

## 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