

## Looper

### "Fruits Of Babylon"

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"I grew from Babylon soil, born to consume and  
destroy./  
I know that cash is king, I breath cocaine, bleed oil./  
Made to rise above all, success' my ultimate goal./  
I'm a do what it takes, and bring you down if a fall./  
Handle my business with war, attack the poor, while  
praising the lord./  
Raised to be raw, but act polite - for the show./  
Let the cameras roll, I got no doubts or regrets./  
Live off thousands of deaths, keep no promises - only  
threats/  
You politicians preaching your vision of the truth./  
Never cared about us and our point of view/  
Cus your campaigns only promote the killing fields./  
Children cry but you don't hear, people die but you  
can't see/  
Cus war is big biz the big guys get rich/  
Livin' off the poor and gain money on sick kids./  
It's a show for those who can afford the price/  
But turn that shit off I won't let you gamble with my life!  
Chorus  
We don't need a weather man to know which way the  
wind blows./ We don't need your politicians to know  
which way to go./ We don't need your teachers, leave  
the kids alone,/ and we don't need the poisonous fruits  
of Babylon  
Bridge  
Babylon - always recruiting plotting./ Babylon - but yo,  
my crew been watching./ Babylon - and if your roots  
forgotten./ Babylon - then your fruits will rotten.  
I drink away the pain, on top of the food chain./  
The fast life, fast lane, view people as loose change./  
Piss champagne, not really hungry - but I'm eating,/  
Grow fat for no reason, and though it's hot, my hearts  
freezing/  
Look into the mirror do you see what I see?/  
I'm a reflection of your actions and will always be/  
The result of your plans, the breed of your scams,/  
And I'll forever be a prisoner of your land/  
Hey, I'm the good guy, modern man, enlightened, I  
understand./

Y'all don't seem to get it, why should I care about a  
foreign land?/  
You with me or against me, fight for the love of  
money./  
Join me in this good life, sell your soul for blood money  
Chorus  
I don't vote, I cut a politician's throat./  
Hang him with the same rope as I do the pope,/  
Cus I see the hope in the eyes of our children./  
I won't go for your bribes of your millions,/  
Cus I see no future in the lies and the killings./  
We all saw what happened to financial buildings./  
It's all for a reason whether right or wrong,/  
Somebody felt their people had been dying to long./  
Revenge, retaliation and stupid pride/  
On both sides. So we keep losing lives - /  
Worldwide. I sing this one for our mothers,/  
Take a sec to recollect just how much they love us...  
Chorus  
Bridge "

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