

The Dingeers, Ghetto Box Smash

Pop culture, pop there went my brain
One more shot like that could blow the whole mainframe
Too much worthless information inside my head

They gotcha coughin' every coined phrase
This new gadgets got you amazed
It's hard to find a thought though this haze
I don't call it gain, I call it craze

Pop culture, stop before I lose my mind
If I hear that song played one more time
I'm gonna drop the box out a twelve story window

How do I counter the culture or bring back an attack
when it's put a dent inside my brain with a complimentary coca-cola baseball bat?

Round 'em up, take a count of the heads
Run us out and leave us for dead
Now they wanna broadcast me on the airwaves
We'll see!