

Legion Of Doom

"Hands Down Gandhi"

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I'm a soap box yelling into megaphones
Killing hard rocks using carcasses as stepping stones
Had to promise that I'd stop holding my marches
The day that Chris Columbus got crucified in golden arches

My pedestal was too tall to climb off
In fact that's the reason for the high horse
And from up here I see marines and hummers on a conquest
Underdogs with wonder bras in a push up contest
All for the sake of military recruitment
It felt like Kent State the way they targeted the students
I galloped off whistling "Ohio."

The rest of them, stuck doing stand up at a cricket convention
But what they'd die for

Breathe in for luck,
Breathe in so deep,
This air is blessed,
You share with me
That clever ad campaign ain't worth
The time taken from minimum wage labor
I don't care how half naked or fake she looks
She smells like dirty cash and aged paper books
So what'd she die for
Slow down Gandhi your killin'em
Slow down Gandhi your killin'em

Hands down this is the best day I can ever remember,
(Now it's whistle blower vs. the pistol holder)
Case dismissed, they'll lock you up and throw away the key witness
Justice is the whim of a judge, check his chest density
(Hands down this is the best day I can ever remember)
It leaves much room for error, and the rest left to destiny

The West Memphis 3 lost paradise
It's death penalty vs. suicidal tendencies

All I wanted was a fucking Pepsi
Institution

Making you think you're crazy is a billion dollar industry
If they could sell sanity in a bottle they'd be charging
for compressed air
And marketing healthcare
They demonize welfare
Middle class eliminated, rich get richer
Till the poor get educated

But some of y'all still haven't grown into your face
And your face doesn't quite match your head
And I'm waiting for a brain to fill the dead space that's
left
You're all, "give me ethnicity or give me dreads."

Trustafundian rebel without a 'cause for alarm
Cause when push turns to shove
You jump into your forefathers arms
He's a banker, you're part of the system
Off go the dreadlocks in comes the income

The briefcase
The sickness
When the cameras start rollin'
Stay the fuck outta the picture pilgrim!

The briefcase
The sickness (Stay quiet, stay near, stay close they
can't hear)
When the cameras start rollin' (So we can get some)

Slow down Gandhi, you're killin'em

Hands down this is the best day I can ever remember
Mr. Save The World, spare us the details
Save the females from losing interest
And Miss Save The Universe
(Hands down this is the best day I can ever remember)
You're a damsel in distress
Tied down to a track of isolated incidents
Generalize my disease
I need a taste of what it's like
Living off the fat of kings
I play the scab at your hunger strike
Slow down Gandhi, you're killin'em

One love, one life, one too many victims
Republicrat, Democran, one party system
Media goes in a frenzy

They're stripped of their credentials
Presidential candidates can't debate over this
instrumental
Let 'em freestyle, winner takes all
When the music's dead I'll have Ted Nugent's head
hangin' on my wall
Kill one of ours, we'll kill one of yours
With some friendly fire, that's a funny term, like civil
war

Six in the morning, police at my crib
Now my nights consists of two toothpicks and eyelids
The crucifix and vitamins, music that is pirated
New flavor food made of mutated hybrids
Uh

They tell me that it's not that bad
And it fucks you up good, but it's not that bad
They hold on to these tails till it's the dog that wags
God save us all if he lets the cat out the bag

Who's the one to blame for this strain in my vocal
chords?
Who can pen a hateful threat but can't hold a sword?
It's the same who complain about the global war
But can't overthrow the local joker that they voted for

They call the shots
(But they're not in the line of fire) (Hands down this is
the best day I can ever remember)
I call the cops
(But they break in the line of duty)
Lets call a stop to the abuse of authority
The truth keeps callin' me, and I'ma live to tell the story

So what's the truth, quit seeking forgiveness (Hands
down this is the best day I can ever remember)
You need to cut the noose, but you don't believe in
scissors
You support the troops by wearing yellow ribbons?
Just bring home our motherfuckin' brothers and sisters

'Cause they don't call the shots
(Hands down this is the best day I can ever remember)
(But they're in the line of fire)
I'd like to call the cops
(But they break in the line of duty)

It's time to call a stop
To the abuse of authority
The truth keeps calling me

And I'ma live to tell the story

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