

Blue Scholars

"50 Thousand Deep"

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November 30th, 1999
No sunshine

The body rock stopped, probably got caught by the
cops
Nearby, somebody got shot
But parties don't stop and the parties don't care
It's a stick-up, it's why we got our hands in the air

Still demanding a share, refrigerators bare
'Cause they wanna see trade get free and not fair
But we are not blind, we are not there
We don't got time left to spare to not care

On the last day of November, swellin' in ranks
Went to chant down the mighty IMF and World Bank
A gathering of people in peaceful assembly
Onward to Westlake to disrupt the entry

Walk along steady, riot squad ready
To protect every last dignitary's ass
But this started when they herded us like cattle in a
fence
Protesters gettin' restless without an exit

They threatened to arrest us, we pushed back and then
A hail of rubber bullets hit teens and old men
I admit, had to split when the first gas canisters hit
Felt it burn in my eyes, nose, and lips

They tried to blame it on the anarchists, garbage
I was there, I'll tell you right now the pigs started it
But they distort it in the news
Talkin' bout stompin' down Niketown wearing their
shoes

But the body rock stopped, probably got caught by the
cops
Nearby, somebody got shot
But the parties don't stop and the parties don't care
It's a stick-up, it's why we got our hands in the air

50,000 deep, and it sound like thunder when our feet
pound streets
50,000 deep, and it sound like thunder when our feet
pound streets
50,000 deep, and it sound like thunder when our feet
pound streets
50,000 deep, 50,000 deep

Yeah, now, the body rock stopped, probably got caught
by the cops
Nearby, somebody got shot
But parties don't stop in the south
So take your shoes off when you come into my house

I had to duck out 'cause I knew I stuck out in the crowd
After many years growin' up brown in this town
Now this is what democracy looks like
Not what you all had in mind for tonight

Mr. Mayor, shell-shocked for 5 days straight
Press conference, lookin' constipated and pale
Tossed a homie in jail, wasn't even protesting
Wrong place, wrong time, learned a quick lesson

But this is not a question what we did to deserve this
Rich kids went and got arrested on purpose
But was it worth it? My first inclination
Globalization is the root of the pain

Made the reason that they left and the reason that we
came
Catch my breath, blood pulsates my brain
And they called it a riot?
Huh, I call it an uprising

And they call this a riot?
But nah, I call it a uprising
And they call this a riot? Nah man, fuck that
I'm a call it a uprising

50,000 deep, and it sound like thunder when our feet
pound streets, yo
50,000 deep,
and it sound like thunder when our feet pound streets,
come on y'all
50,000 deep, and it sound like thunder when our feet
pound streets, yeah
50,000 deep, and it sound like thunder when our feet
pound streets

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