# Tote Gunz

## KRS-One

Yo Kenny Parker what up!
(Whooooooooooo)
KRS in the building
Yo these cats all talkin' about
They run this, they run that
Motherfucker's don't run shit
KRS-one in this piece
Ya'll wanna battle?
Let's go!I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Don't forget it)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Don't forget)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Let's take these cats back)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(What ya'll think)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Let's show these cats Kenny)They some hoes, watch what they say
There's pictures of they asses with price tags on Ebay
Deja vu the matrix must be havin' glitches
I could have sworn I just smashed these short bitches
You need to look up to me
'Cause right now all ya'll rhymin' right where my dick is
You just lost, you can't believe
This club is like Iraq you the U.S. you need to leave
Battle Kris? Please I'll blaze two guns
Have yo ass lookin' like Saddam's two sons
This that real shit wild
You look like some kid that got gassed after watchin' 8 Mile
Now pull up your pride neo
How'd I beat you?
Did it have anything to do with the mic I speak through?
No, but if you wanna get far
Don't think you pussy
Know you are
That's whyI tote gunz, I make number runs

(That's right)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Don't forget it)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(New York)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(That's real)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(New York)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Yeah, in case you forgot)
I tote gunz, I make number runsShoot out, shoot out
Everybody wind up
You doubt, you doubt
KRS, well now you fucked
Poop out, Poop out
Through your face and your gut
Waive the Glock in your boy face like what
You talk that junk, but you really all punk
I'll smash you and your man
Com'on double up
That's why I got to double pump
So I could buck buck buck buck you up
You a fan of rap
I'm the man of rap
I'm lookin' for where hip hop's next land is at
You gettin' in my way?
Where them cannon's at
First thing you get hit with is a panic attack
Then you feel the steel
Of the gat to your back
Now you wonderin' why you even said all that
You could've left KRS-one way in the back
With his conscious raps and his old school tracks
But now?I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(Huh Huh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(That's right)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(What, ya'll forgot?)
I tote gunz, I make number runs

(What, you forgot?)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
(ooooh)
I tote gunz, I make number runs
I tote gunz, I make number runsSee, I'm the same guy that spit out "You Must Learn"
And "Spiritual Minded", but ya'll are not concern
You wanna take shots at me, and disrespect
Tryin' to degrade my philosophys*****The Beat begins to fadeBut nope, ya'll crazy
I'll watch your brains ooze out like cracked jars of turkey gravy
God told me to slay thee
And imma get to it
No ifs ands buts or maybes

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