

# Ass-Breath Killers

## The Coup

You've got ass-breath  
You've got ass-breath  
You've got ass-breath  
You've got ass-breath  
You've got ass-breath Some confuse ass-breath for strong halitosis  
It's been hundreds of years since the first diagnosis  
By the African doctor, Mawangi Misoi  
Known in the states as Mr. Thomas' boy He found that preventing this affliction was lost  
With the mention of the phrase, "Um, yes sir, boss"  
When that phrase was uttered many stomachs would wrench  
Some jumped in the Atlantic to escape the stench He know that ass-breath came from kissin' ass a lot  
To be the boss's knight-in-armor like Lancelot  
Doctor Misoi, years later, before he was hanged  
Developed pills with the taste of lemon merengue Made from ground gunpowder of Haitian slaves  
And swept from Seminoles who just wouldn't behave  
He tested first on young Nat from the Turner plantation  
Then sent a batch off to the French speakin' nation It should also be noted, a bottle of it was found  
In the clenched dead hand of the white John Brown  
Every time it went 'round new people would find it  
They would take their essence, put it in and grind it In Russia, Africa, Asia too  
Mao Tse-Tung made the flavors new  
In Cuba, the people make new shipments  
Of this pill that is on the FDA shit list That is not recommended to take befo' dinner  
When supervisin' Presidents and such type sinners  
Take this pill and say what you wish you said  
It hardens backbones, they might wish you dead And it's not to be confused with courage juice  
Which we drank in chains and we still ain't loose  
These pills really should be taken in groups  
'Cause ass-breath motherfuckers move with troops MLK took half a pill, procrastinatin'  
Once he took a whole pill, they assassinate him  
Take ass-breath killers, to really get down  
Wherever rocks, fire, and struggle are found When it's time to speak up and you can't make a sound  
Take the pills that'll make you kick the king in his crown  
Take ass-breath killers, to really get down  
Wherever rocks, fire, and struggle are found Dr. Misoi's ass-breath killers  
You've got ass-breath  
You've got ass-breath  
You've got ass-breath  
You've got ass-breath The makers of Dr. Misoi's ass-breath killers

Are not responsible for corporate losses  
Or topplin's of local regimes and or governments  
So you done took the pill, is it workin' yet?  
Nah, man is yours workin' yet?  
I think mine is about to start workin' now, there it goes  
Hey, what are you guys supposed to be doin'?  
Well, I'm, I'm suppo, I'm suppo, check it out

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>