

## **Total F/ Missy Elliott, Timbaland**

### **"Gunsmoke"**

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come on let's go  
put this under your belt

Chorus  
Smell the gunsmoke  
repeat

I be having homicide running through my mind  
Don't know what's up with me  
Shit fuck with me all the time  
Eating at my spine  
Motherfucka in my prime  
How you gonna get yours  
when you're too busy getting mine  
Now look is this murderous criminal  
coming through  
if you think it's eroc then the subliminals  
is working on you  
there's thirty million of us buried in the fucking sludge  
cant come straight from fudge  
I got a bloody grudge  
Dead bodies lying all around me  
but the real murderers aint never got no bounty  
count it coroners as we sitting as statistics  
with this ass if you think this  
blast is coming from my residential district  
There's something that I think you should know  
is the motherfucking g.. from the eastside ho  
peep my flow creep by slow  
see all my folks is broke  
survival for the cautious and the low  
get a whiff of my gunsmoke

chorus

Im getting white hairs  
from the nightmares everynight  
cos somebody's got a contract  
on my life  
im in a gang that's in an all out war  
they join me in when

they knife my umbilical cord  
so it begins with a slap on the ass  
now you in into white people's ass tricks  
you here so fast we already made your casket  
while its got one buck  
so the phrase gunshot  
gets hella tide  
cant take the only motherfuckas getting fried  
skeletons deep down in the ocean  
cos them slave ships had that three stop motion  
coasting down fulton on the mississippi river  
all across this end  
motherfuckas saying down nigga down nigga  
it all started when we start producing scratch  
some of my homies got no legs attached  
without no food up in the fridge  
you aint go never have peace  
cos with a trigger  
you can finger fuck without no grease

chorus

Up to the moon  
repeat

I say fuck the whole judge and the jury  
my mind got delirious  
my eyes got blurry  
had my uncle strapped to the chair  
hands oxtied  
breathing in gas  
breathing out carbon monoxide  
whole systems stacked like a loaded bowel  
cos aint no billionaires on the murder trial  
make the ghetto concentration camps every mile  
so march your ass through the gas chambers single  
file  
whos the biggest problem that they show on the tv?  
more peoples die starvation and tv  
see me with an angry face and a beanie  
cos my relationship with uncle sam is steamy  
its what ive been through  
im like sinecue  
what i got you got to get it put it in you  
the ruling class was cut throat since we fresh off the  
boat  
show em we aint no joke  
let them choke off the gunsmoke

chorus

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