

## Papoose "Take It To The Guns"

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[Intro]

Breath heavy got that haze in my lungs,  
i aint nothin but a raisen in the sun,  
ma fuckers dont be playin whare im from,  
think its a game when can take it to the guns  
Cops comin then im blazin that them,  
they wanna put me in the cage here they come,  
mother fuckers dont be playin Wea im from,  
think its a game we can take it to the guns

[Chorus]

Born in the gutter, raised in the slums  
i dont like talkin we can take it to the guns,  
got a problem with somethin im sayin to you son,  
take it how you want it, we can take it to the guns

Born in the gutter, raised in the slums  
i dont like talkin we can take it to the guns,  
yea you beside me and now you playin with my guns,  
im a take you to blood, we can take it to the guns

[Verse 1]

I dunno what they doin over there,  
but guns go off over here,  
i dont no if they shoot fair ones or shake hands over  
there,  
but guns go off over here,  
i dunno if they from outta town or if they lost over  
there,  
but homie this New York over here, get Off'd over here,  
no workers the boss over here, we dont go get guns,  
we walk wit em, yea,  
i dont no what they say in them courts over there,  
but aint no body soft over here, get offed over here,  
dont no body talk over here,  
we take ourtime and go up north over here,  
everybody always say chill let it slide,  
niggas violate you when they say let it ride,  
ride or die niggas never hide,  
and the ones who always say let it ride, they never ride,  
so quick to swear on who ever died,  
swearin on your man and you no you just lied,

but you shouldn't take a mans pride,  
niggas take kindness for weakness,  
thats why im never kind,  
always seen things comin i was never blind,  
to me its 13 0'clock im ahead of time,  
i no you through my man so you aint no friend of mine,  
hit you 7 times wit the barretta 9,  
o parden yourself i make you say it 7 times,  
14 a hundred shot mac multiplies,  
spoke with gang sign language, said slice pack,  
i spoke with body language and gave him his knife  
back,  
so dont ever ask why im takin it like that,  
because i took it how you put it, now take it right back,

[Chorus]

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i dont like talkin we can take it to the guns,  
got a problem with somethin im sayin to you son,  
take it how you want it, we can take it to the guns

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[Verse 2]

I smoke a large portion for cheaper,  
my gun game sick like a cough and fever,  
niggas straight birds like a hawk and geizer,  
but they run on you like a horse and a cheetah,  
we real niggas so when we walk through they great us,  
pull over and talk to us egor,  
why your man keep pealin off when he see us,  
he one of them hot head niggas, He'll cool off in the  
freezer,  
thats my word i chase his boss out his sneakers,  
the nigga ran so fast he lost his adidas,  
even as a student had the force of a leader,  
talked to teachers with thoughts of a thinker,  
me and him strong side by side, dont try to walk in  
between us,  
even stand beside us or lay underneath us,  
jackson like michael, flip keys like alicia,  
pull mats like burney to get friends like aretha,  
pigs playin for keps, them hogs wanna keep us,  
because we walk the walk and talk with the nina,  
im tossin the heata, i aint tryin to get cought without it,  
but i aint tryin to get cought with it neither,

[Chorus]

Born in the gutter, raised in the slums  
i dont like talkin we can take it to the guns,  
got a problem with somethin im sayin to you son,  
take it how you want it, we can take it to the guns

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yea you beside me and now you playin with my guns,  
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[Verse 3]

You dont really wanna take it there, us real dudes smell  
fear,  
all the crack heads say they love you when you let em  
get by,  
all they really love is crack, they just wanna get high,  
in my hood they dont care about a couple of chumps,  
when the gun boys come, all they want is them guns,  
but when the narcs snatch you up, it shatter dreams,  
because they bag you and bag a fein,  
the judge threw the book at my man, we had a team,  
judges like throwin books, thats why i throw  
magazines,  
yall got a lotta drama and a lil nina, ya grills gotta get a  
lil meana,  
if i wanna say xxxx you, i aint gunna give you the  
middle finger,  
real niggas say xxxx you with the triger finger,  
run on your block and hit you like a bolita,  
i toke ninas and poke feevers, and park rims for you,  
scheme and plot smart schames for you,  
after they bang with you they call the man on you,  
he snitchin on his own colors, smart man for you,  
the white man cought you becuse the dark man saw  
you,  
heard when they hoped outta that dark van on you,  
your whole fear bounced, even your ark ran on you,  
what you expect niggas to spark candals for you,  
that gun aint jammed on you, your hearts jammed on  
you,  
spoke with gang sign language, said slice pack,  
i spoke with body language and gave him his knife  
back,  
dont ever ask why im takin it like that,  
i took it how you put it, now take it right back,

I lost a whole lotta homies to the gun,  
killas will chase you to ya grave if you run,  
20 ta life they aint playin wit you son,  
so think befor you take it to the gun

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