

# Bulls On Parade

## Seven Cycles

Come with it now!  
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The microphone explodes, shattering the molds  
Either drop hits like De-La-O or get the fuck off the commode  
With the sure shot, sure to make your bodies drop  
Drop and don't copy yo, don't call this a co-op  
Terror rains drenchin', quenchin' the thirst of the power dons  
That five sided fist-a-gon  
The rotten sore on the face of mother earth gets bigger  
Triggers cold empty your purse  
They rally 'round the family, with a pocket full of shells  
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They rally 'round the family, with a pocket full of shells  
Weapons not food, not homes, not shoes  
Not need, just feed the war cannibal animal  
I walk the corner to the rubble that used to be a library  
Lined up to the mind cemetery now  
What we don't know keeps the contracts alive an movin'  
They don't gotta burn the books they just remove 'em  
While arms warehouses fill as quick as the cells  
Rally 'round the family, pockets full of shells  
Rally 'round the family, with a pocket full of shells  
They rally 'round the family, with a pocket full of shells  
They rally 'round the family, with a pocket full of shells  
They rally 'round the family, with a pocket full of shells  
The bulls on parade  
Come with it now  
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