

# Tree, Ammunition

When you got a gun, you can do as you please  
spraying your bullets like it was a disease  
People packing pieces like its going out of business  
Evolutionary process survival of the sickest  
Your right to bear I've got to bear that right  
well I reserve my right not to get shot tonight  
I've got no gun in this wild wild west  
Well I'll rest in peace when the pieces rest  
Rat a tat tat it happens just like that  
don't even know your shot  
until you got one in the back  
Now your just another victim  
now you're just another stat  
Now your dead your dead  
you ain't never coming back  
>From channel to channel from station to station  
TV is the drug that has numbed the nation  
You're so horrified but you're so fascinated  
so the violence just keeps on escalating  
PRAISE THE AMMUNITION  
A piece without a puzzle a puzzle with no peace  
I reach for my revolver I reach for my release  
Mass murder in America  
a sad but true tradition  
I'm armed to the teeth for my own salvation  
I'm a twisted man with a twisted grip  
and I got the whole world at my finger tip  
A pistol packing preacher in a gun toting nation  
pass the Lord and praise the ammunition  
I'M AN ANGRY MAN WITH A GUN IN MY HAND