

Rage Against The Machine "Pocket Full Of Shells"

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Come wit it now! Come wit it now!

The microphone explodes, shatterin' the molds
Either drop the hits like de la O, or get the fuck off the
commode

Wit the sure shot, sure to make the bodies drop
Drop an don't copy you, don't call this a co-op

Terror rains drenchin', quenchin' the thirst of the power
dons

That five sided fist-a-gon

The rotten sore on the face of mother earth gets bigger
The triggers cold empty your purse

Rally 'round the family! With a pocket full of shells
They rally 'round the family! With a pocket full of shells
They rally 'round the family! With a pocket full of shells
They rally 'round the family! With a pocket full of shells

Weapons not food, not homes, not shoes
Not need, just feed the war cannibal animal
I walk the corner to the rubble that used to be a library
Line up to the mind cemetery now

What we don't know, keeps the contracts alive an
movin'

They don't gotta burn the books, they just remove 'em
While arms warehouses fill as quick as the cells
Rally 'round the family, pockets full of shells

Rally 'round the family! With a pocket full of shells
They rally 'round the family! With a pocket full of shells
They rally 'round the family! With a pocket full of shells
They rally 'round the family! With a pocket full of shells

Bulls on parade

Come wit it now! Come wit it now!
Bulls on parade! Bulls on parade!
Bulls on parade! Bulls on parade!
Bulls on parade!

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