

Pods, We Ain't Got A Beatbox

This is the story
Bout the world was boring
And we livened it up on a Sunday morning
With tunes from the basement
Makin mom and dad mad
Although they're kinda ugly they ain't so bad
But the kids from the neighborhood
Said it made em feel good
And that made us happy cos we thought it could
So we put up a show
Just to let em know
And we took our party on the road

CHORUS:

We are the hip hop punk rock mutant pop
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Everybody up and down
We ain't got a beatbox
We bought a bus
Just made for us
From some deadhead hippie
Then we beat him up
We packed it through
But there was lots more room
So there was one more thing to do
We filled the mother
With the kids from the suburbs
To create a scene that was our own not another's
The wheels were turnin
My mind was churnin
The fire in their eyes was burnin

CHORUS

We are the plan
To make a new stand
The boys in the core and the boys in the band
We got somethin
Where the youth was nothin
So we'll take and replace the scam and funk it
They crushed our scene
With their mindless needs
But we don't give a damn about the way they bleed
The root and cause
Is our applause
Grab a piece the world is ours

CHORUS