

311**"Gunsare for pussies"**Visit "[Gunsare for pussies](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Here comes the thunder down under, we're natural
wonders
Night falls when we leave all you feel is the hunger
Sunrises of people all shapes and sizes
Dig on the decade and realize it's funky
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 awakwening
It's getting 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 are dead
A familiar nightmare appears in my head
Times are a changin' myself I'm rearrangin'
Dream eight-thousand-five-twelve all blazin'
Born to act out,
Paranoid with a gat
Born to act out,
Think you know where it's at
Born to act out,
But you're lookin' like a sissie
Born to act out,
Guns are for pussies I'm not from Philly but some say
I'm a blunt
That's just the way I am and no 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 whisky
Sad classical music on the jukebox of doom Hollywood
Blvd.
Barfly frolic room
Tomb of lost souls some beyond salvage
Some just having fun opening steam valve I was one
becoming
the other hell bent to discover
Had to pull up the reins 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 you're hard,
But you're in fear of getting harmed
I fear no man and
I am unarmed

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