

Flobots

"Onomatopoeia"

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East Timorese, Guatemala and Mumia.
The beast seems to reach where they've got a walletful
of wealth,
so COINTELPRO police goin' to hell
"NO JUSTICE NO PEACE" is the onomatopoeia.

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Well, anyway, somehow hip hop's no fun now.
It's all been done now. So I stall my puns, wow.
But then I recall my one vow is to bust this bubble of
injustice, subtly.
What'll we muddle up if we bum rush this plush
system?
Um...good if we crush this one.
But maybe puddle's of blood'll be the rebuttle.
I stood in the huddle, but would I risk lung trouble?
Could I lift guns that'll take life?
'Cause there isn't a stunt double or a fake knife.
So should I just run cuddle up with a great wife
and make life-erotically perpetuating paradise
on the late night, melodically.
U.S. invading places like we got a key to every door.
The people never see the war when we plan to
slaughter smaller villages,
killing woman to man to daughter.
All of us'd really feel ill if we knew who we hand a lot of
dollars to,
so my soliloquy is bananas-- like Guatamala.
Hands Off Asaata!
While ya'll feast in the belly of the hairy beast,

somebody better free Mumia, at the very least, release Leonard Peltier.

Try to keep the peace by yourself.

Where can you police the police?

East Timorese health care fees increased.

I wonder how it felt there

when bombs scorched the nation

with Tomohawk contracts from Textron

(checks for the next welfare mom corporation).

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D.A.R.E. Drugs Are Really Expensive.

Drug Availability Reflects Extensive Dependence.

And Real Educated Descendants are Able to Respect

Even Deadbeat's Amendments.

Racist Enforcement Deployed Aggressively.

RED-blooded Americans React Excessively,

Directly Attacking Recreation,

Eventually Destroying A Relatively Elementary Drive to

Alter Reality,

Essentially Dimension Advancement;

Radical Enhancement.

Dangers Are Real--Especially Drinking Alcohol, Right?

Except it's Distinctly All Right: Elite-Declared

Appropriate;

Rationalized, Enjoyable.

Dope and Ritalin Employable Dose After Red-Eyed

Dose.

Aboriginal Religions Each Denote A Reincarnation,

Exploration,

Done Again Re-experience Elation.

Drug Abuser Reincarceration Efforts Don't Allow for

Rehabilitation.

Effect: Does Anybody Really Expect Dealers Are

Responsible Exclusively?

Deep-seated Apathy Reflects Existing Dissatisfaction:

Another Reclusive.

D. A. Readily Eradicates.

Dramatic Ad's Ridiculously Exaggerate.

Drugs Aren't Restricted Evenly.

End the War on Drugs immediately

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"No Justice, No Peace" is one tough phrase in an unjust
world,
living unjust days.
Must gray guns delay stuff from bloomin'?
What's the way you can trust to stay human?
Cracks in the street,
a crease in the sky and it might spell doom
but at least I try to keep gloom from whom ever
'til the whole things boomin', zoomin' on in on my blue
piece of pie.
I have it and eat it too.
I need it to inspire me to watch,
stay seated through the whole fractal,
stay on track 'til the end,
treat moments like eternity,
learnin' that time bends.
Find tens of tendencies in friends and plenty of these
blend with trends
I see in many of my enemies.
"By any means necessary" that's convincing.
If you want a house you break the wood fence but
believin' in God
doesn't make good sense so I listen to the words of a
madman,

--If it's wrong why don't you arrest us?
--Why don't you get out in front of the camera and go
on?
--It's not a matter of being in front of the county,
it's a matter of facing your judge, and facing your
Sheriff.
We're willing to be beaten for democracy!!"

When he turned the other cheek never seen such fiest.
Can't wait for peace, he's a fool for Christ,
lookin back through the last two millenniums of
symbols and signs,

and life's not fair but they're kind.
"No justice, no peace" is too gradual.
My natural sound's got to be more
radical:10,000 pacifists-- top rank is a lunatic starin'
down a tank.

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