

Promoe

"Fast Food World"

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Verse 1:

Here's your order:

It's all bloody, covered in shame
the slaughterhouse where four number's your name
I hate this place, the urine, the pain
they try to clean but can't get ride of the stains
So full of life, next minute she dead
I never could figure this blood spillin' in vain
and they call it my work, yo the give me the blame
for more than X million a insane killings a day
with machine's sent straight from hell
stabbin' your face Norman Bate's motel
Death traps and kidnaps, cows and pigs that
lay wide open on the floor with big rats
runnin' around, germs havin' a field day
Bacterias all over the steelblade
sprendin' me throught the meat industry
I'm death I bet you're not pleased to meet me, it's...

Chorus:

Murder
Supplyin' bloody meat for a fast food world
Murder
Supplyin' bloody meat for a fast food world

Verse2:

We keep 'em comin' no time rest, now
Here's your knife, cut 'em up by the chest, now
Upside down so the blood run out
After that clean it out till the guts come out
Now, there's no end I've been begun at eight
seventeen days straight I'm always runnin' late
I'm workin' overtime, but I'm underpaid
the campany treatin' my like fuckin' slave
Need to little cash so i can run away
but the light at the end of tunnel ain't
visible, I'm too tried got a stomach ache
Can't concetrates, it must've been sumth'n I ate
Then he suddenly slipped and he slit his wrist
Broke his neck in the fall midst the shit and piss
Thinkin' 'bout his little sis' and the bittre twist:

now he's dying like company's sins were his
While his boss a real Mr. Slick
dismissed the union that could've ride the risk
but he had to have peple workin' triple shifts
Ain't no accident call it what itrealy is, it's...

Chorus:

Murder
supplying sickness in a fast food world/
And is a murder/ supply coruption in a fast food world/
I see murder...

Verse 3:

Steppin' through the golden arches
where murder is neatly packed and heart rates
increase with the grease smarin' on my dome
Extra chees ! I'm takin' that to go please
Cloggin' up my artories, part of my wanna leaove
My apology is simply that time is robbin' me
Nobody see the commodites is still victims
So is the one buyin' the shiie from hell's kitchen
Stunblin' to the ground, pains the abdomin
paralizin' his body like something stabin' him
but the doctor's found nothing wrong when examin
Two days later his wife came home paniking
Yo, she faund him on the couch with the remote control
hangin' from his cold hand they just spoke on the
phone
The autopsy show it was the E. coli
Bad luck with bad some meat? Nah, it's probably...

Chorus:

Murder
supplyin' sickness in the fast food world
I see murder
supplyin' poison in the fast food world...

Outtro:

Well, nothin' with the eye, mouth or teeth
Rasta no eat
and I'm not jokin'
Rasta no meel
Nothin' with the eye, mouth or teeth
Rasta no eat
and I'm not jokin'
No, no, no

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