

# Guns, Drugs, & Money

Megadeth

Drinking cold cerveza in a boiling hot saloon  
Chasing shots of tequila, just about high noon  
Outside Nuevo Laredo, deep in no man's land  
Become a killer or be killed, face down in the Rio Grande

Poverty will turn the life of any good man bad  
All love and mercy ever learned, he'll soon forget what he had

Guns, drugs, and money under the Mexican sky  
Guns, drugs, and money, pick your poison or you die  
Guns, drugs, and money, a pistol pressed to his head  
Choose silver and you're rich, you gonna die if you choose lead

He had a suitcase full of money, plenty of ammo for his gun  
The sweat rolls down his dirty face, his plans have all come undone  
It's just a matter of time, no matter how he tries  
He hears "Plata O Plomo, Gringo?" the last words before he dies

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