

Tom Morello & Boots Riley**"The Squeeze"**

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[Boots Riley] This brick Which is gripped by my fingers
Which shoot out from my hand Which is fastened to my
arm That meets up with my shoulder That sits well
below my head That surrounds my brain Which is tied
up with thoughts of resentment, fear, and loathing
Because of your using me in your road to wealth and
power Will crash through your picture window and kill
you We gon' put you in the squeeze We gon' put you in
the squeeze [Boots Riley] The city is a planet of glass
and granite And it's ran by some masters of mack
mechanics We got schools where the facts are
banished We got scams where your stacks'll vanish
And the hospitals is gon cost you racks so panic All the
gangsters throw your triggers up All the stoners throw
your flickers up All the drunks throw your liquor up All
the bank tellers stick 'em up Teach them babies how to
grip a buck When this hits the streets it's thunder with
thesis We'll show you where the beast is Make sure it
deceases They smolder with speeches We shoulder
the leeches Call off the polices This ain't where the
thief is Janitors, work all night like Dracula Burger
flippers grab your spatulas Managers, get your Acuras
Big bosses guard your sack because We'll put 'em in
the squeeze Squ-squ-squ-squ-squeeze Squ-squ-squ-
squ We gon' put you in the squeeze Squ-squ-squ-squ-
squeeze We gon' put you in the We gon' put you in the
[Boots Riley] World poverty has just gone platinum
Unemployment checks need to come with a gat in em
Chains and leather whips Slave masters still crackin'
em This is where I'm scattin' from Listen to the battle
drum We all got our shackles on Ladies shoot your
deuce-deuces Bankers tip your masseuses Wardens
tighten up your nooses Muthafuckas make noise if you
bought your clothes boosted The earth is composed of
space and atoms And controlled by some pimps
without Stacy Adams But one day they're gon taste the
cannon When the people rise up And make them
muthafuckas face the dragon Mercenaries show your
paychecks Homeless folks show your blankets Rich
folks throw your banquets Tell officials what to say next
'Cause they won't be at ease When we put 'em in the

squeeze Squ-squ-squ-squ We gon' put you in the
squeeze Squ-squ-squ-squ We gon' put you in the
squeeze Squ-squ-squ-squ Yeah, we gon' put you in the
squeeze 'Cause they vote with their guns 'Cause they
vote with their guns 'Cause they vote with their guns
'Cause they vote with their guns 'Cause they vote with
their guns 'Cause they vote with their guns 'Cause they
vote with their guns You know they vote with their guns

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