

Black Lips, Not A Problem

I woke up this morning
It was still day
Found my dog underneath the Chevrolet
I knew things would go wrong
I Got back home and my home was gone
So I grabbed a gun
And walked down into the street
I tried to find some enemies to meet
And now I'm looking
Yeah still searching
For a place with my guns in hand
because
They can't tell me what I can or cannot do
And I won't hold them by the hand
They can lay on the ground while I snipe from the top
And see their life turn into sand
Let me tell ya why
It's a problem
No it's not a problem, man!