

## Bulls on Parade

Dispatch

The microphone explodes, shattering the molds  
Either drop tha hits like de la O or get tha fuck off tha commo  
de  
Wit tha sure shot, sure ta make tha bodies drop  
Drop an don't copy yo, don't call this a co-op

Terror rains drenchin', quenchin' tha thirst of tha power dons  
That five sided fist-a-gon  
Tha rotten sore on tha face of mother earth gets bigger  
Tha triggers cold empty ya purse

Rally round tha family, with a pocket full of shells  
They rally round tha family, with a pocket full of shells  
They rally round tha family, with a pocket full of shells  
They rally round tha family, with a pocket full of shells, come  
on

Weapons not food, not homes, not shoes  
Not need, just feed the war cannibal animal  
I walk tha corner to tha rubble that used to be a library  
Line up to tha mind cemetery now

What we don't know keeps tha contracts alive an movin'  
They don't gotta burn tha books they just remove 'em  
While arms warehouses fill as quick as tha cells  
Rally round tha family, pockets full of shells

Rally round tha family, with a pocket full of shells  
They rally round tha family, with a pocket full of shells  
They rally round tha family, with a pocket full of shells  
You rally round tha family, with a pocket full of shells