

# 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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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

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The bulls on parade

Come with it now

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Bulls on parade

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