

# Pumpkinhead, Grenades

(Pumpkinhead)

Praise to the most high for blessin me with a seed  
Now I gotta make it to the top with Speed , like Keanu Reeves  
And when I bleed, I feed a million children indeed  
With the knowledge and the strength that they need  
Fuck the military! Man beg my pardon  
The only thing my dad got from them was agent orange  
Cocksuckers experimented, on they own soldiers  
I'd rather be in a coma than help fill in they quota  
Give me a bulldozer, and before the world is over  
I'll find Bush and his daddy and run both they asses over  
The Bush's are trigger happy and wanna be in a war  
Two people they're like raisin the taxes and killin the poor  
I say I put the sword to they jaw, let it off  
'til they jaw fall to the floor, and Colin Powell callin the morgue  
You call him a hero but I call him a whore  
Gettin pimped by the system that wanna see the end of us all

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

It goes one grenade, two grenade, three grenade, four  
Pull the pin let it go it'll be the death of us all  
I'll be a motherfuckin martyr before a soldier at war  
Fuck the law, we gon' settle the score

(Pumpkinhead)

One grenade, two grenade, three grenade, four  
Pull the pin let it go, it'll be the end of us all  
I'll be a motherfuckin martyr before a soldier at war  
Fightin my brothers and sisters overseas for your laws  
You stick your nose in everybody country business when yours  
is the most corrupt nation, illumination blinding us all  
You don't think they already got UFO's in store?  
With technology to travel lightspeed past ours?  
I guarantee, these lizard reptilian figures  
Hidin under human flesh under they breath callin us niggaz  
I pull the motherfuckin trigger, explode your liver for fun  
And I won't stop 'til daddy and junior's kissin my gun  
Slugs pop from a short distance, listen you're done  
Your existance short-lived, now you live on the sun  
Burnin for eternity, your skin lift off your bones  
Now your skin is black like mine with a crispier tone

(Chorus)

(Outro: unknown speaker)

Yeah, you see my black and latino people  
There are some truths that we have to face  
And there are some lies we have to uncover  
And there are some fake muh'fuckers out there talkin  
And they talkin for us, but they not talkin to us  
And they not talkin about us  
They just speakin, as if it was from our perspective