

Rivers Cuomo, The Bomb

It's like a holocaust to the boss when I toss
Too much knowledge kicked then you're lost
In a shuffle of feet, Jinx the fiddler
And I control your mind like Hitler

You bow and vow to authority
See now, a sucker with a style just boring me
So I show K N O W L E D G E, it might trouble you
Then I transform like a decepticon
With a mic as a bomb

I'm solo, you ask how I'm living
Still dropping more shit than a pigeon
With the L, the E, the N, the C, the H
The M, the O, the B, the great

Lyrics that make the beat swing and I gotcha
It's the hip hopper that don't like coppers
And if you try to upset the pot sun
You get kicked in the chest like a shotgun

I make the beats, I make the breaks
I make the rhymes that make you shake
Make you find, Ice Cube never caught in the middle
I make shit to kick you in the ass a little

And still never hesitate to stutter step
Or bust a repetition on the mic
Still dissing all the hype from left to right
How many left to fight?
So what that Lench Mob like?