Pods, Mean Ass Funk Show

Four young f**kers on an afternoon drive Through the land of gods and killing time Tried to relate to a nuclear age But we lost our souls in a pinball game This is it like the way we planned Not a church of saints but a church of man We're the priests of the dancing beasts So shake your ass and move your feet Four young f**kers takin over the top No matter what you want it's what you got Wouldn't say no to a pot of gold But we'd rather have a go at this funky show We are the truth like it's never been seen The truth is hard and the truth is mean The truth is an ache in the seat of your pants But it's got a good beat and it's easy to dance Mean ass funk show Everything out of control Mean ass funk show Ain't no rock n roll Mean ass funk show Sleazy little underground Mean ass funk show Big mean ass funk show burnin that mother down These four young f**kers turnin over the mob Get out of our way cos this is our job This world our world has gone insane We touch the heart and eat the pain We don't give a shit about what they say We mark our path pave our own way Our music's a notch in the scars of time So march to the beat of our own decline