

My Gun

Saigon

This is my gun
This is my, this is my gun, keep it for my protection
[?], one cop the burna, they run
And it's no trust from no one
This is my gun

Since we got Trump, I'ma hold on to this (I'll hold onto it)
Just in case somebody start feeling froggy and jump
If I gotta live here, I'm controlling this dump
Who begging to differ? I put a whole in this chump (Chump)
We out here on the battlefield (Battlefield)
Y'all in there writing them battle raps
My reality versus all of your Snapple facts
Was shooting niggas when you was eating your Apple Jacks (Punk)
Only thing I ever got locked for (Gun)
Not one, not two, not three, not four (Four)
'Bout five, no piles, no coke
Just cocking them bangers and letting them blow smoke (Blow smoke)
Lyrically you are a criminal, I am literally
You kill 'em subliminally, I give 'em obituaries
You using your ears, all my hearing's preliminary
You put niggas in check, I put 'em in the cemetery
And I'm in love with the four-four
My nine-milli', my choppa, my grey ocho
You see my pinky, you see my thumb?
You see this big thing with the drum?

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That white man only took over the land
And got our people to get up and run 'case that sucker had a gun
We played cowboys and Indians
But how could a bow and arrow compete with the loaded barrel of a gun
And ain't nobody try'na tussle with muscle
Or try'na get in a scuffle if they can just go get a gun
I've got a love-hate relationship with 'em
I probably face criticism the way I talk about the gun
And though I keep that shit for my protection
The world would be better without 'em, that's what I'm professing, gun
The NRA, they don't like my suggestion
Said "It's our right to be at arms" so that's out of the question, gun
The reason for mass-shootings and looting
The latest shootings in Vegas, the casualties that they gave us was a gun
When all the niggas that was home, while they unarmed and didn't have one
But the officer had a gun
When Dylann Roof went up in that black church
They would've gotten his ass first but couldn't because he had a gun
Over 300 million in America, still causing hysteria, it's the notorious gun

The history is there, weapon is deadly, I doubt it
I'm talking shit but highly doubt that you catch me without it
Still a nigga on a run, gotta get home to my son
Try'na stop me from that and um-

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Ay yo, man
What up Slay?
Time to flip the script bruh
Yeah we flip the script
Hold on to those fucking guns, man
Yeah I got mine, you got yours
Don't fall for the bullshit
Nah, I ain't falling for that shit my nigga, I'm holding onto this one, man
If my brother shot would've had that hammer, my nigga, he'd be here right no
w
Word to mother, nigga be done out this bitch
Yeah sometimes shit's a blur