

Guns, Drugs, & Money

Megadeth

Drinking gold cerveza in a boiling hot saloon
chasing shot 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 die if you choose lead
He had a suitcase full of money, plenty of ammo for his
gun
The sweat roll 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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