

Gunz Down

Frontlynaz

Tell me when the killin gonna stop
Only when the slugs hit you in the night
And you drop
I'll see you in the drop
Trying to be a trap star, wanna be a rap star

What happens when the gun's in your face?
Or when drugs found inside your place?
SWAT team rushin, bustin, cutchin, muskats your flusted
Now your behind bars,
And your girl with the behind is messin with your dog.
And she's at the bar where your cell-mates tryin to turn you into a bra

You're cool
Ok
You're hard
Ok
You got that click
I get it
You bust that gun
You stael that blood
You just that dumb
I said it

Uh, you wanna pop that still
So quite the cock and kill
Cause they don't love on the streets
But why can't it be when every body laugh about he
He wanna be a gangster, worst thing in the world if you called a wankster

Insecurity fill the man
So he gotta act up by killin the man
You all out on the street,
Can't walk away when you smeelin that feet
No self-control in the man
Rage, hate controlin the man
Aw man! The murder rate risin better think twice 'fore your face in the line-up
Got a cold case and your facin some time,
Think about the cold case in your mind-

I shoulda...

Guns killin 'till you learn
I got the DJ runnin back like a punt return
That 45 make you stomach churn,
And we just tryin to party 'till the sun return

I ain't talkin bout 6 am, you'd be laid up stiff
'Cause if you smoking that pit, one move yall dudes be walking like this-
Swords up my winner
Gunz down, hands up in the club my winner
DJ turn it up my winner
Let the Sub bump, we just havin fun my winner.
I'm high no blunt,
We inside we fly, don't front
Stutter-shades can't see my eyes,
You hear my side
The game is done
(won, won)

Lyrics submitted by andriane.

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