

Choice of Weapons

Guru

What's the question? Why are you flexin'?
Here's the answer, choice of weaponsWhat's the question? Why are you flexin'?
Here's the answer, choice of weaponsYo, [unverified] kid, why you flexin' like a bicep?
Heat on your hip just to get a rep, it ain't worth it
Just because you pack a biscuit doesn't mean you can't
Become another statistic, you figure itLife's a gamble even for vandalz, I handle mine with minds
Only unless, my chest is under pressure in a contest
The fear of layin' in wreck causes the stress
I have to adjust to this mess and pull when it's bestYo, little big man, feelin' your oats, because you're strapped
Bustin' a cap at another kid who's black
It ain't all that when the shots are flyin' back
You made a choice and the choice you made was wackKinda tipsy with the liquid confidence
Pullin' your pistol when it doesn't make sense
To be the bigger man you figure
But in the end it don't pay when you're livin' by the triggerWhat's the question? Why are you flexin'?
Here's the answer, choice of weaponsWhat's the question? Why are you flexin'?
Here's the answer, choice of weaponsYeah, it's the master of the who, what, where and the why
But still I got a problem with seein' my brothers die
I've been around and lived past the average age of us
In every obituary, a full page of usThe game is money, but what about inner wealth?
The mental, the spiritual and physical health
But still everyday the city is a test
That's why some people feel a gun is the bestNo doubt, I pack protection, but every altercation
Or situation doesn't deserve blazin', I mastered precisions
Choice of weapon, should I peel or peel out?
My choice of routes may decide my whereaboutsWhat's the question? Why are you flexin'?
Here's the answer, choice of weaponsWhat's the question? Why are you flexin'?
Here's the answer, choice of weaponsI pack no weapons then the sergeant bargain' in
Ready to bomb a rapper like Saddam, Stikken Moov swarm
Ready to bust off, like Ron Jeremy, but I chill G
Relax and consider lucky to live to see a quarter past threeThat's why I, wield the steel, yes, my microphone is
crazy real
I'm not the one sellin' out to get the mass appeal
But jail cells are filled with my peeps
While the rest are gettin' killed in these ill ass streetsWhat's the question? Why are you flexin'?
Here's the answer, choice of weaponsWhat's the question? Why are you flexin'?
Here's the answer, choice of weaponsSo pick your weapon, a mic or a gun
I make a sucker run when my tongue stuns, check it
Leavin' the spot, I seen some wild kids

One stepped to me, asked me to freestyle kid
Meanwhile, he flexed a burner on his side
I looked him in the eye, smiled, and walked to my ride
He was actin' kinda hard on the surface
I said to myself that it really wasn't worth it
Yo, you think you're all that 'cuz you pack heat?
Seein' your own brother play the concrete in defeat
Tryin' to prove yourself, while you put the next man down
But what goes around, comes back, black best believe that
What's the question? Why are you flexin'?
Here's the answer, choice of weapons
What's the question? Why are you flexin'?
Here's the answer, choice of weapons
You know what I'm sayin'?
That's all the real heads all over the world
That realize, that this music is real
That we keep it real like that
Peace to all my brothers on the third
And all the real brothers in hip hop
It's like a rap's new generation thing, baby, peace to Guru
It's Panche, the wild Comanche, suicide

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