

Braintax "The Grip"

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Braintax:

From the furthest point East to the wildest West
Powers travelled round the planet on a bloody conquest
European kings and priests with omnipotence
Soldiers freakin out in foreign lands killing citizens
And worse still spreading germs and plagues
Now is so much a result of those bad old days
From the town hall, to inner-city architecture
From the money in Surrey to sweatshops up in
Leicester
Casino alcholics in the Mid-West,
Junkies in Brazil feel the effects of mass death
The urge to learn killed by a greed for piles of gold
And churches justifying lives being sold
Though the culprits change, control rarely shifts
Only China comes close to even f#@*^!g with this
This world we call Earth and the system I dis
A lifestyle full of work where we barely exist
Look at Chile now - decimated native populations held
down
The rich, white powers holding on
With British backing like Malaysias arms buying
The same gangs running the show
And Im trying to see through this and not become a
lone hitman
Out to kill that bitch Maggie Thatcher with a sick plan
Sick bitch, supporting Pinochet in extradition
On telly, she put my brain into a strange position
So do you come to terms with devilish ways?
Or do you try to escape, run away or start to pray ?
I try to think about the positive things

One Love, no queen, one god, no king
I wish I had the will to fight back
Be at the World Trade Centre all dressed in black
Me and an angry pack
Instead I just rap and give back
And see a rich life and think..I still want to live that
Its so subtle how they muddle us
Now life is so complex we let the small things trouble
us

And revolution ? Forget that for the one fact
We don't have the arms to even try to compete
Its even easier to keep your head down and stay asleep
And while you're lying there counting see your face in
them sheep
And that's deep but not as deep as losing a child,
Seeing his teeth crushed by the rifle butt by your
village hut
Pure grief, thanks to far away beef
Fried in messed-up religion half-baked in belief
So I wont stop rapping till you get my drift
That were held in the Grip getting sorely dissed
Capitalists are we, we pretend were not
Buying better trainers each year, connecting dots
We go from first job to next job, to mortgage to kids
Make it harder to be happy 9-to-5in to live
Me Im striving to give but I'll hustle like mad
Just to get ahead in life
I need money so bad, yeah Im pissed now
So do you get my gist now ?
If hell existed, half the worlds already in the lift down..
In the Grip

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