

# 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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