

GYAG (Get Yourself A Gun)

Bob Vylan

Open flames around bended spoons
The game is rigged, but we'll mend it soon
Texture like sun, don't mention moon
'Cause the night time is full up of plenty goons
Dark nights seem to put me at ease
I don't cross the street, don't jump and flee
Takes more than the heat to discomfort me
I'm in the kitchen cooking so comfortably
Cold town, blocks burning up
Stressed out 'cause man don't earn enough
Police turned thieves and burglars
Tryna to steal our lives and murder us, hoo
Foods hot, careful serving up
Hood, youths and peds start circle up
Done all the talk, man have had heard enough
I bet you don't hear shit when the burner busts

It's cold out here
And the games being played ain't fun
Landlord just raised your rent
Better get yourself a
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(Tedious, he's arrogant, he's inconsiderate)
(And basically people think there's something wrong with the man)
Neighbours on my block witnessing me getting rack in
Wasn't talking about my looks when they said that boy is strapping
Another handsome villain with the devil in his ear
But the hell wasn't mine by design, I it see clear now
Plays in a game where the ref isn't fair and some are moving with the stick
like they're vision impaired, yeah
Scouser hit my phone tryna sell me a shooter
Had a butchers, leave it
I'm looking for a hoover
Tryna clean the whole street when it airs
I'm good on that one
You found some protection for some girls
One white, one black one
I dipped, I ain't down with that shit
Don't know the ins and outs, I was in and out
I ain't tryna be in the house
I was playing with fire, I was playing with life
Now I find this ain't made for the weak
My advice, I advise, whether avoiding robberies or bailiffs
You might survive if you stay inside

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Brown powder filled the ends like a coffee pot
Yeah, I had a top twenty album in the charts
But I stayed stealing loo roll out the bathroom at the coffee shop
Rob a place blind with the same speed Rossi got
License for what? I know the roads like a black cab
Black man come up screw faced
They that mad, hate my journey
Want me hanging up in Tyburn tree
'Cause I wipe my back side with that flag
Spit in your mouth then I spit on the crown, spit on your mic
NME getting sick of me now
Before any these interviews will misquote me
My enemies had dreams that they put me down
On the block so hot, serve the rock up wearing oven gloves
Gripping on the burner man, then rock up wearing other gloves
No prints on it, send a letter to the one above
Doves might cry, but it's nothing like your mother does