

# Tote Gunz

## Red Cafe Feat. Biggie & Puff Daddy

Yo Kenny Parker what up!  
(Whooooooooooooo)  
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 why I 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 runs Shoot 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  
(oooooh)  
I tote gunz, I make number runs  
I tote gunz, I make number runs See, 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 fade But 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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