

Immortal Souls

"Land Of The Gun"

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[James Nichols from Bowling for Columbine]
Them people, law enforcement, if you want to call them
that
Were here and they were shaking in their shoes. They
were physically
Shaking, scared to death. Because certain people, said
I'm a radical
I'm a wild man, I got a gun under every arm, if you say
anything
I'll shoot you. If the people find out how they've been
Ripped off, and enslaved, they will revolt with the blood
Running in the sheets

Yo, Ticket to ride, the white crime, highway
Bring all the guns, the funds will come my way
Whether we deliverin' high grade
To the people in the pit of the tri-state
Or dabble in the hood like fly weights
Lock and load in the range with rock the globe
Made any aim possible
Til the leadbelly lost control
In the hold of the paper that fold
At one time was related to gold
Made many men lose their soul
To the price of the dice that roll
How can a light so bright make a man so cold?
So another man's plans unfold
Can you really see the truth til it happens to you
Its so severe what the hopeless will do

Ain't no pickin' your position to beginning your life
Not every man want to stand by his kids and his wife
Too many lost kids in the night
Hand on heat, grippin' it tight
Any man want beef could get it right
Followed by enough flame to put a permanent end
To the learning of men
Class session, too many the blast the last lesson
Often taught like the wars that are often fought
As old as mankind
Now outta his damn mind

Stand on the gunpowder landmine
Ready to blow at any second
I'm checking for the signs of the end
Of all-time, I figure it's on time, my last thoughts
forming the rhyme

Got me running through the streets
That reek of the dead, it's more food to the wealthy
My niggaz on welfare, nobody givin' up healthcare
Nothing but heat, how you gonna tell me it ain't hell
here?
George Bush having a swell year
Swingin' the gat, ready to clap, anything on the map
You done seen what they bring to Iraq
Now bring it back to the source, land of the physical
force
Land of the gun, land of the gun, land of the gun, land
of the gun!

This is the place where the cops rush in the building
Paramilitary death squads murder your children
Empty shell of a man rippin' shots in the air
Soldiers dying out there, but nobody cares
Prepare for the future but make note of the past
Or be condemned to live it again and get blast
Class warfare kept outta the news
Replaced by a corporation's political views
Cause this is where the guns are manufactured and
sold
The land that was stolen stripped of all of it's gold
Old timers on the death bed speakin' the wisdom
Immigrants crucified by conservative Christians
Now we all got freedom to die in the street
But the difference is more of us die in a week
Than they die in a year I made it clear
Where I stand when the line is drawn
But now the line is gone
And nigga anything goes
The land where the guns don't let anything grow
And what the fuck you niggaz know about living in hell
You not built like me you never lived in a cell
You never gambled with your soul
Fuck the ice on your hand, gun in your palm
But you got a niggaz life in your hand
Young man, just remember that slicing a gram
Is a bloody game, like throwin' mice in a fan
My words flow like the rivers that's west of Iran
The fertile crescent moon, with the star in the middle
I reveal the depth of history's scars when I scribble
I gave you the world, and I ain't even charged you a
little

The martyr is crippled
The prophets are dead and buried, but the message is
simple
And it's not written down in holy books as a riddle

Now we running through the streets, starvin'
On that guerilla warfare
My people stuck in a guerilla warfare
Innocent children screamin' in tears
You actin' like the army ain't put hell here
Military industry havin' a swell year
Swinging a gat while lying in heaven
Living off a blank check after 9/11
But I'm have the truth brought back to the source
Fight for my land with physical force
Speak through music, the subliminal course
I need a tech and a clip, fuck a jag and a Porsche
Land of the gun, land of the gun, land of the gun, land
of the gun

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