

F**"Lyrical Gun"**

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[Verse1: Ftm]

I was born under a bad sign, without any luck at all
Cursed even since the first breathe until my downfall
When thought pressure and pain, even hate and
misery
Scared up but still trying to hold the world on top of me
Classed as sinner but they say God is a forgiven man
If I told him that I'm criminal by nature he wouldn't
understand
I ain't against you God, I'm bad cuz the world made me
Society got me strapped and trapped, the law wane
slave me
Send us another Muhammad, maybe he can save me
But still no men alive can't take the life that you gave
me
I ain't saying that I'm clean, I know my every sin
But a man gotta do what he gotta do to win
I ain't saying that I gonna change the whole world
If I keep talking about how dirty it is, someone'll call the
cleaner
I got a little question to you all, you holding a stone
You know you can kill with it, would you throw to take
the throne?

Am the one, the one with the lyrical gun
When am stepping I, you better run
Ftm, madone, nik... making the sound
That's makes motherfuckers touch the ground

[Verse2: Madone]

Am the one, the one with the lyrical gun
When am stepping I, you better run
Ftm, madone, nik... making the sound
That's makes motherfuckers touch the ground

[Verse3: N.I.K]

Am the one, the one with the lyrical gun
When am stepping I, you better run
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