

Company Flow "Patriotism"

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[el-producto]

Do you know who you are..

Do you know who you are fucking with?

Do you know, the access, to weapons, money and
power

That we have? we will fucking kill you!

I'm the ugliest version of passed down toxic capitalist

Rapid emcee perversion -- I'm america!

Your bleeding-heart liberal drivel gets squashed

Wash em with sterilized rhyme patriot-guided
weaponry bomb

From the makers of the devious hearts -- I'm america!

You bitchy little dogs don't even phase my basic policy

The bomb's smarter, my ronald reagan's crush carter

With bay of pig tactics makin young men into martyrs

(come on down!) come to my happy promised land

Smiley faced opportunity cypher

And jump on the coflow pension plan

A proletariat, crushing state of the union

Between serpentine words and mass confusion

Of media controlled blurb advertising disillusionment

Your family will love my low-rent, low-life

No-brain, reality-dagger, movement

Hop over the border for amusement; try to test the
waters

That the other slaughter crews pay all the usance

You up against -- jesus freak, formin corporations in
young republicans

Indelible nato force hidden agenda, puppet
governments

I'm lovin it! keep the people guessin who I'm runnin
with

Control the population and hide behind sacred
covenants

Fuckin with me? !? ! means liberal wildlife burnin,
gasoline seized

And an automagnetic third world printed with metal
plates in they knees

Can't you hear the disenchanting, hide the scream of
Gabriel's reflected new wind instrument, a judgment
played in flat c

I replace humans like robots in a gm factory (warning!
warning!)
Then explore metaphors to sweat shops, cause the
price is satisfactory
Your pious little cries of injustice get met with apathy
(awww, shucks!)
Soak, cloak, hormone injected dairy product
And conservative right-wing anti-eroticism; the
poisonous
Reservoirs and power lines in your neighborhood cause
botchilism
Senseless! join the census, censorship sentences
sentence
Triple-felon citizen paid pennance!
Dissension against c-f ends in, penitentiary residence
Lock em up first, then ask questions
Omniscient presence, my charm is the weapon
With cameras mics and satellites that leave privacy
breathless
You don't even know the chemicals you've ingested
Urine tested -- beat innocent man til he confesses
"who's america? who's america? who's america? who's
america? "
"who's america? who's america? who's america? who's
america? "
[el-p] I'm america! I'm america! i'm america! mr. len,
get busy on em!

* dj mr. len the space ghost cuts up "god damn!!" *

[el-producto]
I'm america arrogant!! terminus verbal curfew murders
You either purchase my products or you're worthless,
that's my service!
Don't look into the oculars of a daylight saver
Erase your city head and monument defacer
comprising of
Patriot droids, sent into the void with lead linings
Employed by the bureaucrats of automatic twisted
rhyme timing
You're guaranteed nothing but my fat little finger
That lingers one inch off of the big button -- let's start
this!
I'm saran gas, hide in your apartments
I'm stealth like a robot hidden in the fat asshole of
cartman
And give a crippling fuck like sand sharkskin condom
To your apparent vaginal problem - the hottest shit on
soundbombing
I'm american til infinite justice measure to pesticide
cemetary

Invite you to cross the border then shit on your
divinities
What language is that? I'm angusih in fact, tangle with
a
Star-spangled standard issue gat for crowd
management
Talk loud and get enshrouded in a hot cloud of
harassment
By the crowd force of my mental pedestrian checker,
That smashes subordinate skulls and update the file in
your dental records
You tryin to get a light but yet the crowd is my paid
hecklers (boo! boo!)
You just stepped into the spectrum of paranoid word
rainbows
Thinkin you sick with a sihlouette, burn transit cop out
his plain clothes
I'm america!! this is where the pain grows like poppies
In a field of dreams I paid for, I'll burn it down if
operated sloppily
Copy? my economic sanction rhyme style got your
syllables
Scraping for rice and riding in a pre-1960 jalopy
My favorite flavour of gas is mustard
I'm fuckin a blind hermaphrodite icon and convincin
you that it's justice!

"who's america? who's america? who's america? who's
america? "

* dj mr. len the space ghost cuts up "god damn!!" *

[el-producto]

Treason will not be tolerated!

You have been enlisted.. into a lifestyle that you may
not change!

Understand! you can't be happy.. and smile.. for the
cameras!

Motherfucker!

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