

Vents

"A Love Song"

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[Intro: Vents & Trials] Haha ... okay Na, na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na, na-na-na Na, na-na-na-na-na (yeah!) Na-na-
na, na-na-na C'mon! [Chorus] Na, na-na-na-na-na Na-
na-na, na-na-na (c'mon, c'mon!) Na, na-na-na-na-na
(yeah!) Na-na-na, na-na-na (sing along with it!) Na, na-
na-na-na-na (yeah!) Na-na-na, na-na-na (get down with
yo' bad self!) Na, na-na-na-na-na (word 'em up!) Na-
na-na, na-na-na (yeah!) [Vents] I dwell in the darkest of
places Planet Earth, everything tasteless, everybody
sound kinda brainless Roll the herb and play the verse
Staying immersed in crime, think politics perverse
Every day is like May the first in Haymarket Square
Heard a lot of martyrs there Making everybody's shit
list Government to corporate, take back the gas and
water shit Class War in effect Autonomist populace,
hardcore to the death Anti-fascista, John Carpenter
creature Terrorising grooves made to reach ya Custom
built to feel, fuck paying for brand new clothes and
looking good for your bros, huh I rock a rag with a
bloodstain on it and get more props than I wanted
Make you feel like.. [Chorus] Na, na-na-na-na-na Na-na-
na, na-na-na (and the chorus went..) Na, na-na-na-na-
na (yeah!) Na-na-na, na-na-na (get up and get down!)
Na, na-na-na-na-na (huh! yeah!) Na-na-na, na-na-na
(me and Trials like..) Na, na-na-na-na-na Na-na-na, na-
na-na [Vents] I want a summer of love, feeling good,
got someone to love John Lennon, no Gods, no nothing
above Rock Steady Crew cutting a rug On the mic like
Soulsonic, 808 drum is a drug Stuck in my room,
nothing to do Getting paranoid, feeling like Iran with a
bucket of crude Twenty-six thousand nukes with
nothing to do McDonald's and them Reeboks coming
for you Need a cupboard of food and a roof and I'm
straight Fucking utter contempt if you run up and tempt
fate Back in the tenth grade was a Don Juan Cutting
school in the days, ducking rays from a cop car With a
Posca on the same bus my dad drove Did he care?
Fuck nah I'm a chip off the old block Pissed off and
never get a break outa life, but so what? Uh! [Chorus]
Na, na-na-na-na-na (yeah!) Na-na-na, na-na-na (c'mon!
Planet Earth go..) Na, na-na-na-na-na (yeah! uh! yo!)

Na-na-na, na-na-na (all the chickens say..) Na, na-na-na-na-na Na-na-na, na-na-na (uh! yeah! if you on booze go..) Na, na-na-na-na-na Na-na-na, na-na-na [Vents]
Rising above like Rollins in Black Flag Pissing in your Louis Vuitton handbag Treating 'em worse than the Grand Dragon in the Klan Vents taking a stand, propaganda by the bedside lamp Your blood on your boyfriend's Skyline floor Let the eyeline pour when it's time for war You denying the dinosaur Swearing that God created man, but God enslaving man with the church and the capitalists 2007, still both tryna gaffle my shit Had to resist, accurate, how could it miss? Game of death, Billy Lo type powerful fist Kind of weird like having a brisk Cutting your child's dick to get closer to God, it sounds sick huh I see 'em in the club spazzing out But smoking ice ain't nothing to brag about I make you wanna.. [Chorus] Na, na-na-na-na-na (uh! yeah!) Na-na-na, na-na-na (Ted Keith!) Na, na-na-na-na-na (uh, yeah) Na-na-na, na-na-na (Charlie) Na, na-na-na-na-na (word 'em up, yo) Na-na-na, na-na-na (Blanker) Na, na-na-na-na-na (yeah!) Na-na-na, na-na-na (F. Bison) [Vents] Hah-ha yeah, it's a love song Get your food, eat your dinner, get your desert Sing alooong! {*Vents and Trials chant vaguely to end*}

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