

Poor Righteous Teachers "They Turned Gangsta"

Visit "[They Turned Gangsta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Brother J and Sluggo Ranks

[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 cooleest 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)

Visit [Poor Righteous Teachers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.