

Runnin' With A Gun

Slightly Stoopid

His name is Johnny he's got nothing to say
He's just a bad ass motha getting in your face
You better hang your head low, low to the ground
Cause we're dropping mad tracks until were feeling the sound
It's the rhymes and the rhythms that you're used to
With the one-two beats you can dance to
And to the people everywhere in the streets
Doin time in the jail ain't whatcha wanna do
Cause you're runnin with a gun
Runnin' with a gun, runnin'
Runnin' with a gun in his hand

All of a sudden I sad could you believe
All the corruption and the anger in a society
With the madness that is here within us all
All its armies and its leaders are startin to fall
No you don't know, what time it is

Ten seconds flat said is what it will take
To make your move don't hesitate
With the eyes and the camers as that are watchin around
The enemy is near and you're to be found
Dead or alive make no mistake
They're gonna blow your punk ass away

Cause you're runnin with a gun
Runnin' with a gun, runnin'
Runnin' with a gun in his hand