

Die By The Gun

Bugzy Malone

If you live by the gun, die by the gun (Yeah)
If you live by the gun, die by the gun (Bugzy Malone)
If you live by the gun, die by the gun (Ya'kno?)
If you live by the gun, die by the gun (Watch this)

It's a shame that the hood's an addiction
Them man fell from the heavens but nobody missed him
All that knowledge and wisdom
But he didn't share it so there's no one to protect him
Yeah there's power in numbers
But don't underestimate age out here
There's too much power in youngers
And them man forgot there was hundreds
Anybody can be gangster
You've seen City of God, there's no age restriction
Being nice never made man money
You pay to go to the church there's no paid religion
I'm not being funny
If you was raised in a broken home
With poverty constantly hanging over your head
Would you not fight the affliction?
The hood's an addiction
He went from no one to having a big reputation
Violated by his own family
He's got no problem with violation
Using a weapon brings fear
And fear just means you don't need explanation
All he needs is a bad boy driver
To help him escape from the destination

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Man's living like a wild animal
When he get's hungry then it's robbery season
Beaten up as a child
So he likes to hurt people he don't need a reason
He thought them man were Gods
But he watched them man turn mortal and weakened
The hood's an addiction
But most things in the hood these days are deceiving
No snapchats or tweeting, he's living under the radar
And that means he's avoiding policemen
He got left with a scar and that's a reminder of when he got beaten
But it's not an L when it comes from an older
Them man are Gods no longer and they're human and humans stop breathing
Flip the mattress, pull the Adidas shoe box out it's that time
He don't play games anymore, but it's looking like Mortal Kombat time
He had Scarface playing on DVD in the background
So when he left his room he heard Al Pacino say: "You better say good night to the bad guy."

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The hood's an addiction
He's wearing clothes with no description
He's heard stories about hits
And he's got what it takes to make a man go missing
He knows where my man chills
And he takes back roads he's turning and twisting
The plan's quite simple
Go to the pub, identify man and blast him
As he gets closer he starts losing his composure
He remembers looking up to the man
That he's about to go on and dispose of
It's ten o' clock
And he knows them man linked at the pub just to talk business
He pulls down his mask and that's just in case there's a witness
Just to be safe, then he arrived and seen everybody standing outside
Squinted his eyes, located the guy and then let 4 shots off with the quickness

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He definitely hit somebody on the floor
He could see a lifeless body
Mixed emotions, breathing heavy
No remorse at all he's not sorry
He just licked man down and he cannot wait for the word to get 'round
This means he'll be the talk of the town and now they'll know he's never been a clown
Then he got a call straight from hell, but it wasn't Lucifer, it was his sister, Shell
Historically crying, with police sirens in the background as well
She said mum's been shot at the pub, we were standing at the door and she just fell
He had 1 more bullet, he looked up into the sky and blasted himself
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