

Peanut Head

Senser

Now it's time to check out the pattern
from here to Manhattan
and every motherfuckers on the side gettin' a gat
and shittin' bullets
wastin' lives.
Standing breaking heads of the youths
in their groups of fours and fives
and all the girls pickin' up on their gun t'ings
'cause the way they way they figure
them seem to run things.
But life is worth nothing, I ain't bluffing
when you're puffin' on a barrel
you don't talk tough when you start coughing
and nobody's bullet proof and that's the truth
so na bada come me wit dat big-dick gun-talk ya spoof
You won't be sittin' up smilin' in the Intercontinental
you'll be layin' out on the slab with your home up for rental
now you best seek parental guidance
'cause they shoulda raised you up better
you little bed wetter.
Now I kicks the slang in
this is how I'm hanging,
with the crew from the south
of the river come to make you shiver
and shake when Mr Morgan cuts a funky drum break
on the drum kit, this is how we funk it.
We don't need no dumb shit
'cause we never come to front it.
Grab your logic like a ball
I'll take it to the hoop and dunk it.
'cause life is already too cheap, you creep,
I best set your alarm
'cause it sounds like you're still asleep.

YOUR GUNS AIN'TA WICKED
YOUR SOUNDS IS'A WICKED
BUT AS FOR THE LIFESTYLE OF DEATH
I'D NEVER PICK IT
YOUR GUNS AIN'TA WICKED
AND YOUR BULLETS AIN'TA WICKED

Now I'm going further and further until I reach my destiny
it makes no difference if the brothers keep testing me
see the rule of the gun ain't ruling we.
Many many people I can see
turn, become a carrier, strengthen up a barrier
enforced by the media - whole time feedin' ya
sanitised images of the gun, man.
But no I'll never run, man,
because it can't be done, understand?
You're tryin' to come dumb but slick
to make cash quick
'cause you think it's the new lick
it's just another trick.
Call it abandon, got my hand on
nothing but the mike
'cause it's the phat skills that I like.

Part of a cycle, vicious,
which is eating up communities whole
but you don't feel the impacts
because you just sold your syntax.
Ya bad boy man, ya rootin shootin' guns playin'
think of all the positive shit you could be sayin'
but the day in the life of a gangsta sells greener
making quick cash of a cool misdemeanour, man.
I've seen ya cursin' women, lying of your exploits,
so just skip the shit
and step straight to the point.