## Clawfinger "Recipe For Hate"

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first of all I make sure I've got the right ingredients

before I heat up the pan
I take a little bit of bitterness to grease it up
and keep everything close at hand
then I add a few ounces of fresh frustration and half a
cup of attitude
A rush of adrenaline to spice things up
and then half a spoon of bad mood
one bottle of my sweat one bottle of tears,
a few drops of my own blood
it all blends together like a cat and dog
and the result is as clear as mud
I pick the worst situation out of the bunch
and throw it right into the mix
and last but not least I add a little bit of spit,
just a few little nasty cliques

That's my recipe for hate

I turn up the heat to 400 degrees and go to work on the attitude

I shake it all up in a provocative way to make sure it comes out rude

Then I grind down the frustration hard so that all of the scents can blend

I pour the sweat on top and then the tears to make sure that I don't make friends when the mood is wrong, everything is right, I can add the adrenaline but I've got to be careful with the dose I use, the effect shouldn't wear to thin the blood comes last cos' it always has a tendancy to cool and coagulate so I calculate and make no mistakes, it's so fresh that it still pulsates

That's my recipe for hate......

When the meal is done you get a spoiled appetite and a dish full of disagree some ignorance on the side,

## a plate full of hate, served with a fistful of me

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