

**Saul Williams f/ Zack De La Rocha****"Act III Scene 2"**

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[Saul Williams] This is a call out to all the youth in the ghettos, suburbs, villages, townships To all the kids who download this song for free, by any means To all the kids short on loot ,but high on dreams To all the kids watching T.V. like, "Yo, I wish that was me" And all the kids pressing rewind on Let's Get Free, I hear you to all the people within the sound of my voice [Chorus: Zack De La Rocha] + (Saul Williams) Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined the no ones, the nobodies, the last in line (Shakespeare!) Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined the no ones, the nobodies, the last in line [Saul Williams] I didn't vote for this state of affairs My emotional state's got me prostrate, fearing my fears In all reality I'm under prepared Cause I'm ready for war, but not sure if I'm ready to care And that's why I'm under prepared Cause I'm ready to fight, but most fights got me fighting back tears Cause the truth is really, I'm scared Not scared of the truth, but just scared of the length you'll go to fight it I tried to hold my tongue, son, I tried to bite it, not trying to start a riot or incite it Cause Brutus is an honorable man It's just coincidence that oil men would wage war on an oil rich land And this one goes out to my man, taking cover in the trenches with a gun in his hand then gets home and no one flinches when he can't feed his fam But Brutus is an honorable man [Chorus: Zack De La Rocha] + (Saul Williams) Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined the no ones, the nobodies, the last in line (Shakespeare!) Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined the no ones, the nobodies, the last in line [Saul Williams] If you have tears prepare to shed them now For you share the guilt of blood spilt in accordance with the Dow Jones Dow drops fresh crop skull and bones A machete in the heady: Hutu, Tutsi, Leone An Afghani in a shanty doodle dandy yank on! An Iraqi in Gap khaki Coca Coma come on! Be ye bishop or pawn, in the streets or the lawn you should know that these example could go on and on and what sense does it make to keep your ears to the street? As long as oils in the soil, truth is never concrete So we dare to represent those with the barest of feet Cause the laws to which

we're loyal keep the soil deplete It's our job to not let  
history repeat [Chorus: Zack De La Rocha] + (Saul  
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unrefined the no ones, the nobodies, the last in line  
[Saul Williams] So here's the plan The Ides of March  
are always at hand And when the power hungry strike,  
they strike the poorest of man And if you dare put up a  
fight, they'll come and fight for your land And they'll  
call it liberation or salvation A call to the youth! Your  
freedom ain't so free, it's just loose But the power of  
your voice could redirect every truth Shift and shape  
the world you want and keep your fears in a noose Let  
them dangle from a banner star spangled I'm willing  
and able To lift my dreams up out of their cradle Nurse  
and nurture my ideals 'til they're much more than a  
fable I can be all I can be and do much more than I'm  
paid to And I won't be a slave to what authorities say do  
My desire is to live within a nation on fire where  
creative passions burn and raise the stakes ever higher  
Where no person is addicted to some twisted supplier  
who promotes the sort of freedom sold to the highest  
buyer We demand a truth naturally at one with the land  
not a plant that photosynthesizes bombs on demand or  
a search for any weapons we let fall from our hands I  
got beats and a plan I'm gonna do what I can And what  
you do, is question everything they say do every goal  
ideal or value they keep pushing on you If they ask you  
to believe it question whether it's true If they ask you to  
achieve, is it for them or for you? You're the one they're  
asking to go carry a gun Warfare ain't humanitarian  
you're scaring me, son Why not fight to feed the  
homeless, jobless, fight inflation?! Why not fight for  
our own health care and our education?! And instead,  
invest in that erasable lead cause their twisted  
propaganda can't erase all the dead And the pile of  
corpses pyramid on top of our heads Or nevermind,  
said the shotgun to the head

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