Pistola

On the tip of my tongue An offensive is poised and rearing My intention a bullet My body a trigger finger

Yeah, my pen is a Pistola I don't need to fear, fear you Yeah, my pen is a Pistola

My secret arsenal Is an infinite ageless ink, well It's a fountain of youth And a patriot's weapon of choice

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Yeah, my pen is a Pistola I don't need to fear you Yeah, my pen is a Pistola