

# Rip

## Big Black

That man's shirt is worth more than your life  
And I'd rather kill him than insult you  
He hasn't the sense to know we're fighting  
He hasn't the fear to run  
We have to rip this up  
It doesn't look quite right  
People like that, too dirty to save  
Better watch out, friend  
He's gonna get torn  
When I poke my fingers in it  
I tear him apart  
Cover your ears  
They make a lot of noise  
We have to rip this up  
It doesn't look quite right

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