

Gun In My Mouth

Geto Boys

[Intro: Outlawz]

They got my back on the wall (OUTLAWZ!!)
Back against the wall (GBs!!) (OUTLAWZ!!)
We're still balling nigga, Outlawz strike back (GBs!!) (OUTLAWZ!!)
We're the fucking Outlawz, nigga (GBs!!) we're riding for life
We ride to die like the soldiers, nigga (GBs!!) (OUTLAWZ!!)
We done told you niggaz (GBs!!) (OUTLAWZ!!)
We're gonna ride regardless (GBs!!) (OUTLAWZ!!) Where you at?
Regardless to the charges, nigga (GBs!!) (OUTLAWZ!!)
Where the soldiers? - where the soldiers? (What? What?)

[Verse 1: Napoleon]

There's a whole lot of shit in my past life that I feel wrong for it
But it's a new year, at that bullshit, I ain't trying to go for it
If you want something, then you better go, it's good for your heart
I leave your head side, your lungs and your back on a part
I've been hard from the start, Napoleon Bonaparte
If you think you're ready for war, well get the fuck on your mart
I wish you knew, the fucking shit I bring your ass through
I think you stuck like glue, the opposite of pezue
I've seen you, and [?] you, I know the love ain't there
So go again trickle your bitch, and lie about how you care
You couldn't survive, in this motherfucking life of mine
You couldn't rhyme, where the full tank, in about two lines
So stop that lying, you knew I'd fuck your punk-ass up (What?)
I take your pants and throw your bitch-ass in Louie J. truck (HUH!)
From Fifth Ward to Compton, orbits of MOB steady mobbing (Mobbing)
Keep your money over bitches while the police keep dropping
If you watched the scenes!

[Chorus: Outlawz 2X]

All you niggaz think you're rearing like Scene on Night
When the freaks come out, and the creaks come out
Baby, we're all about the thug thing, the only way out
And I do this shit for love, with a gun in my mouth

[Verse 2: Young Noble]

I breathe slowly, MC's don't know me, Noble the holiest
You're looking like you saw a ghost
When you saw exact the show, you'll shit apparently
You niggaz can't stand me, fuck your families
I love to buck that ass, fuck you with the jamies
Suddenly saw Sammy, but I ain't hear what he said
Nigga, you're walking on the deadline? deadly dread
Bigger than led, [?] as a whole to the head
Supposed to be dead, but I ain't [?] to shoot you again
Outlaw motherfucker, bring your nines and guns
Nine lives with death attempts for your time to come
Farts of cloves, remember high lie be was? ain't no love
And in the wars there ain't no blood
What the fuck? - is you all niggaz scared or what?
You walk and talk tough but you scared to buck
Untouchable like Face when my time-up
Lyrically I'm ton tired and literally tired up
Quickly to finish my job

[Chorus:]

[Verse 3: EDI Amin]

Still I'm lost, but it costs to be the boss
So I'm struggling like a motherfucker gonna get what I want
When I sit and think about the days, I couldn't get paid
That sets me quickly into a rage, don't wanna get my gauge
Mama pray for me, and today they gonna take it from me
I'm in my sanity, I'm gradually slipping
Wishing for war, is it all I had to live for?
I'm gonna make sure my people weave at any cost
Sinning off the edge, and ain't no returning
The bitch is humming and chewing, but ain't no docks to fuck it
What's it all about? I be thugged out and riding
When these other niggaz hiding
No doubt! bumping on the gas, letting it burn
Subways doing it my way like ushers
Fuck that! I rather slug it than love it
Outlaw like a motherfucker, until I'm up out of here
You gotta know I don't care, oh yeah!

[Chorus:]

[Verse 4: Scarface]

The product of the deepest bitch's out sick
Thinking about a come, got my mind on getting mine
Nigga, finna run up and the dope out
Saking for the stash and the bag
Cause I'm sick of seeing Brad doing bad so I'm coming agg
When the tape is off, and me I'm on the quest to get the chickens
Run up on my victims and get them
I'll beat you nigga, they can't deny
I go for mine with my nine cocked lay cause I aged to die
I aim to fly, I'm sending you to hell if I have to
I got this twelve pointed at you
I'm dying hard so I'm hard to kill
And if you found yourself caught up in my clutches, nigga guard your grill
Got ball of steel, I introduced these niggaz to the real life
And if you ain't real then you will die, the real sigh
End of the road, the cameras don't reload
You don't make another episode
So rest your soul, understand me? get what I'm talking about
The night, the freaks come out, baby [Gun Shot]