

# Ween

## "PEOPLE OF THE SUN (Rage Against The Machine)"

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Yeah people come up

Yeah, we better turn tha bass up on this one  
Check it, since 1516 minds attacked and overseen  
Now crawl amidst the ruins of this empty dream  
Wit their borders and boots on top of us  
Pullin' knobs on the floor of their toxic metropolis  
But how you gonna get what you need ta get?  
Tha gut eaters, blood drenched get offensive like Tet  
Tha fifth sun sets get back reclaim  
Tha spirit of Cuahtemoc alive an untamed  
Now face tha funk now blastin' out ya speaker, on tha  
one Maya, Mexica  
That vulture came ta try and steal ya name  
But now you got a gun, yeah this is for the people of  
the sun

It's comin' back around again!  
This is for the people of the sun!  
It's comin' back around again! Uh!

It's comin' back around again!  
This is for the people of the sun!  
It's comin' back around again! Uh!

Yeah, neva forget that tha wip snapped ya back  
Ya spine cracked for tobacco, oh I'm the Marlboro man,  
uh  
Our past blastin' on through the verses  
Brigades of taxi cabs rollin' Broadway like hearses  
Troops strippin' zoots, shots of red mist,  
Sailors blood on tha deck, come sista resist  
From tha era of terror check this photo lens,  
Now tha city of angels does the ethnic cleanse  
Uh, heads bobbin' to tha funk out ya speaker, on tha  
one Maya, Mexica  
That vulture came to try and steal ya name  
But now you found a gun, you're history, this is for the  
people of the sun

It's comin' back around again!

This is for the people of the sun!  
It's comin' back around again! Yeah!

It's comin' back around again!  
This is for the people of the sun!  
It's comin' back around again!

It's comin' back around again!  
This is for the people of the sun!  
It's comin' back around again!

It's comin' back around again!  
This is for the people of the sun!  
It's comin' back around!  
Of the sun  
People Of The Sun (Original, as on Bombs & Bullets)  
Bastard son is in, swimmin' in a sea of funk  
Clear the lane, I'm gonna have to dunk ya  
Up and down like a donut in a caffeinated drink  
So take the sink, I'll take ya to the brink  
Check the rugged style I flip (some versions say  
"bring")  
If the price is right, I'll take you on a trip  
In my old school '62, two-tone white and blue  
One that ya never wanna step to  
Face my baseline, feel the earth quaking  
Sweat is on site at appamatox  
Mistakin' for my culture  
White boys who came and tried to steal my name  
But now I got a gun, this is for the people of the sun!

This is for the people of the sun!  
It's coming back around again!  
Yeah it's coming back around again!  
This is for the people of the sun!  
Yeah

I'm not a silent one, I'm a defiant one,  
Never the normal one, 'cause I'm the bastard's son  
Trip the way before the sky gives birth  
And now I trip the way from mother earth  
I'm tearin' off a, big fat chunk of the funk  
Clear the lane I gotta dunk, never smoke the skunk  
Or the cest  
The Humboldt, the showman of the buddha  
Gotta product six shooter, so fuck the hoota  
Face the baselines feel the earth quakin  
Sweat is on site at appamatox  
Mistaken for my culture,  
White boys who came and tried to steal my name  
But now I got a gun, this is for the people of the sun!

It's coming back around again!  
This is for the people of the sun!  
It's coming back around again!  
Yeah it's coming back around again!  
This is for the people of the sun!  
For the sun!

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