

Dr. Acula

"The Social Event Of The Century"

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We forged the battlefield contempt and confusion
Attack the lead streamlined straight for the bar
The crowd goes numb as the lights hit the curtain
Just one more bump blast off hit the mic and were gone
We dance on edge of the nuclear fall out
Prey on the night with it's endless intent
We're so far up get up wake the fuck up
The party will not stop till were fucking dead
The last time we rolled through
We conquered we rose the dead
And upturned these cities lights
We stay high blunts bitches and booze
You don't hate us you just want our life
Smoke weed all day

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