

# Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun

Mattiel

I'm rolling down the hill, snowballing, getting bigger  
Explosion in the chamber, the hammer from the trigger  
I seen him get stabbed, I watched the blood spill out  
He had more cuts than my man, Chuck Chillout  
24 is my age, and .22 is my gauge  
I'm writing rhymes on the page and goin' off in a rage  
'Cause I'm out on a mission, a stolen car mission  
Had a small problem with the transmission  
Three on the tree in the middle of the night  
I have this steak on my head 'cause I got into a fist fight  
Life comes in phases, take the good with the bad  
You bought the coins on the street, and you know you got had  
Because it's all high spirit, you know you got to hear it  
Don't touch the mic, baby, don't come near it  
It's gonna get you, it's gonna get you  
It's gonna get you, girl, it's gonna get you

Looking down the barrel of a gun  
Son of a gun, son of a bitch  
Getting paid, getting rich

Ultra violence be running through my head  
Cold medina, y'all, makin' me see red  
Rapid fire Louie like Rambo got bullets  
I'ma die harder like my man Bruce Willis  
I love girllies, waxing and milking  
Coordinating shit is my man, Dave Scilken  
Predetermined destiny is who I am  
You got your finger on the trigger like the Son of Sam I am  
Like Clockwork Orange, going off on the town  
I got homeboys bonanza to beat your ass down  
Well, I'm mad at my desk, and I'll be writing all curse words  
Expressing my aggressions through my schizophrenic verse words  
Headless chicken chasin', a sucker freebasin'  
You're looking for a fist to put your face in  
Well, get hip, get hip, don't slip, ya knuckle heads  
Racism is schism, on the serious tip