

# Runnin' With a Gun

## Slightly Stoopid

His name is Johnny, he's got nothing to say  
He's just a bad ass motha gettin' in your face  
You better hang your head low, low to the ground  
'Cause we're droppin' mad tracks until were feelin' the sound  
It's the rhymes and the rhythms that you're used to  
But with the one-two beats you can dance to  
And to the people everywhere in the streets  
That are doin' time in the jail ain't whatcha wanna do  
'Cause you're running with a gun  
Running with a gun, running, running  
Running with a gun  
Running with a gun, running, running  
Running with a gun  
Running with a gun, running  
Running 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, 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 cameras 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 running with a gun  
Running with a gun, running, running  
Running with a gun  
Running with a gun, running, running  
Running with a gun  
Running with a gun, running  
Running with a gun in his hand  
'Cause you're running with a gun  
Running with a gun, running, running  
Running with a gun  
Running with a gun, running, running  
Running with a gun  
Running with a gun, running  
Running with a gun in his hand

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>