

A.L.T. & The Lost Civilization

"Between the Sheets *"

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* pre-censored before release [Tony G.] "I will use whatever force is necessary To restore order What is going on in L.A. must and will stop As your president I guarantee it This violence will end" --> George Bush [A.L.T.] (Verse 1) The gasoline can, the gasoline man Is comin' to town, cause I got a tan He's puttin' a cross in the middle of my lawn Lightin' it up like [{*fuckin'*}] (???) Yo, is this a game Who gets the blames When you see a circle of Christ up in flames My family cries I cover my daughter's eyes Hang my head low, but I'm not suprised I gotta get away from the drama See, my child's only three, can she handle the drama A truck drives away The screech of a tire A tear in my wife's eye, plus A Reflection of a cross on fire But I Admire how she handles what happenin' All because my first [{*fuckin'*}] album went platinum Had to buy a big white house with a big green metal Should've kept my Mexican ass in the ghetto I speak to the people I keep it to the streets But this is what happens Inbetween the sheets (Verse 2) Three hitchhikers in the heart of Mississippi Two black men and a friend who's a hippie When up rolled a pent-up truck With three white boys and they drunk as [{*fuck*}] One black man's way, he gave a trial on hold But this killer [{*motherfucker*}] had a nylon rope So he ran like a raccoon And got chased by a platoon When they caught him, they hit 'em and they beat 'em down Just because his skin was too brown Wanna see my face, you nigga, you spook It was President Bush, Daryl Gates and David Duke They stood him on a milk crate Put a noose on his neck and kicked it It's too late This is more than rhymes on beats This is what happens Inbetween the sheets [A.L.T.] I'm on a midnight train and I'm headed for her chocha The same type of [{*shit*}] that I already told ya I seen a brother get beat by five cops And this one-way train wasn't makin' no stops Stop Damn Damn, stop (Verse 3) I couldn't take it Though I was goin' insane I stood up and scream "STOP THE TRAIN!" Jumped off the train, ran a half mile back With this brother of color, and he was still gettin' jacked Five went the pace, caught a beatdown too I guess what they say about the south is

true I grabbed a gun from one of the police The
[{*motherfuckin'*}] cop got shot with his own piece
This is more than rhymes on beats Now I'm a John Doe
And I'm inbetween the sheets

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