

I've Got Reasons

Bombshell Rocks

Mister, I spit on your intentions
Well, I got reason and reason's all I need
And Mister, I spit on your protection
Stroke by the madness I'm about to proceed
Take business to a totally different level
Pure misery, it's an industry
An industry
And Mister, I laugh at your attempts
To tell it's chaos a thousand miles away
Where you celebrate the victory, we suffer defeat
Mister, I won't kneel to pray
Take business to a totally different level
Pure misery, it's an industry
An industry
Pure insanity, insensibility
Take business to a totally different level
Pure misery, it's an industry
An industry
Pure insanity, insensibility
Take business to a totally different level
Pure misery, it's an industry
An industry, an industry

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