

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