

## Jackson Janet

### "Sun Of A Gun"

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Ha ha

Hoo hoo

Thought you'd get the money too

Greedy mutherfuckers

Try to have your cake and eat it too

Sharp shooter into breakin hearts

A baby gigolo - a sex pistol

Hollerin at everythin that walks

No substance just small talk

Know why you feelin on that girl's behind

You gotta sleezy one track mind

Working your work until you think you find

Who's goin home with you tonight

Oh, who you give it to

Who you gonna steal it from

Who's your next victim

Oh, who you gonna lie to

Who you gonna cheat on

Who you gonna leave alone

Oh, what ya gonna tell her

After she discovers

You don't really love her

Oh, gonna be a showdown

Knock down - drag out

Gunslinger shoot 'em up

I betcha think this song is about you

I betcha think this song is about you

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I betcha think this song is about you

Don't you

Don't you

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Don't you

Sweatin me but I'm not your type

You think you irk me and you're so right

I'd rather keep the trash and throw you out

Stupid bitch in my beach house

Naw I ain't gone go and act a fool

And be lead story on the nigga news

Not me sucher

I'll bnever be your lover

I'm gonna make you suffer

You stupid mutherfucker

Oh, who you give it to

Who you gonna steal it from

Who's your next victim

Oh, who you gonna lie to  
Who you gonna cheat on  
Who you gonna leave alone

Oh, what ya gonna tell her  
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Ha ha

Hoo hoo

Thought you'd get the money too

Greedy mutherfuckers

Try to have your cake and eat it too

Gotta chip upon your shoulder

I just knocked it off

Show me what you gonna do

I ain't bout to run

You have just run out of ammunition

Shootin blanks now

You son of a gun

Oh, who you give it to

Who you gonna steal it from

Who's your next victim

Oh, who you gonna lie to

Who you gonna cheat on

Who you gonna leave alone

Oh, what ya gonna tell her

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