

Give Her the Gun

UFO

Downtown drive-by, a drink card in her hand
All night hustler parking by the stand
Full blown engine, she comes on like a fight
Give her the gun, boy, you'd better hold on tight
I don't know why, ooh, but she brings me on
I don't know why, she brings me on
She's a right runner, real mean mother too
I can't wait to see her break in front of you
Making a movie star upon the screen
If daddy's looking, you come on like a queen
I don't know why, she brings me on
I don't know why but she brings me on

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