

# Patriotism

## Company Flow

[El-Producto]

Do you know who you are..

Do you know who you are f\*\*king with?

Do you know, the access, to weapons, money and power  
that we have? We will f\*\*king kill you!

I'm the ugliest version of passed down toxic capitalist  
rapid emcee perversion -- I'm America!  
Your bleeding-heart liberal drivel gets squashed  
Wash em with sterilized rhyme patriot-guided weaponry bomb  
from the makers of the devious hearts -- I'm America!  
You bitchy little dogs don't even faze my basic policy  
The bomb's smarter, my Ronald Reagan's crush Carter  
With Bay of Pig tactics makin young men into martyrs  
(Come on down!) Come to my happy promised land  
Smiley faced opportunity cipher  
and jump on the CoFlow pension plan  
A proletariat, crushing State of the Union  
between serpentine words and mass confusion  
of media controlled blurb advertising disillusionment  
Your family will love my low-rent, low-life  
no-brain, reality-dagger, MOVEMENT  
Hop over the border for amusement; try to test the waters  
that the other slaughter crews pay all they dues in  
You up against -- Jesus Freak, formin corporations in Young Republicans  
Indelible NATO force hidden agenda, puppet governments  
I'm lovin it! Keep the people guessin who I'm runnin with  
Control the population and hide behind sacred covenants  
Fuckin with me?!?! Means liberal wildlife burnin, gasoline seized  
and an automagnetic third world printed with metal plates in they knees  
Can't you hear the disenchanting, hide the scream of  
Gabriel's reflected new wind instrument, a judgment played in flat C  
I replace humans like robots in a GM factory (warning! warning!)  
Then export metaphors to sweat shops, cause the price is satisfactory  
Your pious little cries of injustice get met with apathy  
(Awww, SHUT UP!!) Soak, cloak, hormone injected dairy product  
and conservative right-wing anti-eroticism; the poisonous  
resevoirs and power lines in your neighborhood cause botulism  
SENSELESS! Join the census, censorship sentences sentence  
Triple-felon citizen paid penance!  
Dissension against C-F ends in, penitentiary residence  
Lock em up first, then ask questions  
Omniscient presence, my CHARM is the weapon  
with cameras mics and satellites that leave privacy breathless  
You don't even know the chemicals you've ingested  
Urine tested -- BEAT INNOCENT MAN 'TIL HE CONFESSES

"Who's America? Who's America? Who's America? Who's America?"

"Who's America? Who's America? Who's America? Who's America?"

[El-P] I'm America! I'm America! I'm America! Mr. Len, get busy on em!

{\*DJ Mr. Len the Space Ghost cuts up "God damn!!"\*

[El-Producto]

I'm America arrogant!! Terminus verbal curfew murders

You either purchase my products or you're worthless, that's my service!

Don't look into the oculars of a daylight saver

Eraser, city-headed monument defacer comprising of  
patriot droids, sent into the void with lead linings  
Employed by the bureaucrats of automatic twisted rhyme timing  
You're guaranteed nothing but my fat little finger  
that lingers one inch off of the big button -- LET'S START THIS!  
I'm Sarin gas, hide in your apartments  
I'm stealth like a robot hidden in the fat asshole of Cartman  
And give a crippling f\*\*k like sand sharkskin condom  
to your apparent vaginal problem - the hottest shit on Soundbombing  
I'm American til infinite justice measure to Pesticide Cemetery  
Invite you to cross the border then SHIT on your divinities  
What language is that? I'm anguish in fact, tangle with a  
star-spangled standard issue gat for crowd management  
Talk loud and get enshrouded in a hot cloud of harassment  
by the crowd force of my mental pedestrian checker,  
that smashes subordinate skulls and update the file in your dental records  
You tryin to get a light but yet the crowd is my paid hecklers (BOO! BOO!)  
You just stepped into the spectrum of paranoid word rainbows  
Thinkin you sick with a silhouette, burn transit cop out his plain clothes  
I'm America!! This is where the pain grows like poppies  
in a Field of Dreams I paid for, I'll burn it down if operated sloppily  
COPY? My economic sanction rhyme style got your syllables  
scraping for rice and riding in a pre-1960 jalopy  
My favorite flavour of gas is mustard  
I'm f\*\*kin a blind hermaphrodite icon and convincin you that it's justice!

"Who's America? Who's America? Who's America? Who's America?"  
{\*DJ Mr. Len the Space Ghost cuts up "God damn!!"\*

[El-Producto]

Treason will not be tolerated!  
You have been enlisted.. into a lifestyle that you may not change!  
Understand! You can't be happy.. and smile.. for the cameras!  
MotherFUCKER!