

Dead Prez "The Pistol"

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We ain't trying to hear shit for what?

(Cash money)

We whole world operating off a

(Cash money)

To all my niggas with a whole lotta

(Cash money)

Watch yo' back money

You couldn't neva understand how my mind tick

I'm on some old school crime shit

When niggas sold two's to keep the dimes lit

Ain't no rules when these iron shots are stoned, dun

This heat burn through your flesh, straight to the bones

I reach for the buddha, cess and zone

I probably have a future of stress, stay depressed and
be alone

But as far as the present time, it's on

I represent mine 'til I return to the S

And said I'm dead and gone

Nobody wanna be broke and you neither

Put me on the co'na, watch me catch a quick case of
cream fever

If you be popping shit, my niggas won't believe ya

Probably punch you in the face and take ya wallet when
we see ya

But son, it gets deeper

I'm running with a click that's being hunted by the Grim
Reaper

To all my peoples in the man keeper

Let'cha situation be a teacher

Ain't nothing like a education

When I was locked down, I learned about patience and
dedication

And not to say shit unless you need a motherfucking
face lift

And as a youth, I was a outcast

Running around with pelagons, playing war

But now it's all about cash

I'm caught up, caught up in a mix of shit
And I ain't trying to hear shit 'til my got cash to get
Blast you with the pistol
If I have to, in my mind, it's all about cash in a fistful

I'm caught up in a mix of shit
And I ain't trying to hear shit 'til my got cash to get
Splash you with the pistol
If I have to, in my mind, it's all about cash in a fistful

Up late night and upset and fed up
Niggas coming up wet, I'm dead up
Fuck trying to your head up
And when it go down, word bond, we gotta get up

Too many locked down upstate, son, it's a set up
My life has sped up, many years, I'm straight up
Plenty bears for who ain't here and those who ate up
Test and get sprayed up in the club

We couldn't run it, so we take the blade up in the booth
Since we couldn't shoot
We heat it up, losing the shirt, showing the bare chest
I'm blessed, puffing the skunk make me care less

The best that you can do is duck my fucking crew
If the slugs don't get'cha, Lord J'll jig ya
Acting artificial, you'll get burnt my the pistol
Before it's done, even my guns'll turn to missiles

Don't have to blow the whistle on you
'Cuz everybody knows you
Watch yourself around borderline psychos
Who know my people gotta hold a mint
Or they ain't worth a cent
How can you represent if you can't pay the rent?

And leave a dent in my life time, I'm caught up in trife
crime
In fights, you neva know what you might find
We stand firm meanwhile 'cuz niggas that seem wild
Be bucking blanks, if they were men they wouldn't fuck
with pranks
I leave them niggas alone and stay home
Until it cool down, as they remember how my tool
sound

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(Cash money)
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(Cash money)
To all my niggas with a whole lotta
(Cash money)
Watch yo' back money

Yeah, we up on what we dealing with
We ain't no criminals, we got the right to have gats
As long as the army, navy, air force, marines got gats
We gon' hold heat, knamsaying?
'Cuz our army gotta represent for us, word up
Aiyyo, Maintain
(Yeah)
Set that shit, son

Forever keeping my shit cocked for drama
Stainless steal, shit is for real
The way these rats is known to squeal, making sour
deals
Thugs up in to mix with these drugs, caught up in the
humble
Bricks and paper by the bundle, how the Bronx humble

[Unverified] devils get deaded, never regret it, only
known to set it
Stealing existence, obviously ya jetted
Speak the dissest, I see the pyramid and eagle
Back of the dollar bill, ill deceitful, we consider lethal

God falling, niggas be balling, guzzling alcoholics
Two drinks, too many is like whitey infiltrating your
fortress
This is on, we 'bout to form, best prepare for the storm
Y'all funny niggas quick to ring the alarm

Bomb fell, now a nation is gel
We had to dwell for four hundred or more
The Lord had the right just living poor
Resurrecting the true and living back the power
Devils getting devoured, niggas heard the God holla

