

## Heinz Rudolf Kunze

### "They Turned Gangsta"

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[Sluggo Ranks]

We don't want no weapons  
No weapons!  
Don't need no ammunition  
No ammunition!  
It's killing off the nation

Guns and knives take people's lives  
It's true (for real)  
Whoa, it's true, ooh-yay  
(x2)  
(Easy Mr. Sluggo)

[Wise Intelligent]

I'm 'bout to rob the robbers, kill the killers  
Flow stealers bear witness to the Thriller in Manila  
Sluggo the singer beside the teacher  
Brother J, Dark Sun Rider  
Sixty six thousand seven hundred five and a half miles  
per hour  
Submit while you circle the sun  
One ton, the weight of every jewel I drop inside you  
Got you wide, in a minute I'mma get you wider  
God is the highest form of living mind math and matter  
Negroes, complete the data  
Your nation's lacking, you're at the bottom of the living  
line  
Why? Cause Whitey screwed your simple mind  
You was a God now you're the sucker of the planet  
Earth  
And crowned your woman slut of the universe  
Pimping, leaning, fiending, scheming  
Trying to be the coolest nigga for some frozen other  
reason  
That spit, it ain't slick on any known planet  
Except for Pluto I believe  
Three billion six hundred and eighty million miles away  
from something  
That's why you ain't saying nothing  
Heads is fronting, forty ounce and Phillies blunting

Destructing before your sleepy eyes (ooh-yay)  
Teacher Wise will have you all recognize  
In minutes less than five niggas ain't 'bout this  
It seems as if hip hop's become a species in danger  
Since rappers turned gangsta

[Sluggo Ranks]

Guns and knives take people's lives  
It's true  
Whoa, it's true, ooh-yay ee  
(x2)  
(Yes it's true, come come come)

[Brother J]

Now Vibal Magus in the house I've come to address the  
drama  
And season up and serve couch potato Godfathers  
Overdose on movies, come up living like a script  
Form an overnight mob getting paid to talk shit  
Niggas please, my nickname is Mr. Freeze  
I ice steel at lockdown and bring master keys  
I'm chain ganging these crews, long lines of emcees  
Come off the final plank, slave ships of wannabes  
I journey to your roots as I burn them Zoot Suits  
Revive the nigga genes revoked while playing cute  
I execute studio gangsters up on the scene  
Strong tug to mic cord, submits my guillotine  
To eat 'em up and split 'em, 'nuff heads is rolling down  
Degrading gangsta lean, black hole is going down  
You're mudbone, and I stand with ranges shown  
Thought you'd build a house, soon find you're home  
alone  
With full black intangibility  
Translating my heat to unreachable degrees  
Of super burn as my crew holds you in turn  
Lyric armageddon, when will you bunglers learn  
That superfly groupies, braid heads and dreads too  
Watch too much too gallant try to run it like the screw  
Create a revolution says the realm is upon you  
The righteous be the gods and the chosen be the few  
It's like that uh

[Sluggo Ranks]

You can't blow breath in the end  
So why you wanna take someone's life  
It's not right, no it isn't wise, ooh yay ooh yay  
Gotta move the right way  
Don't let the devil lead you astray

That is right, whoa that is right, ooh yay ooh yay  
Father send us some blessings  
To wash away our sins  
Stand up for the positive  
Ay, and I'll deal with negative  
ly, we're killing them with conscious vibes  
Killing them with positive vibes  
It's nothing but conscious style ooh yay ooh yay

Guns and knives take people's lives  
It's true  
Whoa, it's true, ooh-yay  
(x2)

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