

Papa Roach, Infest

Welcome to the original Papa Roach soundfire
Viva La Cucaracha
My name's Coby Dick
Mr. Dick if you're nasty
Rock a mic with a voice that's raspy
'Cause I'm poetic in my operations
My God given talent is to rock all nations
Infest, the theory of my first manifesto
Push ya wig back with my lyrical pistol
Blow now Papa Roach is on your mental
Banging like your head piece it's just that simple
Cock back and unleash with my physical
Wrap you in my thoughts and become indivisible
Centrifugal, forces individuals into my mind as we rock into ritual
You better do just what we say
And if you don't then you will pay
We're going to infest
We're getting in your head
What is wrong with the world today
The government the media or your family
Now that I got your attention
Did I forget to mention
All the brains we be infesting
Hope y'all people learn your lessons
Cause the game of life is crazy
Got all the people guessin'
What is wrong with the world today
The government, media, or your family
Would you cry if I did today
I think it be better if you did not say
First they shackle your feet
Then they stand you in a line
Then they beat you like meat
Then they grab you by your mind
We will infest
Die like the rest
People are the problem today