

Gun Music (ft. Cocoa Brovaz)

Talib Kweli

Now, If I'm out of town
My crew take of your bodies
The more the merrier
Point and spray the area
Niggas is quick to bury you
Punk niggas feel inferior
Guns make us superior
Cats start acting scarier
Situations get hairier, yo
You know who killing it,
Niggas saying they militant
The only blood in the street
Is when the government spilling it
You could have a hand gun or a cannon
And you still
Without the knowledge and wisdom
And understanding of
A 22 derringer
A 38 long
A 44 desert eagle
A Glock Nine
Time to protect the fam I'm a cock mine
I make the streets run red
Like a stop sign stop lying Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak
Gun man music never take shot back (oh!)
Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak (Come On)
Ghetto Red Hot 'round the world you hear that (oh oh oh come on)
Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak
Gun man youth never take shot back (Yes!)(Brooklyn)
Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak
Ghetto red hot 'round the world you hear that
In Jamaica (Kingston)
In Brooklyn (Flatbush)
In Ethiopia (Yep)
We Go There and Back (Come On)
To all my real live soldier cats where you at
Dogs don't hold them back
Those the cats that go to strapped to blow a back You could be whoever
A black panther or lap dancer

When respect is the question
 Folks coming with the gat answer
 Shoot at your feet like spider, you a tap dancer
 What am I amusing to you?
 You better have that answer
 Toys for guns, I got guns for toys
 Silencers bring the heat without bringing the noise
 Bringing the funk of dead bodies
 Go ahead bring in your boys
 You'll see the soul of black folk like W.E.B DuBois
 Israelis got tanks and Palestinians got rocks
 Inmates got shanks and dirty cops they got glocks
 We got tribes in Africa that listen to Pac
 Fighting with brothers who pump Biggie
 Like they live on the block Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak
 Gun man music never take shot back (oh!)
 Co Coi Coi Clak Clak Clak Clak Clak (Come On)
 Ghetto Red Hot 'round the world you hear that (oh oh oh come on)
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 Ghetto red hot 'round the world you hear that
 In Jamaica (Kingston)
 In Brooklyn (Flatbush)
 In Ethiopia (Yep)
 We Go There and Back (Come On)
 To all my real live soldier cats where you at
 Dogs don't hold them back
 Those the cats that go to strapped to blow a back These are the tools of the trade
 That we use to get paid
 When we cruise on escapades
 And escalades with guns to blaze
 We been this ways since the younger days
 Safe from the hunger pains
 Pop Bang when the trouble came
 Pioneers of gun slang
 Supply you with them things
 A little something, something
 Set fire to the game
 My system be thumping
 Co Coi Coi! the sounds of guns busting
 Co Coi Coi! your heart just start pumping From a 22 derringer
 A 38 long
 A 44 desert eagle, a glock 9
 Time to protect the fam I 'ma cock mine

I make the streets run red
Like a stop sign stop lyingGun Music y'all

Songwriters

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