

Wrestling

"The Union Underground"

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Now get the guns, the drugs, From my generation.
I'll take the fall, the saints, across the nation.
And it's the sex, the gods, the freaks, the frauds.
They're messin' with me, Come on, come on, come on.
Let's get it on!

Move to the music,
Play that fucking music,
Move it to the music, yeah! (Get it on)
Move to my music,
Play that fucking music,
Live through my music, yeah!

Now get the guns, the drugs, from my generation.
I'll take the fall, the saints, across the nation.
And it's the sex, the gods, the freaks, the frauds.
They're messin' with me, Come on, come on, come on.
Let's get it on!

Move to the music,
Play that fucking music,
Move it to the music, yeah! (Get it on)
Move to my music,
Play that fucking music,
Live through my music, yeah!

Forget the lies, the money, we're in this together.
And through it all, they said nothing's forever.
And they refuse to see the change in me,
Why won't they wake up? Come on, come on, come on.
Let's get it on!

Move to the music,
Play that fucking music,
Move it to the music, yeah! (Get it on)
Move to my music,
Play that fucking music,
Live through my music, yeah!

Move to the music.
Move it to the music, yeah.
Move to my music.

Live through the music yeah.

(Test, test, test, test)

Move to the music.

(Test, test, test, test)

Move it to the music, yeah.

(Test, test, test, test)

Move to my music.

(Test, test, test, test)

Live through the music yeah.

(Test, test, test, test)

Move to the music,

Play that fucking music,

Move it to the music, yeah! (Get it on)

Move to my music,

Play that fucking music,

Live through my music, yeah!

Move to the music,

Play that fucking music,

Move it to the music, yeah! (Get it on)

Move to my music,

Play that fucking music,

Live through my music, yeah!

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