

## Tom Morello & Boots Riley

### "Fight! Smash! Win!"

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[Boots Riley] And the wealth don't trickle down People pinchin' every nickel now Even if we don't fight, bodies hit the ground I spit the sound of a million fists finna pound I'm in the crowd till this whole thing switch around Our brains are on temporary disconnect I shoot my mouth off, I can't find my pistol yet You can call this music disrespect Cause it'll stop you in your face at your local disco tech Mr. Green with your missiles and rockets My paycheck burns a hole in your pocket You told the judge put my name on the docket Meetin' in the break room, here's what we plotted [Chorus: Boots Riley] Let's fight! Let's smash! Let's win! We gon fight! We gon smash! Let us in! Let's fight! Let's smash! Let's win! Just like gettin up in the club with a fake ID If it don't work, we gon do it again [Boots Riley] Your honor may it please the court Swear me in on a book full of 2Pac quotes After what I say you might noose my throat Reporters please scribble down a few hot notes Allow me to be the first to throw dirt on their graves Excuse me, I never learned to behave My great, great granny was a Carolina slave She whispers in my ear, sayin', "Spark the blaze." Somewhere on the eastside of steal and rob A whole generation got a McJob And the light bill still ain't resolved See the hungry mob pulse and throb If you got a blacklist, I wanna be on it If we gon' attack this then we need to run it If you see my hood man, you might call it ghetto Politicians are puppets y'all, let's get Geppetto [Chorus: Boots Riley] Let's fight! Let's smash! Let's win! We gon fight! We gon smash! Let us in! Let's fight! Let's smash! Let's win! Just like gettin up in the club with a fake ID If it don't work, we gon do it again [Boots Riley] Well it's a matter of fact that I'm gonna die one day But muthafucka, right now I breathe And I may not be able to predict my demise But you can bet it won't be on my knees I'm rappin' at the speed of the falling dollar They got greed to make you crawl and holla It's old school like Eazy-E's Impala Ay! Ay! You gon' lead or smoke trees and follow? [Chorus: Boots Riley] Let's fight! Let's smash! Let's win! We gon fight! We gon smash! Let us in! Let's fight! Let's smash! Let's win! Just like gettin up

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