

99 Year Blues

Julius Daniels

Well, now give me my pistol, man
And three round balls
I'm gonna shoot everybody
That I don't like at all
Like at all, like at all
Like at all, like at all Gotta .38 special, man and .45 frame
You know the thing don't miss
'Cause I got dead aim
Got dead aim, got dead aim
Got dead aim, got dead aim Well, the world is a drag
And my friends can't vote
Gonna make me a connection
And score some dope
Go, get high, go, get high
Go, get high, go, get high

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