

A.P. Golden Boy, I hear guns

No one is bulletproof
even under your homies roof
remember D12 rapper Proof
Slim Shady couldn't move
guns reached even Biggie
they are never picky
although can be a little tricky
but bullets never sticky
go through somebody's neck
destroyed westcoast legend Pac
rap lyrics bite your leg
like dog on your deck
guns almost killed Game
but they gave him also fame
so lucky not be a lame
he on the stage came
but streets will always remember
it's like for memory amber
young hustlers very short temper
and pistols' shots to pamper
I see dead people I see blood
it's so fucked up and so fucking odd
police never on a dot
hip-hop song played from i-pod
corps and kids like twin brothers
little boys without fathers
drugs hoes money are what bothers
very few reach age of grandfathers
chorus times 4
I hear guns go like (bang bang)
I see shots man (bang bang)
Not many see outside a gang
so they go to rob a bank
life will their asses spank
hit bad like a huge tank
they don't know yet what matters
they believe only what rap Marshal Mathers
for sure they ain't have manners
they look only at huge banners
want to mean something and be rich
don't go to work but parties and beach
fuck even the most pretty bitch
they're ready to throw every body in a ditch
to rich their goals and dreams
following orders commend for their teams
have to walk on pirates' beams
never able to express souls' screams
run in a shadow of gunshots
be prepered to die it's more than nuts
jeans have more than few blood spots
conscience cleared by a couple of Jim Bean shots
chased with bottle of Miller's Highlife light bear
all that to be stronger and no mo' feel fear
be part of family blood who is near
when u hear firearms nothing more is clear
so they take lifes in own hands
stealing good stuff from dead people pants
work hard and grow like ants
here in US and overseas lands
chorus times 4
I hear guns go like (bang bang)
I see shots man (bang bang)