

Guns

Justin Moore

I started out with a 410
Then moved to a 20 gauge
Every squirrel and rabbit in Dallas County
Knew my name I sat on the stand with Paw Paw
From the time I was three years old
When I was eight I used a muzzle loader
To kill my first doe These days I go down to Walmart
And they set them in the back
Some people wanna take them away
Why don't you go bust them boys that's selling crack Guns, whether Remingtons or Glocks
Come on, man, it ain't like I'm slinging them on the block
I'm gonna tell you once and listen, son
As long as I'm alive and breathing, you won't take my guns
If there ever was a time we need them
I'd say it be today
When we're letting them terrorists watch cable TV
And walk out of Guantanamo bay I just try to do the right thing
And raise my family in this land
Treating me like you wanna be treated
And that's what I call a man If we don't have them what do we do?
Tell me where we gonna go?
Somebody breaks into my house
I'm gonna need my Colt 44 Guns, whether Remingtons or Glocks
Come on, man, it ain't like I'm slinging them on the block
I'm gonna tell you once and listen, son
As long as I'm alive and breathing, you won't take my guns
Listen
Guns, whether Remingtons or Glocks
Come on, man, it ain't like I'm slinging them on the block
I'm gonna tell you once and listen, son
As long as I'm alive and breathing
And I'm still breathing, you won't take my guns No, you can take them from me
When you take them from my grandpa and my daddy
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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