

# Ghost, Twenties

Listen up, hatchet man  
Set controls for the heart of the land  
Tell 'em all it is time  
You're the next in the chain of command As my  
Apparition Apparition  
Direct the course for collision  
Grow  
Suspicion Suspicion  
For the Reich to come to fruition

In the Twenties Twenties  
We'll be singing in a reign of pennies  
In the Twenties Twenties  
We'll be soaring in disguise of Bevies  
In the Twenties Twenties  
We'll be smooching at the feet of Da Rulah  
In the Twenties Twenties  
We'll be grinding in a pile of moolah

Listen up, you motherfuckers  
Those Ivy League dopes, they wanna mock us  
Tell 'em all this is war  
And not fighting a war is for suckers  
Kiss my  
Assassinate Assassinate  
Gather the tools to disintegrate  
Feed  
Hate Hate  
Reaping the seeds as a reprobate  
I'm number one, you're number two  
You've got a lot of God's work to do

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We'll be singing in a reign of pennies  
In the Twenties Twenties  
We'll be soaring in disguise of Bevies  
In the Twenties Twenties  
We'll be taking no shit from no chulas  
We'll be grabbing 'em all by the hoo-has  
In the Twenties Twenties  
We'll be dancing in the fields of freedom  
In the Twenties Twenties  
We'll be crushing them laws 'cause we don't need 'em  
In the Twenties  
In the Twenties Twenties  
All the way to the thirties

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