

# Fast Food World

Promoe

It's all bloody, covered in shame/  
the slaughterhouse where four number's your name/  
I hate this place, the urine, the pain/  
they try to clean but can't get ride of the stains/  
So full of life, next minute she dead/  
I never could figure this blood spillin' in vain/  
and they call it my work, yo the give me the blame/  
for more than X million a insane killings a day/  
with machine's sent straight from hell/  
stabbin' your face Norman Bate's motel/  
Death traps and kidnaps, cows and pigs that/  
lay with open on the floor with big rats/  
runnin' around, germs havin' a field day/  
Bacterias all over the steelblade/  
sprendin' me throught the meat industry/  
I'm death I bet you're not pleased to meet me, it's...

Murder/ Suppolin' bloody meat for a fast food world/

We keep 'em comin' no time rest, now/  
Here's your knife, cut 'em up by the chest, now/  
Upside down so the blood run out/  
After that clean it out till the guts come out/  
Now, there's no end I've been begun at eight/  
seventeen days straight I'm always runnin' late/  
I'm workin' overtime, but I'm underpaid/  
the campany treatin' my like fuckin' slave/  
Need to little cash so i can run away/  
but the light at the end of tunnel ain't/  
visible, I'm too tried got a stomach ache/  
Can't concetrate, it must've been sumth'n I ate/  
Then he suddenly slipped and he slit his wrist/  
Broke his neck in the fall midst the shit and piss/  
Thinkin' 'bout his little sis' and the bittre twist:/  
now he's dying like campany's sins were his/  
While his boss a real Mr. Slick/  
dismissed the union that could've ride the risk/  
but he had to have peple workin' triple shifts/  
Ani't no accident call it what itreally is, it's...

Chorus:

Murder/ suppolin' sickness in a fast food world/  
And is a murder/ supply coruption in a fast food world/  
I see murder...

Verse 3:

Steppin' through the golden arches/  
where murder is neatly packed and heart rates/  
increase with the grease smarin' on my domepice/  
Extra chees ! I'm takin' that to go please/  
Cloggin' up my artories, part of my wanna leaove/  
My apology is simply that time is robbin' me/  
Nobody see the commodites is still victims/  
So is the one buyin' the shiie from hell's kitchen/  
Stunblin' to the ground, pains the abdomin/  
paralizin' his body like something sttabin' him/  
but the doctor's found nothing wrong when examining

Two days later his wife came home paniking/  
Yo, she faund him on the couch with the remote control/  
hangin' from his cold hand they just spoke on the  
phone/  
The autopsy show it was the E. coli/  
Bad luck with bad some meat? Nah, it's probably...

Chorus:

Murder/ suppolín' sickness in the fast food world/  
I see murder/  
supplyin' poison in the fast food world...

Outtro:

Well, nothin' with the eye, mouth or teeth/  
Rasta no eat/  
and I'm not jokin'/  
Rasta no meel/  
Nothin' with the eye, mouth or teeth/  
Rasta no eat/  
and I'm not jokin'/  
No, no, no