

Megaton

Sleaford Mods

Megaton!

You think you're nasty nas
You're just cringy as
Megaton, whose side are you on?
Who's shit you don?
What form of murder do you want?
Kiloton!
Combust the blast
No war, No death, No point when
There's nobody left
Apart from you
The emperors new hoes on a record label who just sign all the dregs (let's face it)
Wrap it in class politics, give it some legs
Give it some legs

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No War No Death

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On me head San, don't Make me larf

They call me 00Lol licensed to sign off the dole, not really

I'm Prince Edward really, you winger, right left

Fred like an horse shoe, he's good with the budget

Hello renters, I'm in you, urgh

I hate that saying, noughties bands say it when they drive into the next town they're playing

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Yea weights and wanking
Hard bodies and phone lights
That's all we got
I got my stomach flat for the money shot
In shiny cars, Elvis jaws and no bras
On the road to nowhere
Nobody knows where to post anymore
Social media weight watchers, collabing
With the same old fucking singers, spray and pray
Like lazy dog owners on short walks mate
Wankers, fucking toss parachutes from jizz op aircraft carriers

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No War
No Death

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