

# The Pistol

dead prez

We ain't tryin to hear shit for what? (Cash money)  
We whole world operating off a (Cash money)  
To all my niggas with a whole lotta (Cash money)  
Watch yo' back money

You couldn't neva understand how my mind tick  
I'm on some old school crime shit  
When niggas sold two's to keep the dimes lit  
Ain't no rules when these iron shots are stoned dun  
This heat burn through your flesh, stright to the bones  
I reach for the buddha cess and zone  
I probably have a future of stress, stay depressed and be alone  
But as far as the present time its on  
I represent mine til I return to the S and said I'm dead and gone  
Nobody wanna be broke and you neither  
Put me on the co'na, watch me catch a quick case of cream fever  
If you be poppin shit my niggas won't believe ya  
Probably punch you in the face and take ya wallet when we see ya  
But son it gets deeper  
I'm runnin with a click thats bein' hunted by the grim reaper  
To all my peoples in the man keeper  
Let'cha situation be a teacher  
Ain't nothin like a education  
When I was locked down I learned about patience and dedication  
And not to say shit, unless you need a motherfuckin face lift  
And as a youth I was a outcast  
Runnin around with pellet guns playin war but now it's all about cash

I'm caught up, caught up in a mix of shit  
And I ain't tryin to hear shit til my got cash to get  
Blast you with the pistol  
If I have to, in my mind its all about cash in a fistfull  
I'm caught up in a mix of shit  
And I ain't tryin to hear shit til my got cash to get  
Splash you with the pistol  
If I have to, in my mind its all about cash in a fistfull

Up late night and upset, and fed up  
Niggas comin up wet, I'm dead up  
Fuck tryin to your head up  
And when it go down, word bond we gotta get up  
Too many locked down upstate, son its a set up  
My life has sped up, many years I'm straight up  
Plenty bears for who ain't here and those who ate up  
Test and get sprayed up in the club  
We couldn't run it so we take the blade up in the booth  
Since we couldn't shoot  
We heat it up, losin the shirt, showin the bare chest  
I'm blessed, puffin the skunk make me care less  
The best that you can do is duck my fuckin crew  
If the slugs don't get'cha, lord J'll jig ya  
Actin artificial you'll get burnt my the pistol  
Before its done, even my guns'll turn to missles  
Don't have to blow the whistle on you  
'Cuz everybody knows you  
Watch yourself around borderline pyschos  
Who know my people gotta hold a mint

Or they ain't worth a cent  
How can you represent, if you can't pay the rent  
And leave a dent in my life time, I'm caught up in trife crime  
In fights you neva know what you might find  
We stand firm meanwhile cuz niggas that seem wild  
Be buckin blanks, if they were men they wouldn't fuck with pranks  
I leave them niggas alone and stay home  
Unitl it cool down as they remember how my tool sound

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Yeah, we up on what we dealing with  
We ain't no criminals  
We got the right to have gats  
As long as the army, navy, air force, marines got gats  
We gon' hold heat, knamsayin?  
'Cuz our army gotta represent for us  
Word up  
Aiiyyo, Maintain (Yeah)  
Set that shit son

Forever keeping my shit cocked for drama  
Stainless steal, shit is for real  
The way these rats is known to squeal, makin' sour deals  
Thugs up in to mix with these drugs, caught up in the humble  
Bricks and paper by the bundle how the Bronx humble  
??? devils get deaded, never regret it, only known to set it  
Stealin existence obviuosly ya jetted  
Speak the desest, I see the pyramid and eagle  
Back of the dollar bill, ill decitful, we consider leathal  
God fallin, niggas be ballin, guzzlin alcoholics  
Two drinks, too many is like whitey infultrating your fortress  
This is on, we 'bout to form, best prepare for the storm  
Ya'll funny niggas quick to ring the alarm  
Bomb fell, now a nation is gel  
We had to dwell for four hundred or more  
The Lord had the right just livin poor  
Resurrectin the true and livin back the power  
Devils getiin devoured, niggas heard the god holla