

Gunz Yo

Sage Francis

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
cuz my uzi 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
gangster of love who's unable to look girls in his face
cuz 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