# Mother Mother, Hayloft II

Whatever happened to the young, young lovers?
One got shot and the other got lost in
Drugs and punks and blood on the street
Bla-blood on her knees
Bloody history

Whatever happened to the hayloft?
Burnt to the ground, and what about Pop?
He took his ass back to the crack shack
With his long johns on
Singing that old song

My baby's got a gun
My baby's got a gun
My baby's got a gun
I better run
My baby's got a gun
It goes
Boom boom crack
Ga-ga-ga-ga boom boom

An eye for an eye, a leg for a leg
A shot in the heart doesn't make it un-break
She really didn't wanna make it messy
She really, really didn't but the girl gone cray

My baby's got a gun
My baby's got a gun
My baby's got a gun
I better run
My baby's got a gun
It goes
Boom boom crack
Ga-ga-ga-ga boom boom

She crucify (she crucify)
She crucify (she crucify)
Hey Pop, you die, you die

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My baby's got a gun
It goes
Boom boom crack
Ga-ga-ga-ga boom ga-ga-ga-ga

She's not a bad kid
She's not a bad kid
But she had to do it
She had to do it

They're not a bad kid
But they had to do it
They couldn't not
They had to face off

She's not a bad kid
But they had to do it
She had to crack
She had to kill Pop