

# Smoking Gun

Fred The Godson

Heatmakerz, crack music

You can do what you wanna do  
Nobody's given you all the rules  
Life's a bitch, but she is the truth  
Sex, love, drugs, we on the run (yeah)  
'Cause you're not done (Miss Storm sing to 'em)  
And you're the one (yeah)  
You can be your smokin' gun

Uh, uh, uh  
Get Fred a spoon just to mix it  
I'm from the era where Weatherspoon was on the Sixers (Damn!)  
Painted room maroon, the room's where the bricks is  
The sink's broke, super [?] 'll have to fix this  
Why worry him? (Why?)  
We get it off the books, whoever lie bury 'em  
Dope I prepare for them  
My animals live in this water, say the trap is an aquarium (Haha)  
Seen rich kids in country with fresh air for them  
Parents took him to the fair, that wasn't fair to him (Nah)  
I had to rearrange things  
My ex took me to the dealer, she showed me that Range thing (Look)  
It what the fame bring  
Off the nickels had dimes in the quarter to eight, I change things  
Hopefully it's permanent  
It's hard and soft here, it's like a perm in it, you know

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What you want in life is usually ya preference  
I'm big homie, you can use me for a reference (Uh huh)  
The beats I rap on could describe I'm destined  
The sheets I black on, you prescribe the essence (Woo!)  
I provide the session, here's ya lesson plan  
First we test the gram, man on the corner like a concession stand  
You ask why I'm employed by the underworld  
'Cause ya boy had another girl  
And New York take too much taxes  
And I ain't tryna hear all that jazz, I shop at Saks Fifth (Woo!)  
You can ask if the humble worry  
Only when the bundles vary, I'm tryna bubble, ready (Ready)  
A scale in a Corolla doors could smell the odor  
Gotta make it for moms, [?] is what I owed her  
So everything is set free 'til I'm debt free  
Homie let's see, Bobbi sing, baby

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