

Guns, Drugs, & Money

Megadeth

Drinking cold cerveza in a boiling hot saloon
Chasing shots of tequila, just about high noon
Outside Nuevo Laredo, deep in no man's land
Become a killer or be killed, face down in the Rio Grande

Poverty will turn the life of any good man bad
All love and mercy ever learned, he'll soon forget what he had

Guns, drugs, and money under the Mexican sky
Guns, drugs, and money, pick your poison or you die
Guns, drugs, and money, a pistol pressed to his head
Choose silver and you're rich, you gonna die if you choose lead

He had a suitcase full of money, plenty of ammo for his gun
The sweat rolls down his dirty face, his plans have all come undone
It's just a matter of time, no matter how he tries
He hears "Plata O Plomo, Gringo?" the last words before he dies

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