

# I Got A Gun

## Treat Her Right

Aw don't tell me the way it's gonna be  
You're a liar  
You never stop that talk talk talk  
Let me fix your mouth  
For toungees that wag like little slimy tails

I got a gun, know how to use it  
I got a gun, now you know

Three bucks car fare, two fifteen for lunch  
You get a hotdog, shake and fries  
You wind up making fifteen bucks a day  
Taking shit from nine to five  
Aw them big feet step step stepping on my toes

Hey! I got a gun, know how to use it  
I got a gun, now you know  
I got a gun, know how to use it  
I got a gun, now you know

Aw models, critics, wimpy art-school punks  
Gettin' on my nerves  
They're killing all the fun in rock 'n roll  
I hope it's not too late  
To say the only thing I ever know

Hey! I got a gun, know how to use it  
I got a gun, now you know  
I got a gun, know how to use it  
I got a gun, now you know

I got a gun, now you know  
I got a gun, now you know  
Now you know  
Now you know  
Now you know

I got a gun and I shot 'em