Patriotism

Company Flow

[el-producto]
Do you know who you are..
Do you know who you are fucking with?
Do you know, the access, to weapons, money and power
That we have? we will fucking kill you!I'm the ugliest version of passed down toxic capitalist
Rapid emcee perversion -- I'm america!
Your bleeding-heart liberal drivel gets squashed
Wash em with sterilized rhyme patriot-guided weaponry bomb
From the makers of the devious hearts -- I'm america!
You bitchy little dogs don't even phase my basic policy
The bomb's smarter, my ronald reagan's crush carter
With bay of pig tactics makin young men into martyrs
(come on down!) come to my happy promised land
Smiley faced opportunity cypher
And jump on the coflow pension plan
A proletariat, crushing state of the union
Between serpentine words and mass confusion
Of media controlled blurb advertising disillusionment
Your family will love my low-rent, low-life
No-brain, reality-dagger, movement
Hop over the border for amusement; try to test the waters
That the other slaughter crews pay all the usance
You up against -- jesus freak, formin corporations in young republicans
Indelible nato force hidden agenda, puppet governments
I'm lovin it! keep the people guessin who I'm runnin with
Control the population and hide behind sacred covenants
Fuckin with me? !? ! means liberal wildlife burnin, gasoline seized
And an automagnetic third world printed with metal plates in they knees
Can't you hear the disenchanted, hide the scream of
Gabriel's reflected new wind instrument, a judgment played in flat c
I replace humans like robots in a gm factory (warning! warning!)
Then explore metaphors to sweat shops, cause the price is satisfactory
Your pious little cries of injustice get met with apathy (awww, shucks!)
Soak, cloak, hormone injected dairy product
And conservative right-wing anti-eroticism; the poisonous
Resevoirs and power lines in your neighborhood cause botchilism
Senseless! join the census, censorship sentences sentence
Triple-felon citizen paid pennance!
Dissension against c-f ends in, penetentiary residence

Lock em up first, then ask questions
Omniscient presence, my charm is the weapon
With cameras mics and satellites that leave privacy breathless
You don't even know the chemicals you've ingested
Urine tested -- beat innocent man til he confesses"who's america? who's america? who's america? who's america? "
"who's america? who's america? who's america? who's america? "
[el-p] I'm america! I'm america!i'm america! mr. len, get busy on em!* dj mr. len the space ghost cuts up "god damn!!" *[el-producto]
I'm america arrogant!! terminus verbal curfew murders
You either purchase my products or you're worthless, that's my service!
Don't look into the oculars of a daylight saver
Erase your city head and momument defacer comprising of
Patriot droids, sent into the void with lead linings
Employed by the bureaucrats of automatic twisted rhyme timing
You're guaranteed nothing but my fat little finger
That lingers one inch off of the big button -- let's start this!
I'm saran gas, hide in your apartments
I'm stealth like a robot hidden in the fat asshole of cartman
And give a crippling fuck like sand sharkskin condom
To your apparent vaginal problem - the hottest shit on soundbombing
I'm american til infinite justice measure to pesticide cemetary
Invite you to cross the border then shit on your divinities
What language is that? I'm angusih in fact, tangle with a
Star-spangled standard issue gat for crowd management
Talk loud and get enshrouded in a hot cloud of harassment
By the crowd force of my mental pedestrian checker,
That smashes subordinate skulls and update the file in your dental records
You tryin to get a light but yet the crowd is my paid hecklers (boo! boo!)
You just stepped into the spectrum of paranoid word rainbows
Thinkin you sick with a sihlouette, burn transit cop out his plain clothes
I'm america!! this is where the pain grows like poppies
In a field of dreams I paid for, I'll burn it down if operated sloppily
Copy? my economic sanction rhyme style got your syllables
Scraping for rice and riding in a pre-1960 jalopy
My favorite flavour of gas is mustard
I'm fuckin a blind hermaphrodite icon and convincin you that it's justice!"who's america? who's america? who's america? who's america? "
* dj mr. len the space ghost cuts up "god damn!!" *[el-producto]
Treason will not be tolerated!
You have been enlisted.. into a lifestyle that you may not change!
Understand! you can't be happy.. and smile.. for the cameras!
Motherfucker!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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