

# Mac Lethal, Pass The Ammo

[Verse 1]

Live from the working class trash bin  
Where I'm surrounded by tax payers and soon-to-be has-beens  
Where Afghanis in tents are in the past-tense  
And black families are pissed on with harrassment  
See everynight there's gun shots a couple streets from here  
Where young Chris and both his brothers tuck and sleep in fear  
Where runny streams of tears pour down they faces  
The way they treat this shit gets on my nerve agents  
Apparently my arrogance is feeling like the air against  
the gate up at the cemetary in the sanitarium  
The Aryans and all of the nefarious amulet wearin Libertarians is scared to  
death tearin the hair again  
American marriages wearin thin as parents prepare to carefully bury their  
cherished kids in a garrison  
Attackin full speed with torches in their chariots like  
&quot;Dont listen to Jay-Z that supports the terrorists!&quot;  
You gotta understand people Iraq is strong  
They got 2 headed soldiers and secret magic bombs  
And flying dragons that'll eat the stomachs out their victims  
And magic wands that'll cripple cable television  
Look Bush, there's a difference between change in regime and blowin half the  
world off the face of the map  
But if the Muslims got it right  
I promise you Allah's gonna be pretty upset at you for that

[Chorus]

I never fought for a cause I did not believe in  
Especially if the cause did not believe in me  
So (Pow, Pow) would you pass me the ammo?  
And hang me from my family tree  
I never fought for a cause I did not believe in  
Especially if the cause did not believe in me  
So (Pow, Pow) would you pass me the ammo?  
So I can shoot my t.v.

[Verse 2]

I'm feeling so disgruntled and aroused to pull it  
To shoot a conservative with a liberal amount of bullets  
This is America...we roll thick  
Like natives traded their land and souls for casino chips  
2,000 died for you to unite  
Blood shot eyes and pissed because it ruined your flight  
Taking silencers and screwin them tight durin the ride home  
To smell the apple pie, green grass, and pinecones  
A different type of threats upon the soccer-moms  
It's blackness to the Sun's corona during Ramadan  
David Koresh doesn't represent you blue-eyes  
But Bin Laden started a sick perverted holocaust  
My Muslim friends never acted like villains  
But these yuppy women see em' and they grab their 5 children  
'Cause Christ turned water to wine, but blood is thicker  
What are you people representing with these bumper stickers?  
A place where inner-city kids play reluctantly?  
And, F.D.N.Y.'s the #1 clothing company?  
And, the Presidential niece is sniffin all the drugs  
But kids up in Rawanda shrug while eating water bugs  
We all got a jug of brew cracked  
In the Center of attention thinkin World Trade means shoot back  
Genius Anglosaxons  
That think if you move a million units overseas you go platinum  
But nah go back to your reality show  
You in the front row, just sit and let the casualties grow  
And eventhough I pay these veterans respect

I won't pick a gun up and shoot and kill someone I've never even met  
It's alright to the point their ain't shit left  
Except a blizzard of ashes and radiated insects  
You see these parents want these kids to enlist  
'Til their kids are the ones who get murdered by this bullshit!

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