

## Shoot!

## Can't Swim

Coming home  
Working late  
Driving tired  
Asked me where I was going then said I was lying  
What could I do?  
From the big bad boys in blue  
Pulled me real close and then told me

Put your hands up  
High in the air  
Or we'll shoot  
You right in ya head  
Don't speak  
Not a sound  
You'll be dead  
In the ground

On the hood  
Face smashed up like a rat  
Called for backup, who knows when he'll attack  
One word, threw me right to the floor  
He said, "don't make me tell you again, boy"  
Don't make me tell you again

Put your hands up  
High in the air  
Or we'll shoot  
You right in ya head  
Don't speak  
Not a sound  
You'll be dead  
Dead in the ground

Dead in the ground!

You're all a bunch of murderers!