

Trick Daddy "Pass The Ammo"

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[Verse 1]

Live from the working class trash bin
Where I'm surrounded by tax payers and soon-to-be
has-beens
Where Afghanis in tents are in the past-tense
And black families are pissed on with harrassment
See everynight there's gun shots a couple streets from
here
Where young Chris and both his brothers tuck and
sleep in fear
Where runny streams of tears pour down they faces
The way they treat this shit gets on my nerve agents
Apparently my arrogance is feeling like the air against
the gate up at the cemetary in the sanitarium
The Aryans and all of the nefarious amulet wearin
Libertarians is scared to
death tearin the hair again
American marriages wearin thin as parents prepare to
carefully bury their
cherished kids in a garrison
Attackin full speed with torches in their chariots like
"Dont listen to Jay-Z that supports the terrorists!"
You gotta understand people Iraq is strong
They got 2 headed soldiers and secret magic bombs
And flying dragons that'll eat the stomachs out their
victims
And magic wands that'll cripple cable television
Look Bush, there's a difference between change in
regime and blowin half the
world off the face of the map
But if the Muslims got it right
I promise you Allah's gonna be pretty upset at you for
that

[Chorus]

I never fought for a cause I did not believe in
Especially if the cause did not believe in me
So (Pow, Pow) would you pass me the ammo?
And hang me from my family tree
I never fought for a cause I did not believe in
Especially if the cause did not believe in me

So (Pow, Pow) would you pass me the ammo?
So I can shoot my t.v.

[Verse 2]

I'm feeling so disgruntled and aroused to pull it
To shoot a conservative with a liberal amount of bullets
This is America...we roll thick
Like natives traded their land and souls for casino
chips
2,000 died for you to unite
Blood shot eyes and pissed because it ruined your
flight
Taking silencers and screwin them tight durin the ride
home
To smell the apple pie, green grass, and pinecones
A differnt type of threats upon the soccer-moms
It's blackness to the Sun's corona during Ramadan
David Koresh doesn't represent you blue-eyes
But Bin Laden started a sick perverted holocaust
My Muslim friends never acted like villains
But these yuppy women see em' and they grab their 5
children
'Cause Christ turned water to wine, but blood is thicker
What are you people representing with these bumper
stickers?
A place where inner-city kids play reluctantly?
And, F.D.N.Y.'s the #1 clothing company?
And, the Presidential niece is sniffin all the drugs
But kids up in Rawanda shrug while eating water bugs
We all got a jug of brew cracked
In the Center of attention thinkin World Trade means
shoot back
Genius Anglosaxons
That think if you move a million units overseas you go
platinum
But nah go back to your reality show
You in the front row, just sit and let the casualties grow
And eventhough I pay these veterans respect
I won' pick a gun up and shoot and kill someone I've
never even met
It's alright to the point their ain't shit left
Except a blizzard of ashes and radiated insects
You see these parents want these kids to enlist
'Til their kids are the ones who get murdered by this
bullshit!

[Chorus]

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