

Slightly Stoopid "Runnin' With A Gun"

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His name is Johnny, he's got nothing to say
He's just a bad ass motha gettin' in your face
You better hang your head low, low to the ground
'Cause we're droppin' mad tracks until were feelin' the
sound

It's the rhymes and the rhythms that you're used to
But with the one-two beats you can dance to
And to the people everywhere in the streets
That are doin' time in the jail ain't whatcha wanna do

'Cause you're running with a gun
Running with a gun, running, running
Running with a gun
Running with a gun, running, running

Running with a gun
Running with a gun, running
Running with a gun in his hand

All of a sudden I sad could you believe
All the corruption and the anger in a society
With the madness that is here within us all
All its armies and its leaders are startin' to fall

No you don't know, no, you don't know
What time it is

"Ten seconds flat", said, "Is what it will take"
To make your move don't hesitate
With the eyes and the cameras as that are watchin'
around
The enemy is near and you're to be found

Dead or alive make no mistake
They're gonna blow your punk ass away

'Cause you're running with a gun
Running with a gun, running, running
Running with a gun
Running with a gun, running, running

Running with a gun
Running with a gun, running
Running with a gun in his hand

'Cause you're running with a gun
Running with a gun, running, running
Running with a gun
Running with a gun, running, running

Running with a gun
Running with a gun, running
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