

## Royce Da 5'9 "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]

Sucome 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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