

# Guns Blazing (Drums of Death Part 1)

## DJ Shadow

Styles like Al Pacino  
Reno until the carcelino  
The mad dino with the cambino, the gambino  
Digger than Jim COLisemo  
More reservoir dogs than Tarantino  
Scales for Venezuela, Brown as Ni O  
Making the block hotter than Jalepe OS  
G. Luciano  
Be wettin' shit like piesce in "Casino"  
Fifty dollar cigar seer  
The cosnia, the mafia  
Don P. like Garcia  
Drug Czar and the baby-Pah beater  
The M-8 behind the bar-freer  
The poughkenoughs, the panama skier  
Down with the parmesan  
Ready to comb like Vietnam with arms  
'Cause the hollow-points and phenomenon  
The cheddar-spreader  
The killer with the gold Carretta  
N-Leader  
The sweater-letter with the hollow letter  
Drama-setter  
The patmeretta gettin' redder kids and mamma  
Shredder  
Infra-red clow off the armour better  
The godfather, the problem solver  
Coming through with the 6 shell revolver  
Hot as lava  
Guns skills that reel and in the 'ville I be the barber  
Gangster saga, the motha-fuckin' face carver  
  
Drums of death hold your breath  
Give you a dose of shit that's dope as soda  
The underworld family cosa-nostra  
Pearl-handle inside the shoulder-holster  
G. Luciano with a click but nothin' but N-S & Chicanos  
You get hit up like Castrelano  
italiano like crime familia

N- don't get familiar  
Me and my goons might have to kill you  
Up in New York  
We play bloodsports at home court  
And hold down forts  
Soon as ya caught, get your dome torched  
G Rap and Dj Shadow leave your bone squashed  
Squeeze the chrome short, take no shorts  
We judge and jury in the home court  
Give you the clown corpse dead on the sidewalk  
Surrounded by mad pedefors  
Your whole frame laid in the white chalk  
You got the smoking section  
First-class tickets to resurrection  
Forever destined to a place where N-S never rest in  
Headed in hell's direction  
Lost at the crossroads and intersection  
Should've wore a vest for chest protection  
Slug fill you to capacity, someone at the dance  
Someone with the hand velocity of Butch Cassidy  
Bitch N- with the audacity to blaspheme me  
Got yourself caught in a motha-fuckin' tragedy  
Drums of death

Lyrics provided by

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