

## Sage Francis "Gunz Yo"

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i'm on fire, i'm on fire

me too, me too  
guns yo, i keep one in my pillowcase  
it keeps me safe when i sleep, still i keep awake

what if my dream girl pays a midnight visit?

i see the world thru the scope but i gain no insight with  
it  
when i get introspective i put the safety on  
make these songs

with the biscuit sittin in my shaky palms

i'm a man now (a real man)

not the one who went to two colleges

grovellin' over meal plans

i'm starin' at the ceiling fan

all wide-eyed

amazed by the ways the blades break the silence

i used to be afraid of firin'  
it sounded startling  
but now i'm starting to hate the quiet moments

might remind you of a mike

by the way i hold it (to the grill)  
a homophobic rapper  
unaware of the graphic nature of phallic symbols

tragically ironic, suckin' off each others' gats & pistols

i got more back issues than guns and ammo

'cause my oozy weighs a ton

and i never let go of the handle

hangin' on to mommy's pant leg

double-fistin'

knee-deep in shells kickin' ballistics

this dick is a detachable penis

an extension of my manhood positioned like a fetus  
an intravenous hook-up feeds bullets to my magazine  
nevermind the bullocks, my pistol is a sex machine

guns yo (sex machine)

bust it

i got another gun (what)

i keep it in my briefcase

it keeps me safe at my workplace

cubicle gangster who's in need of his personal space

angster of love who's unable to look girls in his face

'cause i know that all the stupid people increase the  
birth rate

i'm just about dumb enough to hold up a sperm bank  
make my demands and then facilitate fur trades  
empty the bird cage and release the mermaids

huh

i got a watergun

i keep it in my mouth

it keeps me safe from the things i like to speak about

but words are leakin' out  
and all these smiles that i crack  
are like a dam on the verge of collapse  
there ain't no turnin' back

in fact i can't hold down my fluids

can't retract statements

without water displacement

flooded the basement

then sought refuge

removed my waterproof vest and then i kicked off my  
wet shoes

made it to dry land

pistol in hand  
fistfuls of ammo riding on a camel  
thru a desert of sand  
lucid dreams are a lot like computer screens  
people have pretentious conversations but i shoot the  
breeze

blow a hole straight thru their long-winded theories

hold my own and make songs for them to sing with me

its the same type of heat that millie used

to break the ice with santa claus  
when she made him sing the christmas blues  
capitalists strung her up for killin'em  
every manufactured holiday they sacrifice another  
victim  
before wartime depression sets in

i get to step in  
and shoe shine my weapon  
i'm hemorrhoid, i'm the leader  
you're dead like dey la  
i hold my crotch like a nine-millimeter  
guns yo  
(i'm on fire) (me too)

(nine-millimeter) (sex machine)

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