Pop Culture

Curvine

Parents, I'm your worst nightmare, and yet your kid's best friend.

[Chorus]
This is the altar of pop culture.
The price seems cheap but baby it's gonna cost ya.

Good morning, America!
I'm pleased to introduce
myself as the reason for you wayward youth.
Some know me as entertainment spokesman.
Some call me Pop, but you can call me Culture.
Feeding on the minds of your children like a vulcher
as they recline on your livingroom sofa.
Parents, Imma be blunt and cut it right to the chase,
I'm here for the children so please stay in your place.
Aye, kids, hello and welcome to the show!
In the following Imma teach you all that you need to know.
This life is full of ups and downs without a doubt.
But, if you find yourself down for the count, follow the crowd.
Here's my hand, I'll lead you to a land
flowing with filth and money so, Honey, bring a friend.
And trust me, oh, I know what's best.
I teach kids, all the time, how to talk and dress.

You can find me in your iPod, internet, even your Myspace.
It don't take much for me to creep in that God space.
Television, videos, even your cellphones;
those internet sites when there's no one else home.
This is the altar of Pop Culture.
The price seems cheap but, Baby, it's gonna cost ya.
So come and join the parade;
let's march to the rhythm of self-gratification.
Forward march.

[FEATURED VERSE]
I become your guard. You're lost and brainwashed.
And it's all good with me because I'm richer than Michael Sopps.
So come one, come all. And you can all bow down.
I teach you how to think, feel, act, and sound.
I have created a current that flows downstream

and if you ain't swimmin' against it, you're following me.
So just relax and sit back as I impetrate your mind
as I attack with false facts and hope that you stay blind.
The more money you bring, the faster you die.
And I love nothing more than hearing of this kind of suicide.
But I hope you stay alive so you can struggle and strive
with believing all my lies. Yes, this is my heart's cry.
[So kids!] You can all follow me
as we float downstream, merilly.
We can drift away, in your bliss.
And I'll lead you to your grave with a goodnight kiss.

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Parents. I'll be more than happy
to babysit those kids for the price of nothing.
You've had a hard day and, hey, I understand that
you have to have a life outside of the family.
So, hey, go ahead. Paint the town red.
Go party at the bar 'till you fall out dead.
Go all out, momma. Don't worry about a thing.
Imma be sure to see those kids to bed.
From white Suburbia into the projects
I impetrate households with minimal conflict.
That explicit lyrical content
doesn't mean a thing.
I've become your teen's spiritual god.
Aye, young people.
Put on your matching suits because
we're about to march to our demise.
Your limmings.
And me, I'm your leader.
I got this whole generation dangling by my finger.

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Lyrics submitted by Sierra.

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