

## **RZA f/ Startel**

### **"Put Your Guns Down"**

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[RZA]

Niggas never grow up, some drink til they throw up  
Some sniff that cocaine til they fucking brains blow up  
Grass junkies, drunk on that Brass Monkey  
Walk around wit the brain of a Crash Dummie  
How the fuck you gonna try to gas cash from me?  
You be in the House of a 1,000 Corpse like Rob Zombie  
Culture this I God, all inside your iPod  
Cuz my squad, nigga is die hard

[Chorus 2X: Startel]

Put your guns down, shoot a few rounds  
Fifty-two blocks, put that ass on the ground  
Rocket launcher on my shoulder, world's getting colder  
Hood's like Iraq, and I'm just a soldier

[RZA]

Niggas creep, yo, check it, yo, yo  
Welcome to the City of God, where it's gritty and hard  
And these dogs walk around at least, fifty a squad  
Saying give me a yard, trynna, split me a broad  
Maybe, spit me a dart, so I could, get me a car  
Niggas creep, half can't read or speak  
Shoot the whole crib, buckwild like Little Zeke  
From the slums, yeah, we be the blind, deaf and dumb  
We got six year old sons, knowing how to use a gun  
They would shoot and don't think about it, won't even  
blink about it  
Go home, lay on momma breast, nigga, drink about it  
So while you huff and you puff, like you rough and  
tough  
Your ass turn to a bitch once you in the cuffs

[Chorus]

[RZA]

Nobody understands me, not even my family  
Most important man on the planet, still they ban me  
Instead of giving praises and revealing a Grammy  
They'd rather see me stressed out, concealing my  
jammy

Hoping, I got smoked out and broke like Sammy  
Spent the wheel of fortune then get struck wit a  
whammy  
Never that, black, I got my act together  
How can hip hop be dead when Wu-Tang is forever?

[Chorus 2X]

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