

Shot Shot

[Riva Angelo](#)

Well hey, how's tricks man
Think I seen you before
Blank blank do you
You looked a lot older
You been workin' out
What's wrong with that Well he came back and
Came marching in
Shot, shot to the
He found a good reason
Do it for the money
What's wrong with that Control your bad side in to peril
We come down
Hold the line
You're so fine
Dead wrong So please stop talking
Start puckering up
My ears are blank
It's the special occasions
You do it for the money
Can't go wrong with that Explode or capsize
Provide my poet
If you're down
Tow the line
You're so fine
Dead wrong

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