

God Gettin Funky, A-Town

Fills them inside to the brim
Crawls around inside their skin
You're not like them they point and stare
You're not like them you can't be there
(chorus) Come on down to our little town
Have a drink and stick around
Nobody here ever touches the ground
Nobody here deserves it
The greed the hate the greed
Do what they want do what they will
Live high on successful hill
I don't think that this is fair
I want to knock them down from there
(chorus)