

# 100 Guns

## Boogie Down Productions

One, two, three, four, KRS and Melodie  
Live together with D-Nice and Harmony  
Side by side with Rebecca, D-Square

Sidney, BDP, one, two, three, four, yes I got a 100 gun, 200 clips, goin' to New York, New York  
I got a 100 gun, 200 clips, goin' to New York, New York Well, I'm drivin' my car cross country

With a 100 guns and about six G

Me drivin' through a town, me see two cops

They lookin' at me funny like they really want stop Me just turn my head and gwan on me way

Put hip-hop ina de tape and press play

Me get one block and me hear, "Pull over"

The guns are in the trunk with a thin cover They ask me for ID, driver's license prefer

Me ask them, "Was I breakin' any law, officer?"

They said, "Oh yes, you passed county line

Niggers in these, here parts now is a crime I said "Is that so?" and cocked back me nine

Bust two shots ina de bwoy head top

His knees just-a-buckle, and his body-a-drop

Me put the car in drive and me did not stop

When I get to New York, I'm gonna set up shop, bwoy I got a 100 gun, 200 clips, goin' to New York, New York

I got a 100 gun, 200 clips, goin' to New York, New York

(One, two, three, four) Me in a hotel, off ninety-five North

Everything's fine, and yes me on course

Me walk to a bathroom, take a likkle leak

But right out the window, I can hear the cops speak "We have the place surrounded we're about to move in"

That's when I pick up my nine and just begin

Pump, pump, pump, first copper hit the ground

Pump, pump, pump, second copper go down Me jump out the window, tryin' not to make a sound

Me run to the car, gunfire all around

I start up the engine, bust the barricade

All because illegally I want to get paid Pump, pump, pump, there goes my tire

Me spun out of control, the car caught on fire

Me jump out the car, put me hands in the air

Cops just surroundin' me with pistols everywhere They put me in the backseat of their car handcuffed

Pushed out them chests like they're big rough and tough

A cop come and said, "You'll never sell your guns now"

I said, "It doesn't matter, you'll sell them anyhow

You take the guns from me, you sell them for a fee

Anyway you put it, they'll get in the city" (One, two, three, four)

So still, I got a 100 gun, 200 clips, goin' to New York, New York

I got a 100 gun, 200 clips, goin' to New York, New York

I got a 100 gun, 200 clips, goin' to New York, New York  
I got a 100 gun, 200 clips, goin' to New York, New York, fiyah  
(One, two, three, four)One, two, three, four, one, two, three, four

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