

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

You want to figure it out
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
Let's knock and check to see if there's somebody home
Let's knock and check to see if there's somebody home
Let's knock and check to see if there's somebody home

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

You want to figure it out
we'll throw down and 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