

# Peanut Head

Senser

Now it's time to check out the pattern  
from here to Manhattan  
and every motherfuckers on the side gettin' a gat  
and shittin' bullets  
wastin' lives.  
Standing breaking heads of the youths  
in their groups of fours and fives  
and all the girls pickin' up on their gun t'ings  
'cause the way they way they figure  
them seem to run things.  
But life is worth nothing, I ain't bluffing  
when you're puffin' on a barrel  
you don't talk tough when you start coughing  
and nobody's bullet proof and that's the truth  
so na bada come me wit dat big-dick gun-talk ya spoof  
You won't be sittin' up smilin' in the Intercontinental  
you'll be layin' out on the slab with your home up for rental  
now you best seek parental guidance  
'cause they shoulda raised you up better  
you little bed wetter.  
Now I kicks the slang in  
this is how I'm hanging,  
with the crew from the south  
of the river come to make you shiver  
and shake when Mr Morgan cuts a funky drum break  
on the drum kit, this is how we funk it.  
We don't need no dumb shit  
'cause we never come to front it.  
Grab your logic like a ball  
I'll take it to the hoop and dunk it.  
'cause life is already too cheap, you creep,  
I best set your alarm  
'cause it sounds like you're still asleep.

YOUR GUNS AIN'TA WICKED  
YOUR SOUNDS IS'A WICKED  
BUT AS FOR THE LIFESTYLE OF DEATH  
I'D NEVER PICK IT  
YOUR GUNS AIN'TA WICKED  
AND YOUR BULLETS AIN'TA WICKED

Now I'm going further and further until I reach my destiny  
it makes no difference if the brothers keep testing me  
see the rule of the gun ain't ruling we.  
Many many people I can see  
turn, become a carrier, strengthen up a barrier  
enforced by the media - whole time feedin' ya  
sanitised images of the gun, man.  
But no I'll never run, man,  
because it can't be done, understand?  
You're tying to come dumb but slick  
to make cash quick  
'cause you think it's the new lick  
it's just another trick.  
Call it abandon, got my hand on  
nothing but the mike  
'cause it's the phat skills that I like.

Part of a cycle, vicious,  
which is eating up communities whole  
but you don't feel the impacts  
because you just sold your syntax.  
Ya bad boy man, ya rootin shootin' guns playin'  
think of all the positive shit you could be sayin'  
but the day in the life of a gangsta sells greener  
making quick cash of a cool misdemeanour, man.  
I've seen ya cursin' women, lying of your exploits,  
so just skip the shit  
and step straight to the point.