

Jello Biafra

"Full Metal Jackoff"

Visit "[Full Metal Jackoff](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Around our nation's capital
There's a freeway 8 lanes wide
White concrete ringed around the city
For those who want inside
Get on get off
Ignore everything to the sides
In your midst I drive
While homeboys in the back of the van make drugs

Wanna hide something like a crack lab
Just put it in plain sight
Only stop to refuel and unload
More poison to tear more lives apart
Gang wars like never before
Better lock your doors, buy some guns
And pray (prey?) for martial law

On the Washington D.C. Beltway
Around and around I go
In the black van with no windows
And a chimney puffing smoke
Bloody headlines in the news each day
Drug "crisis" everywhere
So much comes in so easy
It's as though someone wants it there

It would be a little obvious
To fence off all the slums
Hand out machine guns
To the poor in the projects
And watch 'em kill each other off
A more subtle genocide is when
The only hope for the young
Is to join the Army and slowly die
Wall Street or Crack Dealer Avenue
The last roads left to the American Dream

Wall Street or Crack Dealer Avenue
Wall Street or Crack Dealer Avenue
Only on road leads to this neighborhood
Little kids wanna sell drugs when they grow up

The folks might get just a little upset
If they knew where that dope comes from
From Columbia to the Contras
To our Air Force bases, where we trade it for guns
The moral equivalent of a serial killer
And his CIA friends
Call the shots from the White House
But now that we own the media too
Those stories just aren't run

On the Washington D.C. Beltway, 'round and 'round I go
In a black van with no windows, and a chimney puffing
smoke
Some gang that ran smack in Viet Nam
Ain't got no reason to fear
Just get a Vice President so dumb
The crook at the top never gets impeached

That sure was easy wasn't it?
That sure was easy wasn't it?
More crack-more panic-moe cops-more jails

You see emergency-total war
You see emergency-total war
You see a black face-you see a crackhead
You see a black face-you see a crackhead
You see a black face-you see Willie Horton with a knife
You see Willie Horton with a knife

You see one Willie Horton you've seen them all
They're everywhere, I know
You asked for it, you've got it
Drug suspects have no rights at all
Property seized and sold before trial
Labor camps-on American soil! ?
Neo-Nazi bootboys
That the cops never seem to arrest
Prowl neighborhoods with baseball bats
Why now? Why do they get so much press... ?

Mein Kampf-the mini series
Ollie North-"patriotic" hero
The leader for tomorrow is yours today
Finally gotcha psyched for a police state

On the Washington D.C. Beltway
Around and around I go
In a black van with no windows
And a chimney puffing smoke
My van's a mobile oven now
That burns the bodies you never see

Just like in Chile or Guatemala
People just seem to disappear

Just like Rome
We fell asleep when we got spoiled
Ignore human rights in the rest of the world
Ya might just lose your own

As the noose of narco-militarism
Tightens 'round your necks

We worry about burning flags
And pee in jars at work
To keep our jobs

But if someone came for you one night
And dragged you away
Do you really think your neighbors
Would even care...

Ollie for president, he'll get things done!
Ollie for president, he'll get things done!
Ollie for president, he'll get things done!

Visit [Jello Biafra](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.