Assassination Of A Pop Star

Stuck Mojo

Circling a face a favorite fanzine talking shit as I load the magazines.
.30-.30 is oiled and ready blunted so you know the nervers are steady.
Got a backstage pass all access packin' a gat where it's strapped you can't guess.
Slippin' a mickey to the crew and security aiming the red dot at the targets nine spot.I got you in my cross hairs, the situation ain't fair!
I sent you all warning notes, but to the press it was a joke.
The situation ain't fair, I got you in my cross hairs!
You all make me sick, hold still while the gun goes click.City to city I'm stalking you but you think I'm following the group.
I'm a groupie that you can trust as I mount C-4 under the bus.
Cianide in your rider fruit snuck the blow gun darts by the black suits.
Booby trapped the stage. The crowd will be dazed when you go POP in a big ole blaze!I got you in my cross hairs, the situation ain't fair!
I sent you all warning notes, but to the press it was a joke.
The situation ain't fair, I got you in my cross hairs!
You all make me sick, hold still while the gun goes click.Oh shit, I've been shot, I'm about to go into shock.
Yo, tell me what I am supposed to do,
When I sold my soul I thought I paid my dues.
Yo, listen, I don't want to die.
How much to live this time?
Out the barrel in my mouth, no I won't.
No.
No, Please Please Don't!!!!!!!I got you in my cross hairs, the situation ain't fair!
I sent you all warning notes, but to the press it was a joke.
The situation ain't fair, I got you in my cross hairs!
You all make me sick, hold still while the gun goes click.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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