

Impellitteri, Propoganda Mind

Fat cat in a suit
A fist full of loot
Making claims we don't understand
Got the money, the power
Took a greenback shower
Broke your law cause your more than a man
You're tax exempt a D.C. pimp
Another whore for the man of the hill
We choke on your lies
You've got thin alibies
And that smirk on your face makes us ill
I won't believe anything I see
Million dollar tan
Pearly whites and a price is right smile
Your talk equals shit and it's really unfit
But your twisted tongue stretches a mile
So quick to condemn while you get every whim
And send us to our very own grave
So speak up talk to me
You own every TV but I won't be your personal slave
I won't believe everything I see
I know in my mind what's wrong and what's right
I'm not your thing your puppet on a string
And I won't spread your lies or feed
You're propoganda mind
Propoganda mind
Propoganda mind
Propoganda mind
[Solo]
So don't believe everything you see
I know in my mind what's wrong and what's right
I'm not your thing your puppet on a string
And I won't spread your lies or feed
Their propoganda mind
Propoganda mind
Propoganda mind
Propoganda mind
Propoganda mind
Propoganda mind
Propoganda mind