

## Bulldog Front

Fugazi

Ahistorical -  
you think this shit just dropped right out of the sky  
My analysis:  
it's time to harvest the crust from your eyes  
To surge and refine,  
to rage and define ourselves  
against your line  
So sorry friend, you must resign

You want to figure it out  
we'll throw down, we'll throw down, we'll throw down  
You want to figure it out  
we'll throw down your bulldog front

Bold bold mouth talking not so bold  
now that you've eaten your own  
Lips flecked, mouth specked  
you strip the skin right off of the bone  
But I would never say  
you act without precision or care, but  
it's all attention to armor,  
to the armor you wear so well

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we'll throw down, we'll throw down  
You want to figure it out  
we'll throw down your bulldog front

You want to figure it out  
You want to figure it out

Let's knock and check to see if there's somebody home  
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