

Properties Of Propaganda

Fishbone

Best to bust the dust
Of a flour to powder the crust
A grain of sand and a gust of wind
To stir my stomach
And a ground swell to shake
The all that it must take
To break the headache
In my earthquake

Git together yo' shit
Move your ass to a proper toilet

We gonna fuc We gonna phuck
We gonna fuque this shit on up

Git it like it's posed to be gotten
Hear it like it's posed to be heard

Shake it loose
Shake it loose holy cow
Sittin silly like a morning roost
Time don't tell no swells
Cock-A-Doodle-Do duck or git goosed
Cock-A-Doodle-Do duck or git goosed
Sittin it on down
Sit your ass on down

Git together your shit
Move your ass to a proper toilet

It's the properties of propaganda
When your feet don't move and you
Don't know where you standda