

My Shot

Hamilton: An American Musical

Gm **Gm Am**
I am not throwing away my shot

Bb **Bb**
I am not throwing away my shot

Bdim Cm
Hey yo, I m just like my country
I m young, scrappy, and hungry
Dm D#

And I m not throwing away my shot

(D)

Gm
I mma get scholarship to King s College
Gm Am Bb
I probably shouldn t brag, but dag, I amaze and astonish
Bb Bdim Cm
The problem is I got a lot of brains, but no polish
Cm Dm D#
I gotta holler just to be heard
With every word I drop knowledge

Gm
I m a diamond in the rough, a shiny piece of coal
Am Bb Bdim Cm
Tryin to reach my goal, my power of speech: unimpeachable
Dm
Only nineteen, but my mind is older
D# D
These New York City streets getting colder, I shoulder
Gm
Ev ry burden, ev ry disadvantage
Am Bb
I have learned to manage. I don t have a gun to brandish
N/A
I walk these streets famished
Cm Dm
The plan is to fan this spark into a flame
D# D
But damn, it s getting dark, so let me spell out my name
I am the-

Gm Am
A-L, E-X, A-N, D
Bb
E-R-we are-meant to be

Cm **Dm**
 A colony that runs independently
D# **D**
 Meanwhile, Britain keeps shitting on us endlessly
Gm
 Essentially, they tax us relentlessly
Am **Bb**
 Then King George turns around, runs a spending spree
Bdim **Cm** **Dm**
 He ain t never gonna set his descendants free
D# **D**
 So there will be a revolution in this century

N/A
 ENTER ME!

Gm
 (He says in parentheses)

Am **Bb**
 Don t be shocked when your history book mentions me
Bdim **Cm** **Dm**
 I will lay down my life if it sets us free
D# **D**
 Eventually you ll see my ascendancy

Gm **Gm** **Am**
 And I am not throwing away my shot (my shot)
Bb **Bb**
 I am not throwing away my shot (my shot)
Bdim **Cm**
 Hey yo, I m just like my country
 I m young, scrappy, and hungry

Dm **D#** **D**
 And I m not throwing away my shot

Gm **Gm** **Am**
 I am not throwing away my shot
Bb **Bb**
 I am not throwing away my shot
Bdim **Cm**
 Hey yo, I m just like my country
 I m young, scrappy, and hungry
Dm **D#** **D**
 And I m not throwing away my shot
Gm
 It s time to take a shot!

Gm **Gm** **Am**
 I dream of life without the monarchy
Bb **Bb** **Bdim**
 The unrest in France will lead to onarchy

Cm **Cm Dm D#**
Onarchy? How you say, how you s-Oh, anarchy!

D

When I fight I make the other side panicky
With my

Gm
Shot!

Gm **Am**
Yo, I m a tailor s apprentice

Bb **Bdim**
And I got y all knuckleheads in loco parentis

Cm **Dm**
I m joining the rebellion cuz I know it s my chance

D# **D**
To socially advance, instead of sewin some pants
I m gonna take a
HAMILTON, MULLIGAN, LAURENS, LAFAYETTE:

Gm
Shot!

Gm **Am**
Eh, but we ll never be truly free
Bb **Bdim**

Until those in bondage have the same rights as you and me

Cm **Dm** **D#**
You and I, do or die, wait till I sally in on a stallion

D
With the first black battalion
Have another

Gm
Shot!

Gm **Gm Am**
Geniuses, lower your voices

Bb **Bb** **Bdim**
You keep out of trouble, and you double your choices

Cm **Cm** **Dm**
I m with you, but the situation is fraught

D#
You ve got to be carefully taught:

Gm
If you talk, you re gonna get shot!

Gm **Am**
Burr, check what we got

Bb **Bdim**
Mr. Lafayette hard rock like Lancelot

Cm
I think your pants look hot

Dm

Laurens, I like you a lot

D#

D

Let s hatch a plot blacker than the kettle callin the pot

Gm

Am

What are the odds the gods would put us all in one spot

Bb

Poppin a squat on conventional wisdom, like it or not

Bdim

Cm

Dm

D#

A bunch of revolutionary manumission abolitionists

N/A

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!

Gm

Am

I am not throwing away my shot

Bb

I am not throwing away my shot

Bdim

Cm

Hey yo, I m just like my country

I m young, scrappy, and hungry

D#

D

And I m not throwing away my shot

Gm

Am

I am not throwing away my shot

Bb

I am not throwing away my shot

Bdim

Cm

Hey yo, I m just like my country

I m young, scrappy, and hungry

D#

D

And I m not throwing away my shot

Everybody sing

Gm

Bb

Woah-woah, wo-oh-oh (Woah-woah, wo-oh-oh)

Hey

Cm

Wo-oh-oh (Wo-oh-oh)

Wooh!!

D#

Wo-oh-oh (Wo-oh-oh)

D

Sing let em hear ya (Yeah)

Gm

Am Bb

Let s go! (Woah-woah, wo-oh-oh)

I said, shout it to the rooftops

Bdim Cm

(Wo-oh-oh)

Said to the rooftops

Dm D#

(Wo-oh-oh)

Now come on

D

(Yeah)

Now come on, let s go

Gm

Rise up

Am Bb

When you re living on your knees, you rise up

Bdim Cm

Tell your brother that he s got to rise up

Dm D#

Tell your sister that she s got to rise up

D

Gm

When are these colonies gonna rise up

(Whoa, woah)

Am Bb

When are these colonies gonna rise up (Woah)

Bdim Cm

When are these colonies gonna rise up (Woah)

Dm D#

When are these colonies gonna rise up (Woah)

D

Rise up

Gm

I imagine death so much it feels more like a memory

Bb

When s it s gonna get me?

In my sleep? Seven feet ahead of me?

Cm

If I see it coming, do I run or do I let it be?

D#

D

Is it like a beat without a melody?

Gm

See, I never thought I d live past twenty

Bb

Where I come from some get half as many

Cm

Ask anybody why we livin fast and we laugh, reach for a flask

D#

D

We have to make this moment last, that s plenty

Gm

Scratch that

Am Bb

This is not a moment, it s the movement

Bdim

Where all the hungriest brothers with something to prove went

Cm

Dm

Foes oppose us, we take an honest stand

D#

D

We roll like Moses, claimin our Promised Land

Gm

Am

And? If we win our independence?

Bb

Bdim

Zat a guarantee of freedom for our descendants?

Cm

Dm

Or will the blood we shed begin an endless

D#

D

Cycle of vengeance and death with no defendants?

Gm

I know the action in the street is excitin

Bb

But Jesus, between all the bleedin n fightin

Cm

I ve been readin n writin

Dm

We need to handle our financial situation

D#

D

Are we a nation of states? What s the state of our nation?

Gm

Gm

Am

Bb

I m past patiently waitin ! I m passionately smashin every expectation

Bb

Bdim

Every action s an act of creation

Cm

I m laughin in the face of casualties and sorrow

D#

For the first time, I m thinkin past tomorrow

D

Gm

Am

And I am not throwin away my shot

Bb

I am not throwin away my shot

Bdim

Cm

Hey, yo, I m just like my country

I m young, scrappy, and hungry

D#

D

And I m not throwin away my shot

We gonna

Gm

rise up; time to take a shot

(Not thrown away my shot)

Am

We gonna

Bb

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

Bdim

We gonna

Cm

(rise up, rise up)

It s time to take a shot

D#

(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)

D#

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)

N/A

Not throwing away my

D D D D D

G5

Not throwing away my shot!