

As 10,000 Maniacs emerge from an Oasis that's Everclear  
My Soundgarden was invented to Blind Melons and Smash Pumpkins  
How could a whole nation of Crash Test Dummies  
Hope to release their grapes of wrath  
On their day of Sabbath knowing it'll be Black  
Especially when They Might Be Giants  
And they take to the air with Stone Temple Pilots  
I man my parachute crew with the Motley Crue  
My be -52 fires Nine Inch Nails  
Radiohead, I cause phonetic Quiet Riots  
Untragically hip, fight with the spirit of the west  
Society's no fuckin use, your White Zombies have no effects  
Now Cowboys are turning into Junkies  
Hanging themselves with lassos  
And blues about rodeos that once stood true  
I don't have no time to fight with those fools  
Alice is in Chains and cold hearted Iron Maidens  
claim their Ministries have The Cure for you-2  
While everyone's Raging Against the Machine  
They're watching us on Satellites from Georgia  
But there's more in my set than Atlantis  
And I won't crash into vegas cause my man smith has got the arr  
ow  
The moral to this peril is hell hath no fury like MC's scorned  
And I would continue this verse but nothing rhymes with orange