Thao With The Get Down Stay Down, Bag Of Hai

I am all in a ball In your front yard I have this bag of hammers And I won't ask to come in 'Cause I have sold everything Still I have, have got some manners

And there's a hole in your head Spilled your thoughts on the floor We wanted you bad You wanted it more The trick is You do not get on that interstate bus The catch is You stay and see what becomes of us

Shake shake shake Shake the frame of this house Distress the wood Make it shout

And as sharp as I sting As sharp as I sing It still soothes you Doesn't it? Like a lick of ice cream

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