Dirty Harry

Bootie Brown/Bootie Brown

I need a gun to keep myself from harm
The poor people are burning in the sun
But they ain't got a chance, they ain't got a chance
I need a gun 'cos all I do is dance
'Cos all I do is danceI need a gun to keep myself from harm
The poor people are burning in the sun
No, they ain't got a chance, they ain't got a chance
I need a gun 'cos all I do is dance
'Cos all I do is danceIn my backpack, I got my act right
In case you act quite difficult
And your is so weaken with anger and discontent
Some are seeking and searching like me, moiI'm a peace-loving decoy, ready for retaliation
I change the whole occasion to a pine box six-under
Impulsive, don't ask wild wonder
Orders given to me is 'Strike' and I'm thunderWith lightning fast reflexes on constant alert
From the constant hurt that seems limitless
With no dropping pressure
Seems like everybody's out to test ya
'Til they see your brakeThey can't conceal the hate that consumes you
I'm the reason why you flipped the izusu
Chill with your old lady at the tilt
I got a 90 days digit and I'm filled with guilt
From things that I've seenYour water's from a bottle, mine's from a canteen
At night I hear the shots ring, so I'm a light sleeper
The cost of life, it seems to get cheaper
Out in the desert with my street sweeper
The war is over, so said the speakerWith the flight suit on
Maybe to him I'm just a pawn
So he can advance
Remember when I used to dance
Man, all I wanna do is danceDance, dance, dance
I need a gun to keep myself from harm

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