

Cassius Clay's Pearly Whites

Foster the People

Put it back in on the vine of this (system) [x8]

I'm six smoking at me blood muffled top just ring the bell rock
ing from the heavens into hell
(intergalactic triad killer)
eyes opened up like Christmas
kidding fits foaming at the mouth just like a trumpet it wasn't
well,
you big sucker I've got you now,
I kid back, stick remove the ones or twos who always tell the t
ruth
the new moes part romans full of laughter
I rock a black attire like a 1960s massacre,

Extra extra you can read all about it

I ain't got no quarrel with them viet cong,
dying to dodge the truth like an overcoat stripped of title sna
pped the gloves
yeah I called the bluffing all you racist mother (what)

Put it back in on the vine of this (system) [x8]
Float like a butterfly sting like a bee [x2]