

Hamilton - My Shot

Tom: G

I am not throwing away my shot
 I am not throwing away my shot
 Hey yo, I'm just like my country
 I'm young, scrappy, and hungry
 And I'm not throwing away my shot
 (D)

I'mma get scholarship to King's College
 I probably shouldn't brag, but dag, I amaze and astonish
 The problem is I got a lot of brains, but no polish
 I gotta holler just to be heard
 With every word I drop knowledge

I'm a diamond in the rough, a shiny piece of coal
 Tryin' to reach my goal, my power of speech: unimpeachable
 Only nineteen, but my mind is older
 These New York City streets getting colder, I shoulder
 Ev'ry burden, ev'ry disadvantage
 I have learned to manage. I don't have a gun to brandish
 I walk these streets famished
 The plan is to fan this spark into a flame
 But damn, it's getting dark, so let me spell out my name
 I am the?

A-L, E-X, A-N,
 E-R?we are?meant to be

A colony that runs independently
 Meanwhile, Britain keeps shitting on us endlessly
 Essentially, they tax us relentlessly
 Then King George turns around, runs a spending spree
 He ain't never gonna set his descendants free
 So there will be a revolution in this century

ENTER ME!

(He says in parentheses)

Don't be shocked when your history book mentions me
 I will lay down my life if it sets us free
 Eventually you'll see my ascendancy

And I am not throwing away my shot (my shot)

I am not throwing away my shot (my shot)
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It's time to take a shot!

I dream of life without the monarchy
 The unrest in France will lead to "onarchy"
 "Onarchy?" How you say, how you s?Oh, anarchy!
 When I fight I make the other side panicky
 With my

Shot!

Yo, I'm a tailor's apprentice
 And I got y'all knuckleheads in loco parentis
 I'm joining the rebellion cuz I know it's my chance
 To socially advance, instead of sewin' some pants
 I'm gonna take a
 HAMILTON, MULLIGAN, LAURENS, LAFAYETTE:
 Shot!

Eh, but we'll never be truly free
 Until those in bondage have the same rights as you and me
 You and I, do or die, wait till I sally in on a stallion
 With the first black battalion
 Have another

Shot!

Geniuses, lower your voices
 You keep out of trouble, and you double your choices
 I'm with you, but the situation is fraught
 You've got to be carefully taught:
 If you talk, you're gonna get shot!

Burr, check what we got
 Mr. Lafayette hard rock like Lancelot
 I think your pants look hot
 Laurens, I like you a lot
 Let's hatch a plot blacker than the kettle callin' the pot

What are the odds the gods would put us all in one spot
Poppin' a squat on conventional wisdom, like it or not
A bunch of revolutionary manumission abolitionists
Give me a position, show me where the ammunition is
Oh, am I talkin' too loud?
Sometimes I get over excited, shoot off at the mouth
I never had a group of friends before
I promise that I'll make y'all proud

Let's get this guy in front of a crowd!

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Everybody sing
Woah-woah, wo-oh-oh (Woah-woah, wo-oh-oh)
Hey
Wo-oh-oh (Wo-oh-oh)
Wooh!!
Wo-oh-oh (Wo-oh-oh)
Sing let 'em hear ya (Yeah)

Let's go! (Woah-woah, wo-oh-oh)
I said, shout it to the rooftops
(Wo-oh-oh)
Said to the rooftops
(Wo-oh-oh)
Now come on
(Yeah)
Now come on, let's go

Rise up
When you're living on your knees, you rise up
Tell your brother that he's got to rise up
Tell your sister that she's got to rise up

When are these colonies gonna rise up
(Whoa, woah)
When are these colonies gonna rise up (Woah)
When are these colonies gonna rise up (Woah)
When are these colonies gonna rise up (Woah)
Rise up

I imagine death so much it feels more like a memory
When's it's gonna get me?
In my sleep? Seven feet ahead of me?

If I see it coming, do I run or do I let it be?
Is it like a beat without a melody?
See, I never thought I'd live past twenty
Where I come from some get half as many
Ask anybody why we livin' fast and we laugh, reach for a flask
We have to make this moment last, that's plenty

Scratch that
This is not a moment, it's the movement
Where all the hungriest brothers with something to prove went
Foes oppose us, we take an honest stand
We roll like Moses, claimin' our Promised Land

And? If we win our independence?
'Zat a guarantee of freedom for our descendants?
Or will the blood we shed begin an endless
Cycle of vengeance and death with no defendants?

I know the action in the street is excitin'
But Jesus, between all the bleedin' 'n fightin'
I've been readin' 'n writin'
We need to handle our financial situation
Are we a nation of states? What's the state of our nation?

I'm past patiently waitin'! I'm passionately smashin' every
expectation
Every action's an act of creation
I'm laughin' in the face of casualties and sorrow
For the first time, I'm thinkin' past tomorrow

And I am not throwin' away my shot
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We gonna
rise up; time to take a shot
(Not thrown? away my shot)

We gonna

rise up; time to take a shot
(Not throwin' away my shot)

We gonna

(rise up, rise up)

It's time to take a shot

(Rise up, rise up)

It's time to take a shot (rise up, rise up)
(Wo-oah) Time to take a shot (rise up)
Take a shot, a shot, a shot, (Oh-Oh, oh)

E_b

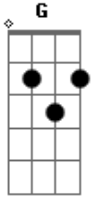
A-yo, it's time to take a shot (Woah, oh-oh oh)
Time to take a shot (Woah-oh)

And I am (And I am)

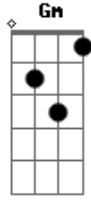
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Not throwing away my

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Not throwing away my shot!

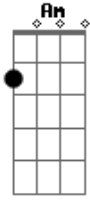
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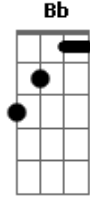
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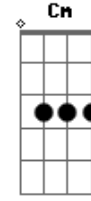
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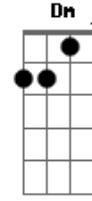
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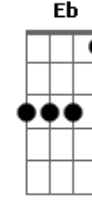
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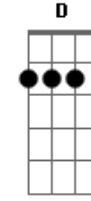
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