

Litanol

"System Capsizing"

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[Intro]

Yeah, uhu, det e Litanol har, whuut...
MCT, System Capsizing, yeaah, yeah...
Aha, chaj niz, chaj niz...
Yeah Litanol Productions... OH!

[Reff 2x]

-yes we be riding, you see us rising
Bangin', making the system capsizing
When we come 'em suckas be hiding
Babylon propaganda keeps lying

[Vers 1: MCT]

-The energy inside of me, I can't let it be
Ride aganst my enemies not against a friend of me
I never pretend to be something that I'm not
I don't stop deliver revolutionary thoughts
-to your brain cuz the way shit works is insane
I'm reading writing keep on fightin
I'm not very much liked by the cops
I know they think I'm too cocky for a shink
-I can smell their racism cuz the shit stinks
A sparkle can turn into a big fire
So I keep on exposing all the fucking lyers
Get myself busy to make the grass dry
-I will never settle for a little piece of the pie
We want control over the kitchen overthrow the system
It is ment to hold us down but it's our decision
To be pimped or not lets organize and stop bitchin

[Reff 2x]

[Vers 2: Litanol]

-jag skriver text, for att formedla shittet
Om hur man behandlas av vissa fitter
En del kollar snett, for jag e en utlanning
Och for att min hudfarg inte e vit som en brudklanning
-maste alltid vara pa min vakt
For att rassar inte ska plotsligt ga till attack
Pa tunnelbanan, bussen, mitt pa gatorna
Jag ser upp, efter att ha hort skit fran
Sverigedemokraterna

-i skolan ser jag en del skit
En del kompisar far ett orattvisst betyg
Varfor da? jo for att dom e utlanningar
Dom gor det lika bra som svensnar, varfor dessa
krankningar?
-varfor ska hudfargen spela roll
Ere inte insidan som raknas, eller fattar jag noll?
Jag kan farga haret blont o supa sprit om kvallen
Sa va fan e det for skillnad mellan mig och en svenne?

[Reff 2x]

[Vers 3: MCT]

Speak from my heart you know I can't lie,
Be real to myself and my experience in life,
No matter what I keep my head up high
As long as I see trouble I won't stop the fight,
I have never been a punk, never been a coward,
I pump my fist, shouting yellow power,
That means never bow down, to any enemies,
Recognize what's inside of me,
People are pulling my arms go this way that way,
Sometimes I go insane man where should I stay,
But I must maintain, I know my place,
In the front and I have to fight? till I'm in my grave,
But I don't fight over stupid bullshit,
But if there's a big thing for sure I can swing,
It's against this corrupt system I be banging,
State my position in my rhymes when I'm jammin?,

[Reff 2x]

[Outro]

Yeah, haha, Litanol chaj niz, MCT chaaj niz,
2006... alla rasister dar ute, fuck you!

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