

# 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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