

Ghost, Twenties

Listen up, hatchet man
Set controls for the heart of the land
Tell 'em all it is time
You're the next in the chain of command As my
Apparition Apparition
Direct the course for collision
Grow
Suspicion Suspicion
For the Reich to come to fruition

In the Twenties Twenties
We'll be singing in a reign of pennies
In the Twenties Twenties
We'll be soaring in disguise of Bevies
In the Twenties Twenties
We'll be smooching at the feet of Da Rulah
In the Twenties Twenties
We'll be grinding in a pile of moolah

Listen up, you motherfuckers
Those Ivy League dopes, they wanna mock us
Tell 'em all this is war
And not fighting a war is for suckers
Kiss my
Assassinate Assassinate
Gather the tools to disintegrate
Feed
Hate Hate
Reaping the seeds as a reprobate
I'm number one, you're number two
You've got a lot of God's work to do

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We'll be singing in a reign of pennies
In the Twenties Twenties
We'll be soaring in disguise of Bevies
In the Twenties Twenties
We'll be taking no shit from no chulas
We'll be grabbing 'em all by the hoo-has
In the Twenties Twenties
We'll be dancing in the fields of freedom
In the Twenties Twenties
We'll be crushing them laws 'cause we don't need 'em
In the Twenties
In the Twenties Twenties
All the way to the thirties

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