

## **Raise Hell**

# **"Bulls On Parade"**

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This microphone explode, shattering  
The molds  
Ya eighter drop tha hits like de la o or get tha  
Fuck off tha commode  
Wit tha sure shot, sure ta make tha  
Bodies drop  
Drop an don't copy yo, don't call this  
A co-opt  
Terror rains drenchin', quenchin' tha thirst of  
Tha power dons  
That five sided fist-a-gon  
Tha rotten sore on the face of mother earth gets  
Bigger  
Tha triggers cold empty ya purse  
They rally round tha family  
With pockets full of shells

Weapons not food, not homes, not shoes  
Not need, just feed tha war canibal animal  
I walk tha corner to tha rubble that used to be a  
Library  
Line up to tha mind cemetery  
What we don't know keeps tha contracts alive an  
Movin'  
They don't gotta burn tha books they just remove 'em  
While arms warehouses fill as quick as tha cells  
Rally round tha family, pockets full of shells  
Rally round tha family  
With pockets full of shells  
Bulls on parade

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