

## **Rage Against The Machine** **"Calm Like A Bomb"**

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feel the funk blast,  
feel the funk blast,  
FEEL THE FUNK BLAST,  
a yo-yo-yo-yo-yo-yo-yo, check it out yo-yo-yo  
I be walkin god like a dog  
My narrative fearless  
Word war returns to burn  
Like Baldwin home from Paris, Uh  
Like steel from a furnace  
I was born landless  
Yes its tha native son  
Born of Zapatas guns  
Stroll through the shanties  
And tha cities remains  
Same bodies buried hungry  
But with different last names  
The vultures robbin everything  
Leave nothing but chains  
Pick a point on the globe  
Yes tha pictures tha same  
Theres a bank, theres a church, a myth and a hearse  
A mall and a loan, a child dead at birth  
Theres a widow pig parrot  
A rebel to tame  
A whitehooded judge  
A syringe and a vein  
And the riot be the rhyme of the unheard

What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What? (x4)  
Calm like a bomb  
(ignite ignite ignite ignite ignite ignite)

This aint subliminal  
Feel the critical mass approach horizon  
Tha pulse of the condemned  
Sound off Americas demise  
Tha anti-myth rhythm rock shocker  
Yes I spit fire  
Hope lies in the smoldering rubble of empires

Yes back through tha shanties and tha cities remains  
Same bodies buried hungry, uh-huh

With different last names, uh-huh  
The vultures robbin everyone  
Leave nothing but chains  
Pick a point here at home  
Yes the pictures tha same  
Theres a field full of slaves  
Some corn and some debt  
Theres a ditch full of bodies  
Tha check for the rent  
Theres a tap, tha phone, tha silence of stone  
The numb black screen  
That be feelin like home  
And the riot be the rhyme of the unheard

What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What?(x4)  
Calm like a bomb  
(ignite ignite ignite ignite ignite ignite)

There's a mass without roofs  
There's a prison to fill  
There's a countrys soul that reads post no bills  
There's a strike and a line of cops outside of tha mill  
There's a right to obey  
And a right to kill

There's a mass without roofs  
There's a prison to fill  
There's a countrys soul that reads post no bills  
There's a strike and a line of cops outside of tha mill  
There's a right to obey  
And there's a right to kill!

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