

Stuck Lucky

"Assassination Of A Pop Star"

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Circling a face a favorite fanzine talking shit as I load
the magazines.

.30-.30 is oiled and ready blunted so you know the
nervers are steady.

Got a backstage pass all access packin' a gat where it's
strapped you can't guess.

Slippin' a mickey to the crew and security aiming the
red dot at the targets nine spot.

I got you in my cross hairs, the situation ain't fair!

I sent you all warning notes, but to the press it was a
joke.

The situation ain't fair, I got you in my cross hairs!

You all make me sick, hold still while the gun goes
click.

City to city I'm stalking you but you think I'm following
the group.

I'm a groupie that you can trust as I mount C-4 under
the bus.

Cyanide in your rider fruit snuck the blow gun darts by
the black suits.

Booby trapped the stage. The crowd will be dazed
when you go POP in a big ole blaze!

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joke.

The situation ain't fair, I got you in my cross hairs!

You all make me sick, hold still while the gun goes
click.

Oh shit, I've been shot, I'm about to go into shock.

Yo, tell me what I am supposed to do,

When I sold my soul I thought I paid my dues.

Yo, listen, I don't want to die.

How much to live this time?

Out the barrel in my mouth, no I won't.

No.

No, Please Please Don't!!!!!!!

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