

Mr. Lif "The Fries"

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Go to the beach
And realize that you got a scanline across your tanline
And find microchips in your hands
Fluid in your grands
As a result of somebody else's plan
That nobody really understands
Even though it spans across lands
African soils, Arabian sands
It's airborne yet it seeps through dams
A new disease that you caught at Mickey D's
In your Quarter Pounder with cheese
Ordered with ease
Super size please!
Can you believe
People ain't even survive through the drive through
And they thought they were live too
Pulling off, pumping Rob Base, stuffing fries in their
face
Over a billion served
What they never deserved
So as they drove away they swerved into the curb
With their heads on the steering wheel
Kids blacked out in the back with a fucking Happy Meal
What a crappy deal
But it was only \$4.99
So there's more people in line
Yeah, the plan's running fine
The parking lot is now a burial plot
Where you can park and rot if you can find a spot
Government agents came swooping in
Removing men, women and children from the
automobile
What a steal
Now the car's repossessed and sold at an auction
The people are dead but the money keeps talking
Proceeds go to building bigger bombs and missile
launching
The masses respond by just watching
Here comes the shit talking
Did you hear about what went down?
It was plenty live

Catch it tonight on FOX 25
World's greatest mass murders
Entertainment for all living observers
You'll probably watch it while you're eating some
burgers
Go ahead and gobble the lies - here's the fries!

The TV
They said the TV did it
You see me?!
I'm in an easy clinic
They're checking my health, checking my pulse
What's the result?
You've been in a cult with several adults
Oh lord!
What shall I do?
Exorcism!
High priest, unleash three extra rhythms
He's shaking and his cells breaking down
He skipped town
Well, it's a manhunt now
Shots deflected
What the fuck you expected?
Thought that I was that disconnected?
You're dead, kid!
Who shall sustain this reign?
No one!
America is run by the few, the chosen
And what's your name?
"Fair game"
Take aim
You can point at who you'd usually blame
It's a disappearing act but the structure's intact
Breaking your back
Hey, I heard a vertebrae snap!
Got healthcare? - no
Welfare? - maybe...yes
If so, don't move - we could use that flesh
Just a portion from a failed abortion contortion
Mind sterilized
We can't let those thoughts in
Well, the FDA - they're not here today
But the FCC watching what you say
So let's calm down and take everything slow
If you feel that you must lick a shot then BO!
Frustration
Living in a plush nation
Wanna wash the blood off your hands but you can't
It's on too thick - too many trips overseas
To disarm bombs or spread a disease
You got it?

I got it?
Epidemic!
Panic!
Widespread!
Nine dead!
Did we lie down and pull the covers over our heads?
God damn it!
Gobble up the next planet!

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