

# Got Yourself A Gun

Nas

[sample singing]"woke up this mornin', you got yourself a gun, you got yourself a gun"..

[chorus]Yo I'm livin' in this time behind enemy lines

So I got mine, I hope you ("got yourself a gun")

You from the hood, I hope you ("got yourself a gun")

You want beef I hope ya ("got yourself a gun")

And when I see you i'ma take what I want

So you tried to front, hope ya ("got yourself a gun")

You ain't real, hope ya ("got yourself a gun")

[verse 1]My first album had no famous guest appearances

The outcome, I'm was crowned the best lyricist

Many years on this professional level

Why would you question who's better?

The world is still mine, tattoos real

With "god's son" across the belly, the boss of rap

You saw me in belly with thoughts like that

To take it back to africa, I did it with biggie

Me and 2pac were soldiers of the same struggle

You lames should huddle, your teams shook y'all feel

The wrath of a killer, 'cause this is my football field

Throwin' passes from a barrel, shoulder pads, apparel

But the q.b. don't stand for no quarterback

Every word is like a sawed-off blast

'cause y'all all soft and I'm the black hearse

That came to haul y'all ass in

It's for the hood by the corner store

Many try, many die, come at nas if you want a war.

[chorus][verse 2]I'm the n the a to the s-i-r

And if I wasn't I must've been escobar

You know the kid got his chipped tooth fixed

Hair parted with a barbers preciseness

Bravehearted for life, it's -

The return of the golden child, son of a blues player

So who are you playa? y'all awaited the true savior

Puffin' that tropical, cups of that vodka too

Papi chu', tore up, wake up in a hospital

Throw up? never, 'member I do this through righteous steps

You judists thought I was gone, so in light of my death

Y'all been all happy go lucky, bunch of sambos

Call me gods son, with my pants low  
I don't die slow, put them rags up like petey pablo  
This is nasdaq dough, in my nascar with this nas flow, reppin'  
Hit the record sto', never let me go, get my whole collection.  
[chorus][verse 3]It's - the - return of the prince, the boss  
This is real hardcore, kid rock and limp bizkit's soft  
Sip criss, get chips, wrist gliss, I floss  
Stick shift look sick up in that boxed up porsche  
With the top cut off, rich kids go and cop the source  
They don't know about the blocks I'm on  
And everybody wanna know where the kid live, where he rest at?  
Where he shop at and dress at?  
Know he got dough, where does he live?  
Is he still in the bridge?  
Does he really know how ill that he is?  
Got all of y'all watchin' my moves  
My watch and my jewels  
Hop in my coupe, dodge interviews like that  
It's not only my jewels, ice anything, plenty chains  
Look at my tennis shoes, I iced that  
Who am i? the back twister, lingerie ripper  
Automatic leg spreader, quicker brain getter  
Keepin' it gangsta wit' ya  
[chorus]

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