

Rage Against The Machine

"Renegades"

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Microphone Fiend(5:01)

By Eric B. and Rakim

Yo I was a fiend before I became a teen
I melted microphone instead of cones of ice cream
Music orientated so when hip hop was originated
Fitted like pieces of puzzles complicated
Cause I grabbed the mic and try to say yes y'all
They tried to take it and say that I'm too small
Cool cause I don't get upset
I kick a hole in the speaker pull the plug then I jet
Back to the lab without a mic to grab
So then I add all the rhymes I had
One after another one then I make another one
To dis the opposite then ask if the brother's done
I get a craving like I fiend for nicotine
But I don't need a cigarette know what I mean
I'm ragin' rippin' up the stage and
Don't it sound amazing cause every rhyme is made
and
Thought of cause it's sort of an addiction
Magnatized by the mixing
E F F E C T
A smooth operator operating correctly
But back to the problem I gotta habit
You can't solve it ya silly rabbit
The prescription is a hypertone that's thorough when
I fiend for a microphone like herion
Soon as the bass kicks I need a fix
Gimme a stage and a mic and a mix
And I'll put you in a mood or is it a state of
unawareness
Beware it's the reanamator
A menace to a microphone a lethal weapon
An assasinator if the people ain't stepping
See a part of me that you never seen
When I'm fiending for a microphone
Cause I take it to the maximum
I can't relax see
I'm hype as a hyperchondriac
Cause the rap be one hell of an antidote
Something you can't smoke

More than dope
You're trying to move away but you can't
You're broke
More than cracked up
You should have backed up
For those who act up
Need to be more than smacked up
E F F E C T
A smooth operator operating correctly
Music orientated so when hip hop was originated
(originated)
Fitted like pieces of puzzles complicated (complicated)
Cause I'm an
E F F E C T
A smooth operator operating correctly

Pistol Grip Pump(3:16)

By Volume 10

Pistol grip pump on my lap at all times...
They can be fuckin' with other niggas shit but they can't
be fuckin' with mine
I was raised in the hood called what the difference(?)
The brothers in the hood be chivalrous
So I rest defense on my ligaments
Pistol grip pump on my lap riskin' it
Full life livin' it never giving it back
Too late for slipping so slack up
On my lap it's on your lips so track shot
A steel dick more prick for pump but
All I'm saying there ain't no question who the man is
In my civic or in this show biz
I kill the fool kill the fool
Come on what you say
I think I can take all you motherfuckers down to layaway
Pistol grip pump on my lap at all times...
They can be fuckin' with other niggas shit but they can't
be fuckin' with mine
Pistol grip pump on my lap at all times right
Cause tricks be out for your blindside
Never understood it but remember I showed you
That in these times you gotta look over your shoulder
strap
Well that ain't nothin' but the intent of gettin' high
And a cop be givin' you shit but just passing you by
If you're ever in trouble on the double best to call your
pals
If you ain't got no class sucka
Now ya gotta learn new styles around me
Are we gettin' along
We family we better be
We got your back we got your back kid

Just don't be pointin' one of them guns alright man
Pistol grip pump on my lap at all times...
They can be fuckin' with other niggas shit but they can't
be fuckin' with mine

Kick Out the Jams(3:10)

By MC 5

Ugh! C'mon!

We gotta kick 'em out

Well I fell pretty good

And I guess that I could get crazy now baby

Cause we all got in tune

When the dressing room got hazy

Well I know how you want it baby

Hot and tight

The girls can't stand it

When you're doin' it right

When you're up on the stand

Let me kick out the jams

Kick out the jams

I gotta kick 'em out

Yea I'm startin' to sweat

You know my shirt's all wet

What a feelin' now baby

The sound that rounds and

Resounds and rebounds strait off of the ceilin'

Ya gotta have it baby

Ya can't do without

When that feelin' gotta kick 'em out

Put that mic in my hand

And let me kick out the jams

Kick out the jams

We gotta kick 'em out

Alright... C'mon

Got to get it up

You know you can't get enough

It's the candy

Cause it gets in your brain

And it drives you insane a

A music frenzy

The mega league guitar

And the crash of the drums

Ya wanna keep on rockin'

'Til the morning comes

Let me be who I am

And let me kick out the jams

Yea kick out the jams

I done kicked 'em out

Renegades of Funk(4:34)

By Afrika Bambaataa

No matter how hard you try you can't stop us now...
We're the renegades in this a time and age, this is a
time and age of renegades...
Since the prehistoric ages
And the days of ancient Greece
Right down to tha middle ages
Planet Earth kept goin' thru changes
And then the renaissance came
And times continued to change
Nothing stayed the same
But there were always renegades
Like Chief Sitting Bull Tom Payne Dr. Martin Luther King
Malcolm X
They were renegades
Of their time and age
The mighty renegades
We're the renegades of funk...
From a different solar system
Many many galaxies away
We are the force of another creation
A new musical revelation
We're on this musical mission
To help the others listen
And go from land to land
Singin' electronic chants like
Zulu nation
Revelations
Destroy all nations...
Now renegades are the people
With their own philosophies
They change the course of history
Everyday people like you and me
We're the renegades we're the people
With our own philosophies
We change the course of history
Everyday people like you and me come on
We're the renegades of funk...
We're poppin' shockin' rockin' put aside the hip hop
Cause where we're goin' there ain't no stoppin'
Poppin' shockin' rockin' put aside the hip hop
Cause where we're goin' there ain't no stoppin'
We're poppin' and shockin' and rockin' and puttin'
aside the hip hop
Cause we're poppin' shockin' rockin' put aside the hip
hop
Poppin' shockin' rockin' put aside the hip hop
We're the renegades of funk...
We're teachers of tha funk (thank you e-lyrics)
And add it as ya drop it
Messin' with the force and the sound of electronics
The bass the treble the horns and our vocals

Cause every time we pop into the beat we get fresh
Come on
Ugh
Come on
There was a time when our music
Was somethin' called a bay street beat (thank you)
People would gather from all around
To get down to the big sound
Ya had to be a renegade those days
Take a man to tha dance floor (thank you)
Say jam sucka (jam sucka)
Say jam sucka (jam sucka)
Say move sucka (move sucka)
Now groove sucka (groove sucka)
Now dance sucka (dance sucka)
Now dance sucka (dance sucka)
Now move sucka (move sucka)
Now move sucka (move sucka)
Say jam sucka (jam sucka)
Say jam sucka (jam sucka)
Say groove sucka (groove sucka)
Now groove sucka (groove sucka)
Now dance sucka (dance sucka)
Now dance sucka (dance sucka)
Now move sucka (move sucka)
Now move sucka (move sucka)
We're the renegades of funk...

Beautiful World(2:34)

By Devo

It's a beautiful world

We live in

A sweet world magic place

Beautiful people

Everywhere

Way they show their care

Makes me want to say

It's a beautiful world

Oh a beautiful world

For you

It's a wonderful time

To be here

It's nice to be alive

Wonderful people

Everywhere

The way they comb their hair

Makes me want to say

It's a wonderful place

Oh a wonderful place

For you...

Not me

I'm Housin'(4:56)

By EPMD

Coolin' on the scene like a horse in a stable
And a brother got ill tried to snatch a fat cable
I stepped back like it wasn't no thing
I punched him in the jaw with the fat gold ring
I had an ace in the hole when it came to that
Yo z you was packin' you know I was strapped
Posse kept rollin' it was hard to get with 'em
So I stepped back and unbuttoned my Lee denim
They kept coming just like I figured
So I stepped back and started sprayin' niggas
What a way to go out out like a sucker
But I'm on track like a long island train
That can head up your mission suckers who be dissin'
Always on my jock like a snake always hissing
Grabbin' and tappin' me like Luther Vandross
Take me to the bar for the drink and make a toast
Givin' best wishes to the best emcee
And when the spot is blown hey yo you know it's me
Cause I'm housin'
Relate to the matter as I drop the bomb
Coolin' at a party no better yet disco
Head feelin' mellow from a bottle of cisco
Move...
To crush and fry a sucker emcee like crisco
Gimme the cue check one two
Don't try to come off on me because you doo doo
Ya treatin' me the z to the d like a stepchild
Let me tell you homeboy you're livin' foul
Emcees you know who you are
On the bandwagon why z cause you a star
This is the year when the jokers are wild
When a fag can't hack it and try to bite ya style
Like I get hip to the scheme before it happens
If it gets wild then I'll start cappin'
But for now since everything's calm
Relate to the matter as I drop the bomb
Because I'm housin'
Relate to the matter as I drop the bomb

In My Eyes(2:54)

By Minor Threat

You tell me you like the taste
You just need an excuse
You tell me it calms your nerves
You just think it looks cool
You tell me you want to be different
You just change for the same
You tell me it's only natural

You just need the proof
Did you fucking get it
It's in my eyes...
And it doesn't look that way to me in my eyes...
You tell me that nothing matters
You're just fucking scared
You tell me that I am better
You just hate yourself
You tell me that you like her
You just wish you did
You tell me that I make no difference
At least I'm fuckin' trying
What the fuck have you done
It's in my eyes...
And it doesn't look that way to me in my eyes...
Thanks a lot friends

How I Could Just Kill a Man(4:04)

By Cypress Hill

(Thank you)

Hey don't miss out on what you're passin'
You're missin' the hootah
Of the funky buddha
Eluder of the fucked up styles that get wicked
So come on as I start to kick it
Cause we're like the outlaws stridin'
Suckers are hidin'
Jump behind the bush when they see me drivin' by
Hangin' out my window
And my magnum taking out some putos
Actin' kind of loco
I'm just another local kid
From the street getting paid from my vocals
Here is somethin' you can't understand how I could just
kill a man...
I been doin' all the dumb shit
Yo because I bet it's comin' from it
I'm not gonna waste no time fuckin' around
I got ya hummin'
Hummin'
Comin' at ya
Yeah ya know I had to ghatt ya
Time for some action
Just a fraction of friction
I got the clearance
To run the interference
Into your satillite
Shining a battle light
Swing out the ghatt and I know that we'll ghatt ya right
Here's an example
Just a little sample

How I could just kill a man
One time tried to come in my home
Take my chrome
I said yo it's on
Take cover son or you're assed out
How'd you like my chrome then I watched the rookie
pass out
Didn't have to blast him but I did anyway
Ha ha ha young punk had to pay
So I just killed a man
Here is somethin' you can't understand how I could just
kill a man...
It's gonna be a long time before I finish
One of the many missions that I have to establish
To light my spliff
Ignite you with these sights
And if you ain't down bullshit
Say some punk tried to ghatt you for your auto
Would you call the one time or play the role model
No I think you'll play like a thug
Next hear the shot of a magnum slug
Hummin' comin' at ya
Yeah ya know I'm gonna ghatt ya
How you know where I'm at
When you haven't been where I've been
Understand where I'm comin' from
When you're up on a hill in your big home
I'm out here riskin' my dome
Just for a bucket
Or a fast duck it
Just to stay alive
Yo I gotta say fuck it
Here is somethin' you can't understand how I could just
kill a man...

The Ghost of Tom Joad(5:38)
By Bruce Springsteen
Man walks along the railroad track
He's goin' some place and there's no turnin' back
The highway patrol chopper comin' up over the ridge
Man sleeps by a campfire under the bridge
The shelter line stretchin' around the corner
Welcome to the new world order
Families sleepin' in their cars out in the southwest
No job no home no peace no rest no rest
And the highway is alive tonight
Nobody's foolin' nobody is to where it goes
I'm sitting down here in the campfire light
Searchin' for the Ghost of Tom Joad
He pulls his prayer book out of a sleepin' bag
The preacher lights up a butt and takes a drag

He's waitin' for the time when the last shall be first and
the first shall be last
In a cardboard box 'neath the underpass
With a one way ticket to the promised land
With a hole in your belly and a gun in your hand
Lookin' for a pillow of solid rock
Bathin' in the city's aqueducts
And the highway is alive tonight
Nobody's foolin' nobody is to where it goes
I'm sittin' down here in the campfire light
With the Ghost of old Tom Joad
Now Tom said ma whenever ya see a cop beatin' a guy
Wherever a hungry new born baby cries
Wherever there's a fight against the blood and hatred
in the air
Look for me ma
I'll be there
Wherever somebody's stugglin' for a place to stand
For a decent job or a helpin' hand
Wherever somebody is strugglin' to be free
Look in their eyes ma
You'll see me...
And the highway is alive tonight
Nobody's foolin' nobody is to where it goes
I'm sittin' down here in the campfire light
With the Ghost of Tom Joad

Down On the Street(3:38)

By The Stooges

Ugh!

Ooh!

Alright

Down on the street where the faces shine

Floatin' around on a real low mind

See a pretty thing in a wall

See a pretty thing in a wall

In a wall

In a wall

In a wall

Huh?

Yea!

Oh!

Yeah deep in the night I'm lost in love

Yeah deep in the night I'm lost in love

A thousand eyes they look at you

Yes a thousand eyes they they look at you

Oh come on...

Yeah yeah yeah

Oh come on...

Yeah yeah yeah

Oh come on...

Yeah yeah yeah
Oh come on...
Yeah
Wooo!
Yeah
Ugh!
Where tha faces shine
I'm a real low mind
Where tha faces shine
I'm a real low
Real low...
Oh come on...
Yeah yeah yeah
Oh come on...
Yeah yeah yeah

Street Fighting Man(4:41)

By The Rolling Stones

Everywhere I hear the sound of marching charging feet
boy

Cause summer's here and the time is right for fighting
in the street boy

Tell me what can a poor boy do

'Cept for sing for a rock and roll band

Cause in a sleepy London town

There's just no place for street fighting man

A street fighting man...

Do you think the time is right for a palace revolution

Where I live the game to play is compromise solution

Well then what can a poor boy do

'Cept for sing for a rock and roll band

Cause in a sleepy London town

There's just no place for street fighting man

A street fighting man...

Well what else can a poor boy do...

Hey my name is called disturbance

I'll shout and scream

I'll kill the king

I'll rail at all his servants

Well what can a poor boy do

For sing for a rock and roll band

In this sleepy little London town

There's just no place for for a street fighting man

A street fighting man for a street fighting man...

A street fighting man...

Maggie's Farm(6:34)

By Bob Dylan

I ain't gonna work on

Maggie's farm no more

No I ain't gonna work on

Maggie's farm no more
Well I wake up in the mornin'
Fold my hands and begin to pray for rain
I got a head full of ideas
That're drivin' me insane
It's a shame
The way she makes me
Scrub the floor
I ain't gonna work on
Na I ain't gonna work on
Maggie's farm no more
I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's brother no more
Na I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's brother no more
Well he hands you a nickel
Then he hands you a dime
And he asks you with a grin
If you're havin' a good time
Then he fights you
Every time
Ya slam tha door
I ain't gonna work for
No I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's brother no more
I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's pa no more
No I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's pa no more
Well he puts his cigar
Out on your face just for kicks
His bedroom window
It is made out of bricks
The national guard
Stands around his door
I ain't gonna work for
Na I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's pa no more
I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's ma no more
Na I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's ma no more
Well she talks to all the servers
About man and God and law (Thank you)
And everybody says
She's the brains behind pa (Thank you)
She's 68
But she says she's 24
I ain't gonna work for
Na I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's ma no more

I ain't gonna work on
Maggie's farm no more
No I ain't gonna work on
Maggie's farm no more
Well I try my best
To be just like I am
But everybody wants you
To be just like them
They sing while they slave
And I just get bored (thank you)
I ain't gonna work on
Na I ain't gonna work on
Maggie's farm no more

Bonus Tracks:

Live Version of Kick Out the Jams(4:31)

One two

Right now

Right now it's time to

Kick out the jams motherfucker

Wha wha wha

We gotta kick 'em out

Well my shirt's all wet

And I'm startin' to sweat

Oh it's crazy now baby

We all knew when

The dressing room got hazy now baby

I know how you like it baby

Hot and tight

The girls can't stand it when

You're doin' it right

Let me be who I am

And let me kick out the jams

Kick out tha jams

We gotta kick 'em out

Well my shirt's all wet

And I'm starting to sweat

Ah it's crazy now baby

The sound that resounds and rebounds

And resounds strait off of the ceiling

Girl I know how you like it baby

Hot and tight

The girls can't stand it when

You're doin' right

Let me be who I am

And let me kick out the jams

Kick out tha jams

We gotta kick 'em out

Alright alright alright

Well I'm wet

And I'm startin' to sweat

Ah it's crazy now baby
Cause we got in tune
When the dressing room got hazy
The rhythm of tha sounds
The crash of tha drums
We keep on rockin' 'til
Tha mornin' comes
Let me be who I am
And let me kick out tha jams
Kick out tha jams
We gotta kick 'em out
(Introduces Cypress Hill)

Live Version of How I Could Just Kill a Man(4:30)

With Sen Dog and B Real of Cypress Hill

(Again, thankyou)

Ugh!

Ah shit

You know what time it is y'all

Check this shit out

Yo B set this shit off right here

How I could just

Try not to take tha ghatt to miss passin' out tha putah

(?)

You're missin' tha hootah

Of tha funky bootah

Fucked up styles I get wicked

So come on as Rage start to kick it

Cause we're like tha outlaws stridin'

Suckers are hidin'

Jump behind tha bush when ya see me drivin' by

Hangin' out tha window

With my magnum takin' out some putos

Actin' kind of loco

Just another local

From tha street gettin' paid from my vocals

Here is somethin' you can't understand how I could just
killa man...

I'm ignoring all the dumb shit

Just hope nothing comin' from it

Don't waste no time fuckin' around

Got ya hummin'

Hummin'

It's comin' at ya

Pow pow

Yeah ya know I had to ghatt ya

Time for some action

Just a fraction of friction

I got tha clearance

To run tha interference

Into your satellite

Shining a battle light
Sen got the ghatt and I know that he'll ghatt ya right
Here's an example
Just a little sample
How I could just kill a man
One time tried to come in my home
Take my chrome
I said yo it's on
Take cover pig or you're assed out
How do you like my chrome
Then I watched the rookie pass out
Didn't have to blast him
But I did anyway
Ha ha ha that young punk had to pay
So I just killed a man
Here is something you can't understand how I could
just kill a man...
C'mon break it down
Wooo!!
Hey!
Ha ha
Ugh!
It's gonna be a long time before I finish
One of the many missions I had to establish
To light my spliff
Ignite you with the sights
So if you ain't down bullshit
Say some punk tried to ghatt you for your auto
Would you call the one time and play the role model
Fuck no!
I think you'll play like a thug
Next you hear the shot of the Magnum slug
It's hummin'
Comin' at ya
Pow pow
Yeah ya know I'm gonna ghatt ya
How do you know where I'm at
When you haven't been where I've been
Understand where I'm comin' from
When you're up on the hill in your big home
I'm down out here riskin' my dome
Just for a bucket
Or a fast duck it
Just to stay alive
Yo I got to say fuck it
Here is somethin' you can't understand how I could just
killa man...
P.S. Don't do drugs and don't listen to Limp Bizkit cause
they suck
Instead listen to Rage 4eva!!!!!!!

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