

# Dope Fiend Massacre

## Biting Elbows

I know that mr. Brown gotta a lot of what it takes  
I got a big brown bag full of cocaine  
And I cannot be friends with mr. Brown  
I'd like to put that fucker undergroundDown, where he can't systematically destroy any chance of a hope for  
A better future for me and our kind, yeah  
The ugly little caeser gets his knifeI'm a dog at a pound  
Whose heart ain't coping  
At the speed of sound  
Decay is closing all around  
I would run  
Twist that lock open  
The trouble is  
I got no opposable thumbs  
I had a vision  
I saw mr. Brown on the television  
He was talking crap as he always does  
I had to reign him in, why? BecauseI don't like who he is  
And I don't like who I am  
I don't like what he does  
And he makes me a man  
On the verge of his mind  
A spectacular view  
Mr. Brown, I've got an issue and its got to do with youI'm a dog at a pound  
Whose heart ain't coping  
At the speed of sound  
Decay is closing all around  
I would run  
Twist that lock open  
The trouble is  
I got no opposable thumbs  
I think I ought to  
Watch my back mack  
I just might be a rat  
And if I go  
I'm gonna have to  
Go along with meTake on the truth  
There is no quiet reason for what I'm gonna do  
You're getting colder in a house full of clues  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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