

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 girlies, 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