

Mick Mashbir "Gods Gotta Gun"

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Slaughterin' Children In Cold Blood
In South American Streets
Tainting The Air With Violence
While Choppin' Down The Amazon Trees

Hey Little Man
Its An Eye For An Eye
You Better Take Off
Or You're Gonna Die
Chorus:
God's Gotta Gun
Better Hide Better Run
God's Gotta Gun And He's
Gunnin For You

Taxin Our Hard Earned Money
Blastin It To Outer Space.
People Are Homeless And Starvin,
Yet You're Ordering A French Champagne

Hey Little Man Let Me Give You A Tip
You Better Shut-Up
You'd Better Bite Your Lip Cause

Chorus:
God's Gotta Gun
Better Hide Better Run
God's Gotta Gun
And He's Gunnin For You

Riding Around On A White Horse
You Outlaw Oral Sex
Then You Sell You Soul For The Party
While Given' Exxon Head

God's Gotta Gun
Gods Gotta Gun
And He's Gunnin For You

It Ain't No Smith And Wesson
It Ain't No 44.
It Ain't No Uzi

It's The Biggest *^#&!! Gun You've Ever Seen

You Better Run Little Man

You Better Run

God's Gotta Gun

N' He's Gunnin For You

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