

Soul Coughing "The Bug"

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Slipping through the wrong plug, slap the rotor
To the beat, yeah, stitching to till, the pin breaks
Gotcha down onto the flat line, clap the matter
It's the drop, how? Revvin' it up into the stomp box

Sunkified assman tripping in his own dribble
Tripping in the white man's outlay
Capitalism now screaming on a fat tomato
With a scream, girl lips are thicker than a cow

I knew the bug, his wire running down into the hole
Greedy girl, you're gonna snatch my soul
I know the bug, his wire running down into the hole
Greedy girl, you're gonna snatch my soul

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Supple backed a pole town, one, two, one, two
Drumming on a guess and I can't stand it
When a dream comes guzzling up the whole brain stem
I can not give up and just stick there

But in the same way, thought is useless
But you just come knock, knock, knocking on a straw
door
But I could lose you for a nickel
But you just don't hear me, you don't stop

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Bump it to the left side, bump it to the right side

Well, bump it to the left side
Well, bump it to the right side
Bump it, bump it, bump it
Bump it, bump it, bump it

I know the bug, his wire running down into the hole
Greedy girl, you're gonna snatch my soul
I knew the bug, his wire running down into the hole
Greedy girl, you're gonna snatch my soul

I know the bug, his wire running down into the hole
Greedy girl, you're gonna snatch my soul
I know your bug, his wire running down into the hole
Greedy girl, you're gonna snatch my soul

Rum, come on, shake it on now
One time, why? Shake it
So many ineffective, one time
Like SOC's, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come

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