

Mojo Stuck

"The Monster"

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Ahhhhhhh!

Something wicked your way comes from what I hear
I can smell fear in your atmosphere of Music.
Tell me what the hell for 'cause we rock hardcore
giving you much,
much more than you bargained for.
Now you're locking the door?
I'm on the prowl we're on the hunt for the weak we're
out to seek!

Suckers keep running.
The same old excuse, the verbal abuse, the riffs
misuse
so you have no use for the Mojo Crew!!!!
And it will get you.

Here comes the Monster.
Chitter, chatter it doesn't matter ya get crushed to dust
like anti-matter.

Time to release the beast from the southeast power
and finesse our style is

rather unique.
Ill fools from Atlanta busting out like Doctor Bruce
Banner.
I am green with envy I just want my shot in the industry.
I'm on the prowl we're on the hunt for the weak we're
out to seek!

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