

## Choice Of Weapons

Guru

What's the question?  
Why are you flexin'?  
Here's the answer; choice of weapons

Yo, The Remainz, kid, why you flexin like a bicep?  
Heat on your hip just to get a rep; it ain't worth it  
Just because you pack a biscuit doesn't mean you can't  
Become another statistic; you figure it  
Life's a gamble even for vandalz; I handle mine with minds  
Only unless my chest is under pressure in a contest  
The fear of layin' in wreck causes the stress  
I have to adjust to this mess and pull when it's best

Yo, little big man, feelin' your oats because you're strapped?  
Bustin' a cap at another kid who's black?  
It ain't all that when the shots are flyin' back  
You made a choice, and the choice you made was whack  
Kinda tipsy, with the liquid confidence  
Pullin' your pistol when it doesn't make sense  
To be the bigger man you figure  
But in the end, it don't pay when you're livin' by the trigger

Yeah, it's the master of the who, what, where, and the why  
But, still, I got a problem with seein' my brothers die  
I've been around and lived past the average age of us  
In every obituary, a full page of us  
The game is money, but what about inner wealth?  
The mental, the spiritual, and physical health  
But still, everyday, the city is a test  
That's why some people feel a gun is the best

No doubt I pack protection, but every altercation  
Or situation doesn't deserve blastin'; I mastered precisions  
Choice of weapon - should I peel or peel out?  
My choice of routes may decide my whereabouts

I pack no weapons then the seargeant bargain in  
Ready to bomb a rapper like Saddam, Stikken Moov swarm  
Ready to bust off, like Ron Jeremy, but I chill, G  
Relax and consider lucky to live to see a quarter past three

That's why I wield the steel; yes, my microphone is crazy real  
I'm not the one sellin' out to get the mass appeal  
But jail cells are filled with my peeps  
While the rest are gettin' killed in these ill-ass streets

So, pick your weapon - a mic or a gun  
I make a sucker run when my tongue stuns; check it  
Leavin' the spot, I seen some wild kids  
One stepped to me, asked me to freestyle, kid  
Meanwhile he flexed a burner on his side  
I looked him in the eye, smiled, and walked to my ride  
He was actin' kinda hard on the surface  
I said to myself that it really wasn't worth it

Yo, you think you're all that, 'cause you pack heat?  
Seein' your own brother play the concrete in defeat

Tryin' to prove yourself while you put the next man down  
But what goes around, comes back, black; best believe that

You know what I'm sayin'?  
That's all the real heads all over the world  
That realize that this music is real  
That we keep it real like that  
Peace to all my brothers on the third  
And all the real brothers in hip-hop  
It's like a rap's new generation thing, baby  
Peace to Guru  
It's Panche, the wild comanche, suicide