

# Rob Zombie, Shake Your Ass-Smoke Your Grass

Well, I don't need your Jesus freaks  
Well, I don't need your thought police  
Well, I don't need your saving soul  
Well, I don't need your mind control

Shake your ass your ass  
Smoke your grass your grass  
Shake your ass your ass  
Smoke your grass your grass

Well, I don't need your howling moon  
Well, I don't need your happy tune  
Well, I don't need your jetting set  
Well, I don't need your cigarettes

Shake your ass your ass  
Smoke your grass your grass  
Shake your ass your ass  
Smoke your grass your grass

Come on, well everybody it's time to feel alright  
Come on, well everybody it's time to feel alright

Well, I don't want your OJ juice  
Well, I don't want your Lenny Bruce  
Well, I don't want your flying nun  
Well, I don't want your golden gun

Shake your ass your ass  
Smoke your grass your grass  
Shake your ass your ass  
Smoke your grass your grass

Well, I'm a mad hatter baby ride a boogie machine  
Blasting 8 tracks tapes when I'm on the scene  
I'm a long gone daddy and a boogaloo  
And I stitch it all together with super glue

Shake your ass your ass  
Smoke your grass your grass  
Shake your ass your ass  
Smoke your grass your grass

Come on, well everybody it's time to feel alright  
Come on, well everybody it's time to feel alright