Slightly Stoopid "Running With A Gun"

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his name is johnny he's got nothing to say he's just a bad ass mutha getting' in your face you better hang you head low low to the ground 'cause we're droppin' mad tracks until we're feelin' the sound it's the rhymes and the rhythms that you're used to with the one-two beats you can dance to to see the people everywhere in the streets doin' time in the jail and whatcha wanta do cause 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 running with a gun in his hand all of a sudden i said could you believe all the corruption and the anger in a society but the man his stand is near whipping us all all it's armies and it's leaders startin' to fall no, you don't know no, you don't know what time it is 10 seconds flat said it's what it would take to make you move don't hesitate with the eyes and the cameras that are watching around

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

the enemy is near

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 running with a gun in his hand 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 running with a gun in his hand

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