

Egma

"Choice of Weapons"

Visit "[Choice of Weapons](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus: Guru and Stikken Moov (repeat 2X)

What's the question? Why are you flexin
Here's the answer - choice of weapons

[Stikken Moov 1]

Yo +The ? Remainz+, kid why you flexin like a bicep
Heat on your hip, just to get a rep, it ain't worth it
Just because you pack a biscuit, doesn't mean you can't
become another statistic, you figure it
Life's a gamble even for vandalz, I handle mine with
minds
Only unless, my chest is under pressure in a contest
The fear of layin in wreck, causes the stress
I have to adjust to this mess and pull when it's best

[Guru]

Yo little big man, feelin your oats, because you're
strapped?
Bustin a cap at another kid who's black?
It ain't all that when the shots are flyin back
You made a choice, and the choice you made was wack
Kinda tipsy with the liquid confidence
Pullin your pistol when it doesn't make sense
to be the bigger man you figure
But in the end it don't pay when you're livin by the
trigger

Chorus 2X

[Guru]

Yeah it's the master of the who what where and the why
But still I got a problem with seein my brothers die
I've been around and lived past the average age of us
In every obituary, a full page of us
The game is money, but what about inner wealth?
The mental, the spiritual, and physical health
But still everyday the city is a test
That's why some people feel a gun is the best

[Stikken Moov 2]

No doubt I pack protection, but every altercation
or situation doesn't deserve blastin, I mastered
precisions
Choice of weapon, should I peel or peel out?
My choice of routes may decide my whereabouts

Chorus 2X

[Stikken Moov 2]

I pack no weapons then the seargeant bargin in
Ready to bomb a rapper like Saddam, Stikken Moov
swarm
Ready to bust off, like Ron Jeremy, but I chill G
Relax and consider lucky to live to see a quarter past
three

[Guru]

That's why I, wield the steel, yes my microphone is
crazy real
I'm not the one sellin out to get the mass appeal
But jail cells are filled with my peeps
While the rest are gettin killed in these ill ass streets

Chorus 2X

[Guru]

So, pick your weapon, a mic or a gun
I make a sucker run when my tongue stuns, check it
Leavin the spot, I seen some wild kids
One stepped to me asked me to freestyle kid
Meanwhile, he flexed a burner on his side
I looked him in the eye, smiled, and walked to my ride
He was actin kinda hard on the surface
I said to myself that it really wasn't worth it

[Stikken Moov 1]

Yo you think you're all that, cause you pack heat?
Seein your own brother play the concrete, in defeat
Tryin to prove yourself, while you put the next man
down
but what goes around, comes back, black best believe
that

Chorus 2X

You know what I'm sayin?
That's all the real heads all over the world
That realize, that this music is real
That we keep it real like that
Peace to all my brothers on the third
and all the real brothers in hip-hop

It's like a rap's new generation thing baby
Peace to Guru
It's Panche, the wild comanche, suicide

Visit [Egma](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.