

Megadeth

"Guns, Drugs & Money"

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Drinking gold cerveza in a boiling hot saloon
chasing shot of tequila, just about high noon
outside Nuevo Laredo, deep in no man's land
become a killer or be killed; face down in the Rio
Grande

Poverty will turn the life of any good man bad
all love and mercy ever learned, he'll soon forget what
he had

Guns, drugs, and money under the Mexican sky
Guns, drugs, and money; pick your poison or you die
Guns, drugs, and money; a pistol pressed to his head
choose silver and you're rich; you die if you choose
lead

He had a suitcase full of money, plenty of ammo for his
gun
The sweat roll down his dirty face, his plans have all
come
Undone
It's just a matter of time, no matter how he tries
He hears "plata o plomo, gringo" the last words before
he dies

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guns, drugs, money!

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