

Slightly Stoopid, Runnin' With A Gun

His name is Johnny he's got nothing to say
He's just a bad ass motha gettin in your face
you better hang your head low, low to the ground
cause were droppin mad tracks until were feeling the sound
It's the rhymes and rhythms that your used to
with the one-two beats you can dance to
and to the people everywhere in the streets
doin time in the jail aint whatcha wanna do
cause your runnin' with a gun
runnin' with a gun, runnin'
runnin' with a gun in his hand
all of a sudden i said could you believe
all the curruption and the anger in a society
with the madness that is here within us all
all its armies and its leaders are startin to fall
no you dont know
no you dont know
what time it is
ten seconds flat said is what it will take
to make your move dont hesitate
with the eyes and the cameras that are watchin around
the enemy is near and your to be found
dead or alive make no mistake
their gonna blow your punk ass away
cause your runnin' with a gun
runnin' with a gun, runnin'
runnin' with a gun in his hand