

# Put Your Weapon Down

Trip Lee

Mhm, excuse me, yeah  
Ayy boy, aye hold that down man  
Treezy

Everything is ammo, everybody strapped  
They like don't give me your hand bro, I don't need your dap  
All they need is camo, it's a la carte, pick camo  
And they get so riled up, click clack's how they react  
Choir boys turn into Sopranos  
Mobbed up, they follow scandals  
Cheeks puff out, Marlon Brandon, AKs in they laps  
These days, all we like is picking sides  
All we do is criticize  
Need no script, we improvise, even if it's lies  
My homie, was so nice only  
A couple years ago, he started coming right for me  
Bout cold, as a iced out rollie  
Time out on love, now he just shooting like Kobe  
Who said the creator wanted us to fight more? (Fight more)  
Who said the mark of good disciple, is a new rifle  
They think the only way for backing up zeal is racking up kills  
Got clips, I get that banana's appeal, but that isn't real

I say, put your, put your, put your weapon down  
Put your, put your, put your weapon down  
Put your, put your, put your weapon down  
Put your, put your, put your weapon down  
Need you to put your weapon down  
I know they got them heavy rounds  
They tryna shoot up every town  
Why would you shoot up every town?  
Put your, put your, put your weapon down  
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I hate everything you say, but I can't look away  
I wonder how much time my outrage took today  
That's how we work  
Fast, we gotta squeeze first on these jerks  
Every reaction is knee jerk (Sheesh)  
Hey, If I could score some points, why would I wanna reach out?  
Probably got you thinking twice before you speak out  
We would rather throw them hands than listen  
Following these politicians  
We let anger in, so had to tell our peace out  
Dive in, can't talk no more, I been  
Bored unless my side wins  
Foes is in my sight, ten rounds gon way up the sirens  
Save it, I already know what you think, so don't -  
Just don't, that whole base is basic  
We know what we hate  
And we know what we ain't  
But if he call us saints  
What kind of picture do we paint?  
If the highest virtue is takedown  
Then to climb up we leave them face down  
But my Lord's life, it was laid down, all I can say now

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Ayy, aye nah, aye nah bruh, ya'll gotta go somewhere with all them dirty weapons  
Nah for real, boy, you know when 12 pull up you gon' answer all them dirty questions  
And when they slap them cuffs on, It's gonna be too late to say your learned your lesson  
I ain't pointing no fingers or nothing, but thats the wrong direction  
Nah, I ain't telling you what to do, nothing like that  
I'm just making a suggestion  
Nah I am telling you if you want a blessing  
Might wanna save your family from all that stressing  
'Cause you done seen too much correction, to sitting here guessing

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