

Well, they called me a little so and so and so, yeah  
Now hummin' a different tune  
Oh, this is a job for a stupid man  
Smoke it down to the filter and put it out on your hand  
Them cops was lined up about a week long all down the road  
True crime homosexual gangster men were, were piled up on my living room floor  
Well I'm gonna get my own rifle down, and point it on in your eye  
And huff a big long breath, and shoot it  
Shoot it and, and shoot it and shoot it and, and shoot it and shoot it and shoot it and shoot it  
I'll call the cops on my own self, figure out a way to please those men  
I'll play detective, I'll play bloodhound, sniffin' up clues with my nose in the mud  
Down here in my shantytown, leave you alone, for the rest of my life  
By the time I got my ass up off the grass and on the sidewalk  
Made my way toward the house, well  
I realized they made their way home  
I know this shit will continue