

As 10,000 Maniacs emerge from an Oasis that's Everclear
My Soundgarden was invented to Blind Melons and Smash Pumpkins
How could a whole nation of Crash Test Dummies
Hope to release their grapes of wrath
On their day of Sabbath knowing it'll be Black
Especially when They Might Be Giants
And they take to the air with Stone Temple Pilots
I man my parachute crew with the Motley Crue
My be -52 fires Nine Inch Nails
Radiohead, I cause phonetic Quiet Riots
Untragically hip, fight with the spirit of the west
Society's no fuckin use, your White Zombies have no effects
Now Cowboys are turning into Junkies
Hanging themselves with lassos
And blues about rodeos that once stood true
I don't have no time to fight with those fools
Alice is in Chains and cold hearted Iron Maidens
claim their Ministries have The Cure for you-2
While everyone's Raging Against the Machine
They're watching us on Satellites from Georgia
But there's more in my set than Atlantis
And I won't crash into vegas cause my man smith has got the arr
ow
The moral to this peril is hell hath no fury like MC's scorned
And I would continue this verse but nothing rhymes with orange