

# Woodchip Grinder

Mac Lethal

Uh

One two

(ah, you don't say, that's really interesting)

(aye aye aye)

(look) (look)

When I holler hail Mary miners dive into the lions mouth,  
Pliers on the prying ground are filing the incisors down;  
Grand piano ivory smiling minor keys,  
Harvest moon suspended over lilliputian rivalry,  
Little putrid climbers decent of remove his rubies  
Grouped in layers of bucket brigadiers  
Up the bloody gums in rubber waders,  
Raze the ground and daisy-chain the neighbors till it's safely down,  
Ushered off the acreage of the sacred ground.

(Breaker, breaker.)

Leo's got his main and tailing cables  
Tongue a pretty girl cut her butterfly with staplers  
Every hunter want a suviouner  
It's plume of tears and jelly jars  
Switch momentum, with the best of boomers in the repertoire  
To carve initials in the skull of Satan's vessel  
For October's blackest Sunday  
I'm a surgeon with the dremel;  
Woke up with this all I want for Christmas two-one necklaces  
If your weapon's ornamental I am sending messages

(Heeeey

Heeeey heeeey

Sing my songs all along with me) (2x)

A-a-a-a a little heart broken but fear not,  
'cause when I'm out of bullets I'll start loading my tear drops,  
I part oceans like I'm part Moses, like,  
We should celebrate this is narcosis night.

Get a pyramid spike to your lung,  
Got a weird accent:  
They don't like where I'm from.  
You don't like what you hear when my lungs pour ink?  
Then why you looking at me like I drugged your drink?  
Next time you walkin' out the front door think:  
Three or four years ago even thugs wore pink.

I know you're sensitive,  
Get out your loin cloth;  
I got metal teeth like Roy Hoth;  
I speak pictures, easel in the voice box;  
Don't prick your finger on the needle in the coin slot.

Whatever the talk:  
The cleverness drops in flurries,  
The pressure will pop me never,  
Will not concern me,  
The lever is locked

And every single veteran stops  
To find their head in a box  
Chopped topsy-turvy.  
The pistols cocked, the kick, the cost of cursory:  
Shit that's toxic--bitch get off me, hurry!

(calm down)  
I don't like arrogant rap shit;  
I'll stick to my Podunk town for fried catfish  
Prepped on a good quick fire.

Now who else wanna ride in the wood chip grinder?

Mac Leth, Ace Rock, weed smoke;  
Sounds like we 'bout to chew out a dog's throat.

I don't know how to put this nicer:  
Zee trip cuts like a wood chip grinder.

Vroom (3x)  
Vroom vroom vroom!

(hey, have you seen my shoes anyway.  
Where's my shoes  
Ah, fuck it)

I've got no shoes or socks  
On a dirt road in the boondocks  
The boons or not, the work load will soon stop  
Time's hot, the sun's gone, the moon drops  
We came to drain the batteries in your boom box

Zoom pop, like first try of course  
I can't be bug yo I saddle up on a horse fly  
Paddle on a river tied a cattle upon a curb side  
Laughed lookin down from my perch born and birdseye  
He's too eager, dull, I'm all evil. even slap the wig off a bald eagle  
Thievin' cat to kill off the crossffed evil  
Perched on the church I sawzall the steeple

Call all the people; tell em to write home  
The better: the pull the letter right outta the cyclone  
You can grab anyone that you set your sight on  
Just pull out the lighter and let it ignite boom  
(boom)  
(boom boom)  
(boom)

(sing my song all along with me  
Heeey heey hey)

(yeeeeaaaah)  
(supersoaker 5000)

Now who pulled the trigger on the watergun pistol (bay)  
A missile in the wind kissed the bullet that missed you (kiss)  
In any kinda lesson that you breathe in my direction will be answered with t  
he crooked grin "setting my saxxon"  
I wreck strong, baby I'm a basket-  
case, I proudly pray to god daily but I lack the faith.  
And just think, I stagger with a strobe-light glimp, and when I'm packing a  
cannon how many boats might sink? (kboom)  
And it's the opposite of smart sex being a dumbfuck? (ar...huh) in that case

I'm swingin my womb-broom like nun-chucks (what dog?)

Dumb-luck stuck I'm beginning to act strange,  
A whip to a gun to make a brother like black rain.  
Pick up the sun in my fist, this. the front is a slit wrist.  
Pick up my own mother calling me a son of a bitch, shit.  
Pissed.  
Who? me. now I learn to shrug it.  
I never grew up I only learned how to act in public.  
BOOM.

(heeeeey heeey)

(sing my songz all along with me)