

# Bombs Over Syria

Spose

Yo I woke your man up  
Broke your band up  
I'm the last act playin at the dope-a-rama

Smoke and mirrors, coke and hammers  
Little kids get raped  
Here to okla-bama?

Cure for cancer, cure for aids  
You know they got that shit locked away  
They'll give it to you, man, just not today  
Pharmaceutical companies say you got to pay

So pull your pants up, do the rock away  
Don't think about how it operates  
Behind the scenes, behind the curtains  
Catholic priest, anal sex with virgins

Who owns the government gets the permit  
God's online with a texting sermon  
For Rex? and Herman and the Czechs and Germans  
These are just diversions from the Texas earnings

Every time they make a bomb you know they're getting paid (bang  
bang)  
Let me sell you fear cuz money's made when you're afraid

News cast flash with a mass of fascists  
Smash glass bass? Pass Damascus  
Conquest bomb test cats distracted  
By the wildin' mollies? And their lack of asses

Pack a back-a-woods sarin black as ashes  
New styles futile back to rappin'  
They own their earth with their gas and fracking  
And they're laughin' at us, Galafinakas

The deeper you dig, the more dirt you'll find  
That's why I don't use a shovel here most of the time

Don't pull your thang out unless you plan to bang  
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