

Raekwon

"Give Up Your Guns"

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[Intro Sample]When I woke up this morning
I found myself alone
I turned to touch her hair
And she was gone, she was gone
And there beside my pillow
Were her tears from the night before
She said give up your guns and face the law

I robbed a bank in Tampa
And I thought I had it made
But the hounds picked up my trail within the glades
So I ran
And I stumbled on this cabin
And she came to me to me once more
She said give up your guns
She said give up your guns
She said give up your guns
And face the law

[Royce Da 5'9"]This is a stick up, stick up
Pistols will lift up, lift up
If you don't get up, get up
Your hands
Kwe tell 'em

[Talib Kweli]Su come to the violence
And we get numb and get silent
Get my gun into firing
I'm never runnin' or hidin'
[x2]
Verse One [Royce Da 5'9"]
About a hundred any minute bullets runnin' from the
guns
In front of any one of y'all youngins
We ain't trippin in the winter
Still killin' spring chickens
We ain't slippin, we ain't sittin'
You ain't listen this is me
Bitch this is Nickel bitch
I'm G
With my nigga Kweli

Get back gettin' stacks since 03'
No strings yo swing wack
Spittin' crack makin' tracks
Like a dope fiend oh
Me and my team hot
Dream team I done seen
Obscene fiends seein'
Nigga whole backdrop
Like a green screen stuck before its cream
So they stuck him up in Sing Sing
I know what you mean dog
I been caught between walls
I don't kill (I'm the boss)
I just make Scream calls
I don't aim I don't give a speech in the streets
Like I'm livin' in the movie
I just let the thing off
Hittin' up my funds while I'm rippin up the slums
With the only pistol left
Cause they givin up they
Guns

Chorus:

And now I'm in this cabin where my own true love
should be
Instead there lies a note she wrote to me
And it said: though you can't live by the bullet
But you sure as dead can die
My love give up your guns or say goodbye
Goodbye
And the sheriff now is calling with a shotgun at my door
Son
Give up your guns
And face the law

[Royce Da 5'9"]This is a stick up, stick up
Pistols will lift up, lift up
If you don't get up, get up
Your hands
Kwe tell 'em

[Talib Kweli]Come to the violence
And we get numb to get silent
Get my gun into firing
I'm never runnin' or hidin'

[x2]

[Verse Two: Talib Kweli]Hell naw my niggas don't make
speeches
Cause we ain't no fake preachers
Or follow fake teachers

Soon as the state releases
You from the bank
You not a citizen
You quickly learn the difference
Between rights and privileges
Nothin' like Deliverence
Remember when Sai got shot?
Yo it was winter he layed on the ice shiverin'
Comfortably numb
He was killed for being hungry and young
Violently is how the company run
They dump in the slum
See the flashing lights and the gun
At the end of the tunnel no rebuttal to run
The blood is the sum of the equation
When you add up the factors
The splatters attractive
Life don't matter to rappers
So we glorify and glamorize
Talk about our plans to die
And learn to always stay inside the motherfuckin'
camera's eye
Get my good side, murder is so sexy
But the hood cried every time one of us would die

[Verse Three: Raekwon] Give up my guns never you
crazy?

I'm all blazey
All 80 fly out
Put you right out lets try it out
Save the babies
Bressed to impress
Blow a hole in your vest
With suitcase money I roll up the stretch
High powered 9's Mausbergs
Squeeze faster than new V's
Fresh new bags of bullets or bean
Got my paper poppin' and plottin'
I blow a hole right through your stocking
Come out your back and scratch up your lockin'
We real killas and don dons
Pop through the vagabond tons
Boulevards where niggas will pull a card
Wrong songs don't play me lady killas
Baby guerrillas with hate feelings
That'll spray up the ceilings
The best ninjas in the business
Mind your business
Staten judicious
Malicious team we live in the kitchens
And dis niggas go the fuck home

Bring better biscuits
Come to the rally and flash if you with this

[Outro: Raekwon]I'm not playin'.
We shoot niggas. All day. Keep them hollows nigga.
They got
New little guns. New little joints with long baby missiles
in it. Them the
Joints we play with nigga. The Einsteins is on nigga.
Hard bottoms in
The hoodie. Ice Water nigga. Word up. General Shala
Raekwon. All day
E'day. A professional. Yeah. Get that money niggas.
Don't never give up
Them guns. You stupid?

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