

Santigold

"Guns Of Brooklyn"

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When they kick out your front door
How you gonna come?
With your hands on your head
Or on the trigger of your gun?

When the law break in
How you gonna go?
Shot down on the pavement
Or waiting in death row?

You can crush us
You can bruise us
But you'll have to answer to
Oh, the guns of Brooklyn

The money feels good
And your life, you like it well
But surely your time will come
As in heaven, as in hell

You see, he feels like Ivan
Born under the Brooklyn sun
His game is called survivin'
At the end of the harder they come

You know it means no mercy
They caught him with a gun
No need for the Black Maria
Goodbye to the Brooklyn sun

You can crush us
You can bruise us
But you'll have to answer to
Oh, the guns of Brooklyn

When they kick out your front door
How you gonna come?
With your hands on your head
Or on the trigger of your gun?

You can crush us

You can bruise us
Or even shoot us but
Oh, the guns of Brooklyn

You can crush us
You can bruise us
But you'll have to answer to
Oh, the guns of Brooklyn
Oh, the guns of Brooklyn
Oh, the guns of Brooklyn
Oh, the guns of Brooklyn
Oh, the guns of Brooklyn
Oh, the guns of Brooklyn

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