

Die Schweigende Mehrheit

"Bluntz, Martinez, Girlz, & Gunz"

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[Intro]

Black Knights

West coast Killa Bee kill

Black Knights, Black Knights

You hear it from the distance

(Yo) my brain sprouts branches blossoming tragic thoughts

Takes bully lyrics lunch money, pistols or microphone

Welcome to L.A. battle the unexplained

Scarecrows and apples meet Mr. Constrictus

Concrete knuckles and scuffles, I waste groups

Give 'em lumps the size of footballs, bricks and grapefruit

Make soup, blueberry while dining with classic monsters

Better check my sponsor chop before you can answer

Brothers in the Contra, bullet holes in the stop sign

Gods in the neighborhood, pistol in the sunset

Lyrics, the bitch pressed dump trucks with one thrust

Faster than sound, light, or speed that your gun busts

Among us, west coast wreck hopes, infect dope

Whining 'cause your last Holocaust cassette broke

The hunchback tic-tac heads come to get you

Nine-hundred and forty-three missiles made of crystal

Light a match to those, the crowd put all their lighters up

Stomp through the graveyard in the rain, the architect

Bricks in the mud, the cold weather is scorchin

For boxcar children and orphans, wrote a portrait

Chewing on cactus, rappers better practice

Slimey like a catfish, dollers in the mattress

A hand-carved pipe from Baton Rouge to Cherokee

Grand-high count, feed Macadamias to parakeets

French lemonade, skeletons on the highway

Clove, gets rowdy I'll box my way out

Poor righteous teacher, devils better fear us

Or my pistol splatter your brains accross the mirrors

Bluntz, martinez, girls, and gunz (gunz)

Gut 'em like a fish, the man who bled Marbles
Bloody Mr. Fixit, holocaust and guns
Stumbled through the doorway wearing my evening
chains
Real as the hallway red and blue Crayolas
Now leaving stains, architect from Cali
Rumble through the mist covered valleys, dirty alleys
Crumbs in your suitcase, ice fishing with pelicans
Big 'ole tackling skeleton, you're irrelevant
Riding jeweled elephants, California horizon
Track mud through the kitchen, murder henchmen
Strange man's pockets, cigarettes and candy
Walk with a limp, chance of a lifetime
Bandits want cyborg crank, tic-tac
Blow holes through emcees, size of bowling balls
Briefcase man chant, my flavor's building
Set a fishbowl full of jelly beans out for the neighbor's
children
Two-fisted brawler, good times in the sunlight
Tracked him one night, you call and cause a gunfight
Holo-holocaust is sleepy, holdin microphones
4 dead men in the alley, the butcher
Shirts with the blossoms, west coast the gentlemen
Holding the pistol, smoke blunts for hours
To understand the language of flowers
Gritty mugshot, missed her arms and legs, drool
bullets
Bedtime time to turn in but into what?
A well set table, third rock from the sun
Dead men hung, Cadillacs and dinosaurs
Hot peanuts and fireworks, the holocaust

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