

## Hot One

### "Pistol-Whip Me"

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Born, the second son  
of old mad King George

No, not riche nouveau  
Born of champagne toasts  
and ghost of noble inbreeders

Killers queens and murder marquise  
On unbended knee  
We beg to differ with thee.  
We wanna topple your throne.  
So break out the riot gear cuz I don't wanna bleed  
alone!

(Chorus)  
Oh Yeah  
All Right  
Come On  
Pistol Whip Me!  
Come On  
Come On  
Pistol Whip Me!

Boy you got that truncheon  
Of the mighty Jesus-joy.

Lord, at a black-tie function  
I'm hoping for an open shot.

Adored by no-one  
Oh what a little man will do  
Hoping daddy might see  
We gotta disagree.  
We wanna rattle your bones.  
Oh baby best call your boys cuz I don't wanna go alone!

(Chorus)  
Oh Yeah  
All Right  
Come On  
Pistol Whip Me!

Come On  
Come On  
Pistol Whip Me!

This one's for your mom.

Barbara!

Pistol Whip Me!  
Pistol Whip Me!  
Pistol Whip Me!

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