

# 311 "Guns"

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Here comes the thunder down under  
We're natural wonders  
Night falls when we leave all you feel is the hunger  
Sunrises people of all shapes and sizes  
Dig on the decade and realize it's all funkay  
No matter this rude boy still got that swagger  
My ears have heard all these crews but we're badder  
Interracial, special, positive beings  
I am I be a cool awakening  
It's gettin hectic the metrics the body electric  
Everybody in worn out blue jeans or tacky dresses  
This is the city we've reached we've come to  
Go unrecognized on the corner or make moves  
All the lights are red all the poets dead  
A familiar nightmare appears in my head  
Times are changin' myself I'm rearrangin'  
Dream eight-thousand-five-twelve blazin'

Born to act out, born to act out  
Paranoid with a gat  
Born to act out, born to act out  
Think you know where it's at  
Born to act out, born to act out  
But you're lookin' like a sissie  
Born to act out, born to act out  
Guns are for pussies

I'm not from philly but some say I'm blunt  
That's just the way I am and I'm not going to front  
And yes I took a trip to find out about the ways of big  
City seedy bars and drugs that make you feel shitty  
Pretty older women in skirts conversation frisky  
Stinking cigarettes and plenty of bourbon whiskey  
Sad classic music on the jukebox of doom  
Hollywood blvd. barfly frolic room  
Tomb of lost souls some beyond salvage  
Some just having fun opening steam valvage  
I was one becoming the other hellbent to discover  
Had to pull up the reigns or else smother  
Take it brother all the way and then you're scared

Don't want to be unprepared

You're getting paranoid  
And then guns are shared  
You guys think that you're hard  
But you're in fear of being harmed  
I fear no man and I'm unarmed

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