Put Your Gun Away

Ms. Dynamite

I never bought a new dress, new shoes, new bag
And sat in the salon all day,
For some ignorant, wannabe bad, dumb mutha****a
To just come and shoot up the place
I never left my son at home to stand and screw-up my face
With all these bit**es that just came to fight,
I'm with my girls and my niggas
So take your hand up off that trigger,
And just ease up your vibe tonight
Chorus:
Put yo gun away G,
Release the stress and just chill,
Put yo gun away B,
Ya dressed too damn good to kill
Put yo gun away pleeease,
Oohh, I don't wanna leave till 6 in the morning
Put yo gun away
At least till the break of dawn
See I been working hard all week long
I just came to release the strain,
Of the bullshit that we taking on
Husting and grinding every day,
I don't wanna drink and I don't need no drugs,
Gimme that bassline that's my high,
Brotha' stop your negativity
cause now your f***in with my vibe
Chorus:
Put yo gun away G,
Release the stress and just chill,
Put yo gun away B,
Ya dressed too damn good to kill
Put yo gun away pleeease,
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See I just really wanna get my party on and chill with my friends
And I just wanna hear the DJ play my songs until 6 AM
And I just wanna see the people up in here have yourself a good time

So, keep your gun up in yo waist my nigga everything will be just fine
Rapper's Verse:
Slide, Slide, Slide
Every time I'm in the club the pricks are exciting
Puling up gangstas and car bidders
Its not gangsta to start violence
Give it a break, every concert it happens again
Come on, cuss cuss, use your brain
You got beef leave it on the road
Better still leave your gun at home
And just have a laugh
Buy a bottle find a girl on fera glass
You might have some fun
She might wanna dance
I'm about sipping don tell I'm very drunk
You know why she's about that bubbles bust
No beef flying up, let the poe burn
Now looking in my face you don't know me cause
Little Sim says used need a hug
Scared of the real world so you need a gun
Putting tears in the eyes of another mum
Calm down be easy, it aint hard fam
To show respect if your a big boy then hold yo drink
A lot arms I see gripping the skin
Just tell the DJ to reload my rhythm again
You know
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