

# Jihad!

Mac Lethal

(All right let's count it down)

1.. 2.. 3.. 4.. 5.. 6.. 7....

f\*\*k Boulevard beer and their corporate bosom..  
I'd rather drink with an agnostic woman.  
f\*\*k Applebee's and their corporate bosom..  
I'd rather drink with an atheist woman.  
f\*\*k the young republicans and their corporate bosom..  
I'd rather drink with an agnostic woman.  
(Hey Kansas City, no more drinkin' Boulevard beer, it's  
Flying Monkey mother f\*\*ker.. here we go)

Hey yo Jerry Falwell's dead, everybody limbo!  
Rap music is the new disco!  
I kick drums down the stairs and laugh,  
The sound of paragraphs, [?]  
with beasting these bloods [?] with these chumps and  
their bling-bling that sucks.  
The phone goes "ring ring," wassup?  
Shmuck, I'm here to save the day like I'm Ming Ming the  
duck f\*\*ker  
Ya'll win the lotto and the foo-foo lives,  
The rest of us just kinda hope Bono from U2 dies.  
Blind Abercrombie trophy wives run the world like,  
"Wow Jennifer, did you lose weight? You go girl!"  
I mean it's corny, it's filthy;  
so if you ever see me and I'm drivin' in a minivan then  
f\*\*k it, come and kill me!  
But sucka, ya'll can't see me like Snuffleupagus,  
Now what the f\*\*k is this I wanna kiss so pucker up  
your lips  
The manwhore will charm ya. (woooo!)  
I had it all when I was born like Jamie Lee Curtis  
and/or Ciara.

Follow, me.  
Follow, me.  
Follow, me.  
(Come on!)  
We gotta have a jihad..  
We gotta have a jihad. (Come on!)  
Follow, me.  
Follow, me.  
Follow, me.  
(Come on!)  
We gotta have a jihad..  
Woo weeeeeeee ooo.  
(Hey!)

I got a hangover, I could sell the scientific research,  
I got my ass kicked last night so now my teeth hurt.  
I can't purchase alcohol on Sundays; why?  
Because they believe an invisible man's in the sky!  
Kirk Cameron thinks sinners need to burn in flames,  
I got a gun named Corey Feldman and a gun named Corey  
Haim.

The third world war just started, TAKE AIM!  
[snickering] They still think an invisible man is in  
the sky.

Kansas City mutha f\*\*ka better go check your dead self.  
Drivin' through the hood gettin' road head from Fred  
Phelps.

I'll interrupt family dinner during prayer like,  
"Uh, by the way I'm an atheist and.. don't care."  
The honorable reverend Ted Haggard got caught smokin'  
meth with a male prostitute up in a Motel 6,  
the flow fell sick, then sweetened and unusual,  
I'll go back to church when the Chiefs win the  
Superbowl.

I wanna paint Linda's sick dead words, gimme a canvas  
and the brain stem of Mitch Hedburg,  
And I'ma use it as my quill tip -  
I wanna take a couple drill bits and build myself an  
easel with the skeleton of Bill Hicks (that's a good  
man right there).

Man f\*\*k Dane Cook and his corporate ass too (punkass  
mother f\*\*ker)..

Now bring me the female version of Charles Darwin.  
..All hail George Carlin.

Follow, me

Follow, me

Follow, me

(Come on!)

We gotta have a jihad

We gotta have a jihad (come on)

Follow, me

Follow, me

Follow, me

Come on!

We gotta have a jihad

Woo weeeeeeee ooo

(Hey!)