

## **CunninLynguists f/ Sheisty Khrist**

### **"Gun"**

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[Hook] "No one held a gun", what you lying for? Then tell me how somebody got left lying cold "Gun", heard the 45's let go Next week somebody's riding slow "Gun", what you lying for? Then tell me how somebody got left lying cold "Gun", somebody that you or I must know And next week somebody's riding slow "No one held a gun" [Verse 1: Kno] Check it out, uh, it's hard to get 'em to freeze A hundred-twenty-three degrees and the breeze Is full of glass particles that blast hard at you Show us your hands and show us the plans The weapon's biological so show us the cans We got a tip from snitches for ballistic positions Don't wanna listen? We putting these missile tips in ya kitchen We got the ether for Haditha, the sutures for Fallujah State police force suits and boots is in ya future Won't loosen the nooses, put ya dick in the ground Chief of police is tired of all this Roving and Dicking around Goose chasin like ridiculous clowns But the American public's lustin an evil puppet so fuck it He says he has a wallet, I say he has a gun Reagan gave him both back in 1981 Now we back with a badge just to grab all the funds Buckin forty-one at you and your sons, yeah [Hook] [Verse 2: Sheisty Khrist] Yeah, they got, the eye of Jesus sittin on the skies of Giza They lie and freeze us in our time of leisure Hermapha, a Bush and Dick on every Condoleezza Nigga, y'all eye the skeezers, I eye the Caesars, haha And I ain't talk bout the place you play Blackjack But CIA headquarters where they make the crack at The CIA headquarters where they make the gats at The real School of Rock crack, fuck that cracker Jack Black Police force got Tenacious D Pull you over for your plates, place an eighth of C Then, that eighth of C will have you placed on the sea Alcatraz or Guantanamo, aching to see They, they lock you up in a cell with no lights in it Feed a nigga white bread with no fucking life in it No toilet bowl, just a hole so you can wipe in it A tormented soul till you grow old and ripe in it Play your hand till the right suit fold Bin Laden got Bush in a knight suit mode Most niggas that I know like Nike swoosh gold Wipin twenty-inch vogues on a white coupe Old Diallo, forty-one shots, nineteen hits In a

dark hallway make the light seem lit I guess they saw a  
rapist on white cream tits Don't pull your wallet out  
nigga, run These motherfuckers got guns

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