

# Gunshowers (feat. Elzhi)

## BADBADNOTGOOD & Ghostface Killah

Simple minds get blown, shattered into pieces  
My thesis is thick like the Book of Eli  
We live we die, we put 'em in the sky  
Free your mind as a slave like the Fourth of July  
This a sandstorm created from original thought  
I bust boundaries son, you just do what you're taught  
My vocab is powerful, spit shit subliminal  
Slang therapist, my whole style is criminal  
Bugged like Bob Digital, fly visual  
Mind body and soul, I'm a strong individual  
Come through in the final hour, with gun showers  
Stand the fuck up like Flav to fight the power  
I'm an activist, socialist, deadly ass poetrist  
Supreme Clientele, I'm a goddamn vocalist  
My thoughts are so heavy I could change a generation  
The x-factor, we puttin' holes through inflation  
If you hit the rock bottom of the asphalt, that's likely your ass fault  
My lines are cocaine, the flow is bath salts  
I'm a for-sure Don, no one in your circle can box me  
That's like an oxymoron  
I flirt with building your empire  
Gotta shake the snake in the grass and spark sharks to swim by ya  
Cuz every meek head that speak street cred ain't banging heat lead  
And probably cut like sweet bread wetting their sheets spread  
So nigga holla, I coin phrases to trigger dollars  
Its butterfly like the shirts made with bigger collars  
Women thank the scholar, the broad stealer  
Who laying them face down and ass up like a card dealer  
The time ceases, I keep a bed with dime pieces  
As I palm another phenomenon rhyme thesis  
Because on the contrary, I get it popping like Dom Perignon beyond Tom, Harry and Dick  
You can declare me as sick  
Highly contagious  
Bathsalt flows leaving bodies all on stages  
Locked behind cages, Don of all ages  
It's Ghostface nigga never plead in the cases  
But I plead the fifth, four-fifth by the belt buckle  
Crack stone-faced niggas with the steel of a knuckle  
Go ahead and chuckle, I have uncle murder your goons

Hoes and balloons, ODing on flights from Colombia  
Pull your trunk through your neck when the cartel's done with you  
Supreme talk boss, verbal holocaust I'm a thriller  
Have you jumping out, they sleep, Wigs hand me a Miller  
Sick the dogs sitting in their shoes  
My iron monkeys spit banana clips with thick traps like Terry Crews  
Silverbacks with high tracks, fuckin relax  
Got a duffle bag full of guns son, dipped in black  
My culture rises in attack just like a vulture  
Ghostface the next Escobar or Sosa  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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