

The Funkoars

"Reign on the Masses"

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[Verse 1: Sesta] Let it reign on the masses Let em pay cashless, let em give away assets Let em renovate truth, get away with the blueprint design to intimidate youth Let em figure it out, let the planet drip away you'll get a vivid account for real Let them vote for their soulless side - while the greats sit back and they're suicidal Drop that crazy verse and anybody squable over who be hanging you first Survival the remedy, while the creeps and the weak can at least seek divinity Let em separate, giving bread to virmin, let em spread the germ and never learn to see Let the church collapse with the PM in the back clapping his hands to THE SOUND OF THE... [Chorus: Sesta and then Funkoars together] Let it reign on the masses Let it DROP, DROP, DROP, DROP Let it reign on the masses Let it DROP, DROP, DROP, DROP Let it reign on the masses Let it DROP, DROP, DROP, DROP No time to lose, cut the bullshit That's all the Oars trying to do - let it reign on em [Verse 2: Trials] Let em fall the fuck back Private schools so they can afford to suck that hedge manager wang, my deed is to damage and bang(?) The 9 to 5, mother fucker work site - I work mic Give me a ink line, let em put their form in Let em leave work early - no need for the foreman Let him die without a word from the church Let him buy what he makes of his work Let em watch while I disrupt fairplay Kidnap Paris, give her parents bad hair days Watch the mirror for that mad man Got the spirit? No not the shivers The drive to suicide, pill pass the fuck out When I die let em praise the cardboard cut-out They got no better, stack em, check em Go down in history as the immaculate erection All believers say: Na na na na na na na na na na All the heathens say: Na na na na na na na na na na If you act sane, and the weight of the world ain't nuthin but a mother fucking back pain Go go go go go go go go go go [Scratches by DJ Reflux] "Let it reign on em" [Verse 3: Honz] I let em slave over 40 hour minimum wage Until their eyes popping out like they've been pilling for days Turn 60 - start digging your grave Retirement's great - as long as you actually reach the age I've paid cheques, some people's main purpose in

life I'm more like P, my purpose if for working a mic Kill
my nest egg, guess I ain't nurcha it right Bought a
shitbox car and box of bourbon dry Let the cigarette
help bring the end of their world It's like ten bucks a
day but that ain't their problem They pay more at the
pump for a bullshit war

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