

Mad At Gravity

"Cops Of Solvang"

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Polka - waltz! now the cops in solvang they piss me off taunting and fucking with us making us soft pulling us over and searching our rides looking for the dope and other things i might hide fuck you pigs go to hell grab my neck, they just will fuck with my homies yeah fuck with my friends look out bitch cos i'll save the day polka - waltz! now the aggies in the back school parking lot they never learned to read or write cos they never were taught roping their cattle and spitting their chew hitting on their sisters and their cousins too here's that piece of shit come on fuck raping them girls, making a fuss look out bitch cos i'll pack your town and i'll punch your ass like a rodeo clown polka - waltz! now the preppies in the pit they think they are king talkin about their new clothes doin tha social thang lay back in the beamer that daddy bought in high school it's easy, but in the real world it's not fuck off to the store behind your preppy homes number that femur fletcher jones look at that she's so fucking cool bitch look out im the new fool polka - waltz! this is for all the pro-hemp muthafuckas out there now the stoners in the crowd their always kickin back basing their whole day around scoring another snack they never brush their teeth and they never comb their hair and if you want to get high, they're always there to share always blunt always stoned always on crack till the muthafucka burned

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