, Tons O Guns

Tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped
Tons o' guns got to watch the way you act
Tons o' guns real easy to get
Tons o' guns bringing nothing but death
Tons o' guns are in the streets nowadays
It's big money and you know crime pays
Check your nearest overpopulated ghetto
They greet you with a pistol not trying to say hello
Mad kids packed 'cos the neighbourhood's like that
Want some shit that's fat catch a victim do a stick
Kids pulling triggers, niggas killing niggaz
Five-o they sit and wait and tally death-toll figures
It's crazy there ain't no time to really chill
Jealous motherf**kers always want to act ill
22's 25's 44's 45's
Mack elevens ak's taking mad lives
What the f**k you gonna do in a situation
It's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation
Tons o' guns

Tons o' guns you got we got they got
The state of affairs yo it's like mad chaos
I know a kid who just passed the other day
They shot him sixteen times so there he lay
You can pray for this shit to like cease
But until then a nigga's going to pack a piece
And yo the devil's got assasination squads
Want to kill niggaz 'cos they're scared of god
They got camps where they train they learn to take aim
At a nigga like a piece of game

And I'm not seeing that, them days are gone
'cos now we got (chromes) to put them where they belong
So me a rude boy from and in a brooklyn
F**k the bullshit pain and suffering
I'm coming off with a foolproof plan
As if each every lyric was worth a hundred grand
I stand in the face of hatred
Letting off mad shots making devils run naked
Tons o' guns

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Tons o' guns got to watch the way you act
Tons o' guns real easy to get
Tons o' guns bringing nothing but death
Tons o' guns but I don't glorify
'cos more guns will come and much more will die
Why, yo I don't know black
Some motherf**kers just be living like that
They like to feel the chrome in their hands
The shit makes them feel like little big man
Twelve years old catching wreck
'cos there ain't no supervision putting kids in check
People get wounded, others they perish
And what about the mother and the child she cherish
The city is wild up steps the wild child
Tension anger living in danger
What the f**k you gonna do in a situation
It's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation
Tons o' guns