

# Butt Trumpet, I Left My Gun In San Francisco

They all got f\*\*king Birkenstocks  
It's fifty f\*\*king degrees out  
Some of them don't wear shoes at all  
At Haight and Ash you'll find them all  
F\*\*king hippies make me real sick  
Assk for change to buy their fix  
Some wear shorts and feeze a lot  
Think they're cool? They're f\*\*king not

CHORUS

Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill  
I'm killing all the f\*\*king hippies  
I'm killing all the f\*\*king hippies  
I'm killing all the f\*\*king hippies  
I'm killing al lthose f\*\*king hippies  
Die, die, die, die  
Wash your hair and cut your dreads  
Or else you're gonna end up dead  
Get that lice off of your head  
Or I will fill you full of lead  
They're all rejects from the sixties  
Get some jobs you f\*\*king hippies  
I'm an easy going guy  
But I'm even more mellow when hippies die

CHORUS

Die!

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