

Pick Up a Gun

Jhuryll Phoenix

(Verse 1)

Apocalyptic!

Mascara down your face, your smeared lipstick

Running thru your cryptic district

gotta stay optimistic

come get this, prediction

No time for no picnic

And no time for no pictures

Just grab your ballistic and

Realize this depiction

Of life

Right or wrong

Gotta fight

To prolong

Your own life

And stay strong

No one can stop you from surviving tonight

With Blood stains on the carpet

Your Boyfriend brains in the garden

you got chest pains in you heart and feel insane from what has started

So pick up a gun an hop in your coop

Load up the gun witta couple shells n shoot

Run up the stairs and hide on the roof

Now grab your vest and your bulletproof

One shot, one kill

With head shots the blood spills

no fairy tale this is too real

But if you ever stop your their meal

Cuz there's dead to the left

Dead to the right

Your left 4 dead if u stay in sight

But no times for games and no time for fun

So choose your fate, do you fight or run?

We can run, or we can hide

I don't wanna die, do you?

(Hook)

Might as well pick up the gun
Close your eyes and count to one
Say what's on your mind, there's no more time
Before the cat grabs your tongue

You might as well pick up a blade
Hide yourself, to live another day
No nursery rhymes, you outta time
The world, fades away

(Verse 2)

Sunrise, sunset, you better run cuz your next
With them coming out the house
Coming out the church
Grabbing on your blouse
Grabbing your shirt

The dead are rising in this evil resident
Better take charge like your president
Bigger the gun its harder to miss
But a 9 will still do the trick

Tick tock, click clock, times running on the clock but you can't stop
With this Martial law
And this New world order
Your guns first 'round every corner

Dont be the Hero
This is Ground zero
Images burnt in your brain like Nero
Hear the screams thru every window
Stay untouchable like DeNiro

Take care, but don't care to take it
Lay down on the ground and fake it
If you wanna make it, you gotta be the last
Death blow, coup de grÃ¢ce

This is your story
It may be gory
But the victor is the one who gets all the glory
So squeeze on the gun that is there in your hand
Pull the trigger watch em fall as you stand

It's first come
And your served

Your not ready
Get what you deserve
So what gets your nerve?
Times up
Don't know by now, you haven't learned

We can run, or we can hide
I don't wanna die, do you?

(Hook) x2
Might as well pick up the gun
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Lyrics Submitted by Jhuryll Phoenix

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