

Sergeant Smythe

"First Prize - Death"

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Show your guns and I'll show mine.
I don't care I'll burn you house to the ground.
Take it easy, Your skin-tight jeans will have you
restricted
I'll tear you down.
Grab a light and start a fire in your Mumma's panties
You best believe
That when I got a zippo lighter I'll do some damage.

Failure for me, failure for you.
You've got the steel with nothing to prove.
Failure for me, failure for you.
You've got this deal with nothing to lose.

What's the deal with that haircut
Go back and give them back what you stole
At gunpoint,
It's a shame that you can't deliver on the whole.
It's time, I think I better go call the airstrike I had
prepared.
Take a deep breath
Coz when they show you'll have next to nothing.

Show your guns and I'll show mine.
I don't care I'll burn you house to the ground.
Take it easy, Your skin-tight jeans will have you
restricted
I'll tear you down.
You've got the weapon but nothing's loaded into the
hole
Pull that trigger
You'll have nothing but shame and trash talk.

Nothing to lose.

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