

Royce Da 5'9" f/ Raekwon, Talib Kweli

"Give Up Your Guns"

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[Intro Sample] When I woke up this morning I found myself alone I turned to touch her hair And she was gone, she was gone And there beside my pillow Were her tears from the night before She said give up your guns and face the law I robbed a bank in Tampa And I thought I had it made But the hounds picked up my trail within the glades So I ran And I stumbled on this cabin And she came to me to me once more She said give up your guns She said give up your guns She said give up your guns And face the law [Royce Da 5'9"] This is a stick up, stick up Pistols will lift up, lift up If you don't get up, get up Your hands Kwe tell 'em [Talib Kweli] Sucome to the violence And we get numb and get silent Get my gun into firing I'm never runnin' or hidin' [x2]

Verse One [Royce Da 5'9"] About a hundred any minute bullets runnin' from the guns In front of any one of y'all youngins We ain't trippin in the winter Still killin' spring chickens We ain't slippin, we ain't sittin' You ain't listen this is me Bitch this Is Nickel bitch I'm G With my nigga Kweli Get back gettin' stacks since 03' No strings yo swing wack Spittin' crack makin' tracks Like a dope fiend oh Me and my team hot Dream team I done seen Obscene fiends seein' Nigga whole backdrop Like a green screen stuck before its cream So they stuck him up in Sing Sing I know what you mean dog I been caught between walls I don't kill (I'm the boss) I just make Scream calls I don't aim I don't give a speech in the streets Like I'm livin' in the movie I just let the thing off Hittin' up my funds while I'm rippin up the slums With the only pistol left Cause they givin up they Guns

Chorus: And now I'm in this cabin where my own true love should be Instead there lies a note she wrote to me And it said: though you can't live by the bullet But you sure as dead can die My love give up your guns or say goodbye Goodbye And the sheriff now is calling with a shotgun at my door Son Give up your guns And face the law [Royce Da 5'9"] This is a stick up, stick up Pistols will lift up, lift up If you don't get up, get up Your hands Kwe tell 'em [Talib Kweli] Come to the violence And we get numb to get silent Get my gun into firing I'm never runnin' or hidin' [x2] [Verse Two: Talib Kweli]

Hell naw my niggas don't make speeches Cause we ain't no fake preachers Or follow fake teachers Soon as the state releases You from the bank You not a citizen You quickly learn the difference Between rights and privileges Nothin' like Deliverence Remember when Sai got shot? Yo it was winter he layed on the ice shiverin' Comfortably numb He was killed for being hungry and young Violently is how the company run They dump in the slum See the flashing lights and the gun At the end of the tunnel no rebuttal to run The blood is the sum of the equation When you add up the factors The splatters attractive Life don't matter to rappers So we glorify and glamorize Talk about our plans to die And learn to always stay inside the motherfuckin' camera's eye Get my good side, murder is so sexy But the hood cried every time one of us would die [Verse Three: Raekwon] Give up my guns never you crazy? I'm all blazey All 80 fly out Put you right out lets try it out Save the babies Bressed to impress Blow a hole in your vest With suitcase money I roll up the stretch High powered 9's Mausbergs Squeeze faster than new V's Fresh new bags of bullets or bean Got my paper poppin' and plottin' I blow a hole right through your stocking Come out your back and scratch up your lockin' We real killas and don dons Pop through the vagabond tons Boulevards where niggas will pull a card Wrong songs don't play me lady killas Baby guerrillas with hate feelings That'll spray up the ceilings The best ninjas in the business Mind your business Staten judicious Malicious team we live in the kitchens And dis niggas go the fuck home Bring better biscuits Come to the rally and flash if you with this [Outro: Raekwon] I'm not playin'. We shoot niggas. All day. Keep them hollows nigga. They got new little guns. New little joints with long baby missiles in it. Them the joints we play with nigga. The Einsteins is on nigga. Hard bottoms in the hoodie. Ice Water nigga. Word up. General Shala Raekwon. All day e'day. A professional. Yeah. Get that money niggas. Don't never give up them guns. You stupid?

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