

Dingeess, The "Ghetto Box Smash"

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Pop culture, pop there went my brain

One more shot like that could blow the whole
mainframe

Too much worthless information inside my head

They gotcha coughin' every coined phrase

This new gadgets got you amazed

It's hard to find a thought though this haze

I don't call it gain, I call it craze

Pop culture, stop before I lose my mind

If I hear that song played one more time

I'm gonna drop the box out a twelve story window

How do I counter the culture or bring back an attack

when it's put a dent inside my brain with a
complimentry
coca-cola baseball bat?

Round 'em up, take a count of the heads

Run us out and leave us for dead

Now they wanna broadcast me on the airwaves

We'll see!

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