

The Roots "Guns Are Drawn"

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Yeah, it would be cool it could be too
Stop running round in circles off of what we fuel
Living 'em lie, so eventually believing it's true
A lot of people here for us one could be you
It's outrageous and they just ain't nothing
But save us an ocean of brown fists in various flavors
A favor for a favor man, this is the majors
Tell me what you would do with no phones or pagers

No Kinko's, no Fed Ex and no ATM's
What you gone do when the poliece state vegin
Well, it already began but I guess it depends
On what's really going on what's happening, huh
Military target practicing
They finna write another patriot act again
The day's is short, the nights is long
The fight goes on and the pistol and the pipes are
drawn, come on

In the middle of the night we fight like
Barbarians in sight of the former might
You might think that it's a waste of our time
And I think you would be right till he drop that rhyme

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And some might say that it's a waste of time
'Cause ain't no amount of dancing finna break the
bondage
We go to war and transcend space and time
When every record ain't a record just to shake behinds
You know the stakes is high we in the face of drama
That's why we can't shake it or escape the problem
It's like a game of roulette the barrel revolving
They only wanna see us occupying a coffin

Mothers crying too often from they lost child leaving
From trying to get over, get under, get even
Get inside getting, getting dumped, getting greedy

We got to get it right, it ain't about to be easy
You better pull you goggles up, it's about to get greasy
Believe it's on as long as we can thus speak freely
The pages of my life would make it hard to read me
I know my people hearing me, holler it you hear me

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