

Pods, Mean Ass Funk Show

Four young f**kers on an afternoon drive
Through the land of gods and killing time
Tried to relate to a nuclear age
But we lost our souls in a pinball game
This is it like the way we planned
Not a church of saints but a church of man
We're the priests of the dancing beasts
So shake your ass and move your feet
Four young f**kers takin over the top
No matter what you want it's what you got
Wouldn't say no to a pot of gold
But we'd rather have a go at this funky show
We are the truth like it's never been seen
The truth is hard and the truth is mean
The truth is an ache in the seat of your pants
But it's got a good beat and it's easy to dance
Mean ass funk show
Everything out of control
Mean ass funk show
Ain't no rock n roll
Mean ass funk show
Sleazy little underground
Mean ass funk show
Big mean ass funk show burnin that mother down
These four young f**kers turnin over the mob
Get out of our way cos this is our job
This world our world has gone insane
We touch the heart and eat the pain
We don't give a shit about what they say
We mark our path pave our own way
Our music's a notch in the scars of time
So march to the beat of our own decline