Young Guns

Chubby, Popa

Hey hotshot, your're a one man band
The Don on the block with a glock in your hand
With the girl and the ride, you dont't wanna hear
Think you're getting respect, all you've found is fear
The one damn thing you're sure to find
Is another gun, where you gonna hide?
Said you'd never never run, I guess you lied
You're the fool in the crew that died
Your mother cried
Hold your fire, cool your temper
Young guns ever too bold
Hold your fire, just remember
Young guns never grow old
Hey hotshot, you're a one man band
The Don on the block with a glock in your hand
With the girl and the ride, you dont't wanna hear
Think you're getting respect all you find is fear
The one damn thing you're sure to find
Is a bigger gun to blow away your pride
Your young blood running in the roadside
And in the crossfire, innocents died
We all cried

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