

Put Your Guns Down

RZA

Niggas never grow up, some drink til they throw up
Some sniff that cocaine til they fucking brains blow up
Grass junkies, drunk on that Brass Monkey
Walk around wit the brain of a Crash Dummie
How the fuck you gonna try to gas cash from me?
You be in the House of a 1,000 Corpse like Rob Zombie
Culture this I God, all inside your iPod
Cuz my squad, nigga is die hard

Put your guns down, shoot a few rounds
Fifty-two blocks, put that ass on the ground
Rocket launcher on my shoulder, world's getting colder
Hood's like Iraq, and I'm just a soldier

Niggas creep, yo, check it, yo, yo
Welcome to the City of God, where it's gritty and hard
And these dogs walk around at least, fifty a squad
Saying give me a yard, trynna, split me a broad
Maybe, spit me a dart, so I could, get me a car
Niggas creep, half can't read or speak
Shoot the whole crib, buckwild like Little Zeke
From the slums, yeah, we be the blind, deaf and dumb
We got six year old sons, knowing how to use a gun
They would shoot and don't think about it, won't even blink about it
Go home, lay on momma breast, nigga, drink about it
So while you huff and you puff, like you rough and tough
Your ass turn to a bitch once you in the cuffs

Nobody understands me, not even my family
Most important man on the planet, still they ban me
Instead of giving praises and revealing a Grammy
They'd rather see me stressed out, concealing my jammy
Hoping, I got smoked out and broke like Sammy
Spent the wheel of fortune then get struck wit a whammy
Never that, black, I got my act together
How can hip hop be dead when Wu-Tang is forever?