

Veruca Salt

"Piss On Your Grave"

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(Chorus)

Uhhhh!!

I wanna piss on your grave!

make me feel alright!

Yaa Yaa Yaa!!

(Repeat)

While you was eatin'

T-bone steaks

in palatial estates,

ornate with gates that automate

so those you hate could only spectate,

I was kissing my mate

through iron grates

while the guards wait,

50 cent rate for making license plates.

My papermate pen shakes

vibrates from 808 quakes

over breaks

dug outta crates

that sag from weight

of the vinyl plates...

girls work till they back ache

and their breasts con't lactate

you're laughin' to the bank

smilin', showin' all your plaque flakes

contesting, contesting 1,2,3

never shoulda been put in the penitentiary

Boots from The Coup would like to say

I'll shove these foodstamps down your throat

just to block your airway

and that's the fair way 'cuz everyday

you're on a moola mission

military killin' millions 'til you low on ammunition

bodies beyond recognition

twisted complex positions

then their kids work in your factories

and die of malnutrition

see your net profit stats

hold some murderous facts

but if you listen to the news you mighta

heard it was blacks
you got us herded in shacks
I got the pertinent tax
how 'bout the one for when I bust my ass
and you relax
I'll hit your head wit an axe
play soccer wit' your brain
to make it official
slice your jugular vein
still writin' songs that my momma could sang
and if you feel some yellow drips on your skull
it ain't rain.

(Chorus)

That bitch ass on the front of a buck
never gave a fuck
he forced his black women slaves
to give him dick sucks
and when he bust a nut
he'd laugh and cackle
let the leather whip crackle
send 'em back to pick tobacco
shackled
wouldn't give 'em nil
so his homies stacked bills
fought on flatland and hill
to keep the british out the till, scroll
kept Washington dumpin' 'em in ditches
so slave owning son of a bitches
could keep their riches
which is how the war got funded
with two centuries of juice
from Black slaves bodies
and the profits they produced
you could deduce
that these men might win
fit right in
and make rights then
just for rich white men
so they quit fightin'
and wrote up a declaration
protective decoration
for their business operations
a gorilla pimpin' nation, no freedom - just savage
now the whole world's ravaged
from their hunger for the cabbage
Your fifth period history teacher
tellin' lies like a tweaker
bump this song through the speaker
watch they face get weaker
'less they righteous and they kickin' the facts

they gon' smile cuz this shit is on wax
one thing I gots to ask
George Washington down in hell can you see me?
I'm standin' on your grave
and I'm finsta take a pee-pee!

Tour guide: Excuse me sir, did you say you have to
pee?

Boots: Nah, I said I love it here in D.C.

Tour guide: Well, anyway folks, continuing on with the
tour.

We're here at the Arlington National Cemetary.

Behind all of you, right where the gentleman with the
afro is standing,
is the grave of of America's first and greatest hero, our
first president --

Pants unzipping

George Washington

Piss hitting the ground

Ohh, uh-uhhhh.

Cameras click

(Chorus)

Knock knock muthafucka, yes once again

I'll make you pay for your sins

in the trunk o' your Benz

see youse an always fitted

always acquitted

parasitic leech

cain't be burned off my back

wit' no fiery speech

your hands is soft as a peach

cuz you ain't never did work

been rich ever since

your daddy's dick went squirt

have you ever hurt from your back?

ducked from rat-a-tat-tats?

seen your mama on crack?

lived in a pontiac?

drank baby similac

so you could have protein?

(just for enough energy

to hustle up some mo' green?)

I could paint some mo' scenes

vergin' on the obscene

but I'd rather show up at your palace

with a mob scene

I spoke to my accountant

who spoke to my attorney

who counseled my financial advisor

on a gurney

it's about fifty dollars
and that's almost like a sale
cuz it costs too damn much
to let your rich ass inhale
true liberation ain't no word in the head
I'm yellin' murder 'em dead
for some fish, steak and bread
you pay me 10 g's a year,
I pay you fifteen million hun'ed???
Sorry, you just ain't in the budget...

(Chorus)

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