

Gun Music (feat. Cocoa Brovaz)

Talib Kweli

Now, If I'm out of town
My crew take of your bodies
The more the merrier
Point and spray the area
Niggas is quick to bury you
Punk niggas feel inferior
Guns make us superior
Cats start acting scarier
Situations get hairier, yo
You know who killing it,
Niggas saying they militant
The only blood in the street
Is when the government spilling it
You could have a hand gun or a cannon
And you still
Without the knowledge and wisdom
And understanding of
A 22 derringer
A 38 long
A 44 desert eagle
A Glock Nine
Time to protect the fam I'm a cock mine
I make the streets run red
Like a stop sign stop lying Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak
Gun man music never take shot back (oh!)
Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak (Come On)
Ghetto Red Hot 'round the world you hear that (oh oh oh come on)
Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak
Gun man youth never take shot back (Yes!)(Brooklyn)
Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak
Ghetto red hot 'round the world you hear that
In Jamaica (Kingston)
In Brooklyn (Flatbush)
In Ethiopia (Yep)
We Go There and Back (Come On)
To all my real live soldier cats where you at
Dogs don't hold them back
Those the cats that go to strapped to blow a back You could be whoever
A black panther or lap dancer

When respect is the question
Folks coming with the gat answer
Shoot at your feet like spider, you a tap dancer
What am I amusing to you?
You better have that answer
Toys for guns, I got guns for toys
Silencers bring the heat without bringing the noise
Bringing the funk of dead bodies
Go ahead bring in your boys
You'll see the soul of black folk like W.E.B DuBois
Israelis got tanks and Palestinians got rocks
Inmates got shanks and dirty cops they got glocks
We got tribes in Africa that listen to Pac
Fighting with brothers who pump Biggie
Like they live on the block Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak
Gun man music never take shot back (oh!)
Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak (Come On)
Ghetto Red Hot 'round the world you hear that (oh oh oh come on)
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Ghetto red hot 'round the world you hear that
In Jamaica (Kingston)
In Brooklyn (Flatbush)
In Ethiopia (Yep)
We Go There and Back (Come On)
To all my real live soldier cats where you at
Dogs don't hold them back
Those the cats that go to strapped to blow a back These are the tools of the trade
That we use to get paid
When we cruise on escapades
And escalades with guns to blaze
We been this ways since the younger days
Safe from the hunger pains
Pop Bang when the trouble came
Pioneers of gun slang
Supply you with them things
A little something, something
Set fire to the game
My system be thumping
Co Coi Coi! the sounds of guns busting
Co Coi Coi! your heart just start pumping From a 22 derringer
A 38 long
A 44 desert eagle, a glock 9
Time to protect the fam I 'ma cock mine

I make the streets run red
Like a stop sign stop lyingGun Music y'all

Songwriters

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