

Die Angefahrenen Schulkinder

"God and Gunz"

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-Got my nigga Mr Kane aka Stephen King,
black rain putting niggas in a bodysling
-My nigga Mac the camouflage assassin
putting niggas in the motherfucking uhn
-You want some motherfucking gangsta shit nigga

Verse 1 (Kane)

Fuck Batman niggas in my hood be robbing
Clips and techs stole my soul like the Angel of Death,
drama left my
mama sobbing
Fucking with Kane catch embalming fluid in the veins
Better off having a ?? on cocaine cutting your fucking
brain
Anger, and keep a round live in the chamber
Its clear and present danger
Who the bitch made nigga banger
Living United States of America bullets break the sound
barrier
Shook niggas down to dick licking when I bury ya

Verse 2 (Mac)

If its my fast life, then hit breaks and slow me down
God
Cause uptown many dead bodies was found God
On this island that runs along the Mississippi River
When ain't no need in looking in debt cause he deliver
Fuck strangers, I know niggas who kill family members
Your life is unimportant as Christmas is to December
And heroin has got niggas on some of them demand
shit
Some loaded mack 11 in the hand shit

[Chorus]

Nigga, have you ever seen the face of death
Nigga, have you ever heard the word of God
These hollow tip bullets be hot like the sun
Don't trust no one but your God and your gun

Verse 3 (Abel)

Bitch listen to the words of the south poor righteous
teacher
I'm a die with hate in my eyes
Smoking some reefer with the grim reaper
Cause niggas on my block is ignorant like Sasquatch
I cook rhymes and beats like baking soda with rocks
Its hysteria when I left your whole block red like ketchup
Still running from the popos, but them hoes still can't
catch up
Don't give a fuck, smoke that sticky til my soul get high
My spirit already dead, waiting for this body to die
Cause I'm a thug, who the fuck you second guessing
Niggas gone learn they fucking lesson
When my smith and wesson change they facial
expression
Niggas I'm blessing check God's creation
Mind deep like revelation, murder, hustling my
occupation

Verse 4 (Mac)

Affiliation from my nation got niggas pacing from here
to Russia
Stone crusher, I keep crew under pressure
Never settle for lesser the have nots running from crab
cops
Slanging slab rocks to pay the mad locs
And lay me down to sleep with my heat
Plus some sneakers on my feet just in case my window
locks are weak
Peace is cool but there'll never be
My mack 11 got you holding more glocks down than
Heather B

[Chorus x2]

Verse 5 (Abel)

I'm going out for the paper til its time to meet my
maker
Straight soldier from the cradle to the hands of the
undertaker
Son I came to glock battle with kerosene oil
So the shit don't jam and murder plans don't spoil
Spirits that read the bible pray to black jesus
Necessary for survival so you niggas can't see us

Verse 6 (Mac)

When the sun sets I'm at rest
They got bullets to penetrate through your proof vest
I stress holding peace, slipping let dying my nigga El
puffing a L
Crack sales create clientele in hell
Street life what we were giving it
Living it ain't no positive in it
Forever ignorant, let us pray Lord

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