

# They Found Him A Gun

Maverick Sabre

That young man wants to run  
But they found him a gun  
Now he shoots and he burns everything down.

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The trigger, trigger, he pulls, he's a killer, killer.  
Without a shiver, he rules he's a winner, winner, winner.  
In that street where he used to run round  
All you hear is his name, right now,  
Labeled just another wasted space,  
Just a boy, no one knew his face.  
But that hate that he faced each day  
Broke his soul too far for change.  
Now interviews spread them stereotypes  
Like he's just another kid brought up just not right.  
But nobody's seem him hungry, giving him mum money  
So she could put food in her tummy.  
Now it seems like he's just another lost boy  
But he did this to survive.

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No way out of this...  
You look around for something  
Now, no way out of this...  
You look around for something

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