

# Guns

Caskey

Girls talk, killers breathe, heavy metal gather rain the..  
Won't roll with me so they cuffin' with me,  
People sick the pain so they plan dead  
AK 47 I ain't never scared  
Put it down be the words you ain't never said  
Take missed in the sick now the shit go,  
It's a damn damn road, can't get ahead  
You every heard ten shots, call it for your.. wake up  
Man in the grave how the f\*ck you feel to wake up  
Most have forgot the whole scene, got tato  
Playing with heat the whole scene got baked up,  
Some been up in the seal, lookin' at it  
Picture so clip been but this paint of dramatic,  
Niggas run you're smoking like addicts  
With bullets so rapper they sounding like steady.

Guns, make half of the people I know feel invisible  
Comfort in black now they feelin' invisible  
Know how they spit but condition is critical  
Guns, everybody gain it to heaven  
When not the pressure any coward grab 'em  
.. with fire, then lead to heaven ..

Down south like the wild west,  
Bullets hit you in die chest  
Some struggle to digest  
But I seen the trouble try to buy this,  
I'm rolling round with this red towels  
Drop outs, step child's who got no love for their old folks  
And tryin to ride tour setting ..wild in this,  
Wild, .. few with them vow  
This the verb place erases and city black folks you know smile  
And these white folks set flame to cross with ignorance that they spray to c  
ross it  
Watch closer you talk to, 'cause everybody here you talk to got

Hook:

Guns, all now they none estranged  
You should keep your coop 'cause this right here contain (bang bang)  
Guns, down south folks get off,  
You should came with that one two, in that kung-fu better get lost  
These guns 'bang- someone need survival  
Someone just tryin' to flex and some just like the rival  
These guns 'bang- everyone here guide em  
That could be a problem, but I know what could solve with these guns.

Revivals round here ain't nothing new  
Even titles and back roads of these wild cities been on the shoe  
My old man love the gun rain  
More than church in all Sundays  
Got a mack ten, shot guns, does it ease and is  
One kay that I'll never shot  
Double red taught me that letter's hot  
And key shot of this cocaine with the BB in the empty lock  
Double .. was old enough, now is under my bed and not,  
Holding up, shit hot, anybody could get got 'cause  
They tryin' to eat and who am I, I'm just tryin' to sleep

Was always told that the lot is mouth  
I'll never be the type to let the .. speak  
As a child I'll be seating at home,  
Pops instead but it gets the crown  
F\*ck kid my .. 'bout to split the bone  
Arks here no, then my pots had

[Hook:]

55 your neighbor, old man he was pissed the toe,  
Like to seat on his back ports, smoking loud, sip Coronas  
Waiting for the next man to sleep,  
Used to keep it grip on his grip,  
30 A snop droll, you know how small it go fit  
Everybody wanna be roll, nobody wanna get hit,  
I didn't see thugs turn soft, when they parallel to the click  
You ain't gotta tell me shit, I didn't see all from the stick draws  
Young kids getting it all, moments sipping this all  
Thinking it all, safety, that someone round here try break me  
At big enough than take me, out of my zone and invaded  
But they got back if I'm main shit, rifles and lake lean,  
Pistols is what you're making, even get a grenade  
Used to keep the blade but these days can't nobody stop these .. guns

Click-clack, sound to fit of that stroke  
The first gun I ever own was the thirty A on my lab,  
I was 15 with a new revolve, with a pocket full of them racks,  
Had a sweet connect in high-school, he friend of me and I brought it back  
Remember Pablo, that 22 that you got me,  
It head nine and it save my life, when them f\*ck niggas try to rob me,  
And I let lose, yeah I call two of that 22,  
This real life I'm telling you, bitch, what the f\*ck of mine I'm telling you  
I'm like remember backs, that 4-5 with the bitch ..  
Got cold sleepin at the strip club, broke in my .. they took ..  
And I'm like, remember fat boy, they shoot eye and late mare  
Kept in my clothes and you one scared, did you time and I know your fear  
F\*ck nigga, don't ask me! If Caskey every bless he  
Especially, when I'm riding with 'em like passenger in a taxi  
With load of .. in the back seat, and all black in this back street  
Fifty p\*\*sy from broke key, been shooter sights like stepping curb  
I'll bump the school in the soft shooter, and all win I love the boots  
No guns shit, just full clips and I hate the real I have to do it to you  
This straight fresh tell em call west, .. if I can use the..  
The young boy, tell em load the .. I .. with this guns bitch.