

RZA

"Put Your Guns Down"

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Niggas never grow up, some drink till they throw up
Some sniff that cocaine till they fuckin? brains blow up
Grass junkies drunk on that Brass Monkey
Walk around with the brain of a crash dummy

How the fuck you gonna try to gas cash from me?
You be in the House of a 1000 Corpse like Rob Zombie
Culture this I God, all inside your iPod
?Cause my squad, nigga is Die Hard

Put your guns down, shoot a few rounds
Fifty-two blocks, put that ass on the ground
Rocket launcher on my shoulder, world's gettin? colder
Hood's like Iraq and I'm just a soldier

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Niggas creep, yo check it, yo, yo
Welcome to the city of God where it's gritty and hard
And these dogs walk around at least fifty a squad
Sayin?, ?Give me a yard?, tryna split me a broad
Maybe spit me a dart, so I could get me a car

Niggas creep, half can't read or speak
Shoot the whole crib, buckwild like Little Zeke
From the slums, yeah we be the blind, deaf and dumb
We got six year old sons knowin? how to use a gun

They would shoot and don't think about it, won't even
blink about it
Go home, lay on momma breast nigga, drink about it
So while you huff and you puff like you rough and
tough
Your ass turn to a bitch once you in the cuffs

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Nobody understands me, not even my family
Most important man on the planet still they ban me
Instead of givin' praises and revealin' a Grammy
They'd rather see me stressed out concealin' my
jammy

Hopin', I got smoked out and broke like Sammy
Spin the wheel of fortune then get struck with a
whammy
Never that black, I got my act together
How can hip hop be dead when Wu-Tang is forever?

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