

Bulls on Parade

Rage Against the Machine

Come wit it now!
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The microphone explodes, shattering the molds
Ya either drop tha hits like de la O or get tha fuck off tha co
mmode
Wit tha sure shot, sure ta make tha bodies drop
Drop an don't copy yo, don't call this a co-opt
Terror rains drenchin', quenchin' tha thirst of tha power dons
That five sided fist-a-gon
Tha rotten sore on tha face of mother earth gets bigger
Tha triggers cold now empty ya purse

they rally round tha family! With a pocket full of shells
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Weapons not food, not homes, not shoes
Not need, just feed the war cannibal animal
I walk tha corner to tha rubble that used to be a library
Linin' to the mind cemetery now
What we don't know keeps tha contracts alive an movin'
They don't gotta burn tha books they just remove 'em
While arms warehouses fill as quick as tha cells
Rally round tha family, pockets full of shells

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