

I Got a Gun

Slaughterhouse

You, father, you ever wonder
Found out what you are
Wishing on a star
Or if my dealt card
Has numbed the pain you laid
I got a gun
And nothing to say
I'm on the run
And now it's time to pay
You, father, you ever dare
Question words of blame
Hen of guilt and shame
Or this world I've drained
Flushing hopes of today
I got a gun
And nothing to say
I'm on the run
Blow yourself away
I gotta gun
And nothing to say
I'm on the run
And nothing to say
I got a gun
And nothing to say
I'm on the run
Blow yourself away
I gotta gun
And nothing to say

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