

Boogie Down Productions "100 Guns"

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("one... two... three... four...")

[krs-one singing: to the tune of 'ebony and ivory']

Krs and melodie... live together with d-nice, and
harmony

Side by side with rebecca, d-square, sidney

B...d...p...!

("one... two... three... four...") yes!

Chorus: krs-one

I got a hundred gun two hundred clips

Goin to new york, new york

I got a hundred gun two hundred clips

Goin to new york, new york

Verse one: krs-one

Well, I'm drivin my car, cross country

With a hundred guns and about six g

Me drivin through a town, me see two cops

They lookin at me funny like they really want stop

Me just turn my head, and gwan on me way

Put hip-hop ina de tape and press play

Me get one block and me hear "pull ov-ah"

The guns are in the trunk, with a thin cov-ah

They ax me for id, driver's license prefer

Me ax them "was I breakin any law, officer? "

They said "oh yes, you passed county line

Niggers in these here parts now is a crime"

I said "is that so? ", and cocked back me nine

Bust two shots, ina the bwoy head top

His knees just-a-buckle, and his body-a-drop

Me put the car in drive, and me did not stop

When I get to new york, I'm gonna set up shop

Bwoy!

Chorus

("one... two... three... four...")

Verse two: krs-one

Me in a hotel, off ninety-five north
Everything's fine, and yes me on course
Me walk to a bathroom, take a lickle leak
But right out the window, I can hear the cops speak
"we have the place surrounded we're about to move in"
That's when I pick up my nine and just begin
Pump pump pump! first copper hit the ground
Pump pump pump! second copper go down
Me jump out the window, tryin not to make a sound
Me run to the car, gunfire all around
I start up the engine, bust the barricade
All because illegally I want to get paid
Pump pump pump! there goes my tire
Me spun out of control, the car caught on fire
Me jump out the car, put me hands in the air
Cops just surrounding me with pistols everywhere
They put me in the backseat of their car handcuffed
Pushed out them chests like they're big rough and
tough
A cop come and said "you'll never sell your guns now"
I said "it doesn't matter, you'll sell them anyhow
You take the guns from me, you sell them for a fee
Anyway you put it, they'll get in the city"
Hahaha... so still

Chorus 2x

Fiyah!!

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