

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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