

# 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