

# Rage Against the Machine, Bulls On Parade

Come wit it now!

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The microphone explodes, shattering the molds

Either drop tha hits like de la O or get tha fuck off tha commode

Wit tha sure shot, sure ta make tha bodies drop

Drop an don't copy yo, don't call this a co-op

Terror rains drenchin', quenchin' tha thirst of tha power dons

That five sided fist-a-gon

Tha rotten sore on tha face of mother earth gets bigger

Tha triggers cold empty ya purse

Rally round tha family! With a pocket full of shells

They rally round tha family! With a pocket full of shells

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Weapons not food, not homes, not shoes

Not need, just feed the war cannibal animal

I walk tha corner to tha rubble that used to be a library

Line up to tha mind cemetary now

What we don't know keeps tha contracts alive an movin'

They don't gotta burn tha books they just remove 'em

While arms warehouses fill as quick as tha cells

Rally round tha family, pockets full of shells

Rally round tha family! With a pocket full of shells

They rally round tha family! With a pocket full of shells

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Bulls on parade

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