

# Motherfucker

Primitive Radio Gods

When do I get paid for all the money you made  
Selling souls on Capitol Hill  
Another law's been passed designed to break your ass  
And keep the middle class quiet and still  
You talk a lot about justice and then go and bust us  
Except for a chosen few  
I've got a God-given right to smoke whatever I like  
So tell me how it got given to you... Motherfuckers

The monkey looks back at his foot in the trap  
And it's the boogie man coming for you  
He sells you a spade to dig out your own grave  
And you can cover yourself when you're through  
I never just "say no" so take your slogans and go  
I'm gonna spell it so there ain't no doubt  
'Cause I'm the one with the other  
I'm a bad motherfucker  
And my bullet's gonna find you out

Four billion people all strung out of their minds  
On power trips and slaving ships  
Not seeing that they're blind  
One day I'll be in front of you  
One day I'll be in front of you

Put up your hands, give me all your money  
Don't think, don't blink, 'cause I can't rely on you  
I sold myself, and I'll sell you with me  
Don't blink, don't think, that I can rely on you

Mothers and fathers, it's your sons and daughters  
That they're selling to the prison cells  
Why so afraid of the flesh you've made  
And the lies that the preachers tell  
Well I was born to run on the light of the sun  
And the smell of the woman's wrist  
I'm out of things to say, so here's a raw display  
And the power of the silent truth

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Put up your hands... Put up your hands... Put up your hands...