

This Is How We Swing

Stuck Mojo

You're about to hear
Some Home Run Hitters
Swinging for the fences
Your best pitcher couldn't prevent this relentless
Mojo voodoo stanking like doo doo
Poo poo and boo boo
Grown man shit
We dont strike out
We just strike out
On stages far and near guitars
Drums and mic's out
Till it's mother fucking lights out
Blessing the world with a swagger
And a sound that's world renowned
This is how the Mojo swings
Batter up
Batter up
This is how the Mojo swings
Batter up
Batter up
This is how we swing
We Stomp on stage like we own the venue
With that Mojo fury that just might offend you
We highly recommend you play your position
Or you might end up missing
No amount of wishing could stop this Mojo power
Ready to crush and devour
Over the comp man we rise and tower
Every second every minute every fucking hour
This is how the Mojo swings
Batter up
Batter up
This is how the Mojo swings
Batter up
Batter up
From the septs of darkness through the gates of hell
Stuck Mojo runs in with a rebel yell
Many can't stand the stench it's a powerfull smell
Do you think we give a fuck
Hell no!
Oh well
Down in the dirty south is where we dwell
Witness the Mojo voodoo we cast a spell
That propels and excels at the speed of light
All succumb to our will theirs no need fight aaaiight
This is how the Mojo swings
Batter up
Batter up
Swing batter batter
Swing batter batter swing
This is how we swing