

## **Rage Against The Machine**

### **"Guerrilla Radio"**

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Transmission third world war third round  
A decade of the weapon of sound above ground  
Ain't no shelter if you're looking for shade  
I lick shots at the brutal charade  
As tha polls close like a casket  
On truth devoured  
A silent play on the shadow of power  
A spectacle monopolized  
The camera's eye on choice disguised  
Was it cast for the mass who burn and toil?  
Or for the vultures who thirst for blood and oil?  
A spectacle monopolized  
They hold the reins and stole your eyes  
The fistagons bullets and bombs  
Who stuff the banks  
Who staff the party ranks  
More for Gore or the son of a drug lord  
None of the above fuck it cut the cord

Lights out guerrilla radio  
Turn that shit up

Contact I highjacked the frequencies  
Blockin' the beltway  
Move on DC  
Way past the days of bombin' mc's  
Sound off Mumia guan be free  
Who gottem yo check the federal file  
All you pen devils know the trial was vile  
An army of pigs try to silence my style  
Off em all out that box it's my radio dial

Lights out guerrilla radio  
Turn that shit up

It has to start somewhere  
It has to start sometime  
What better place than here  
What better time than now  
All hell can't stop us now

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