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The Flobots "Whip\$ And Chain\$"

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Strange fruit I roll up in my ford taurus Emissions I wont pass like Gandalf at Moria Way out of order Sedan with four doors Pull out garage and lost side view mirror My credit card final fantasy breaks the limit I just paid just brakes to break my lemon Wont make enough juice for my pessimism So I'm not for given 'till my debts forgiven Skim off the top Convertible roofs Thinking spanish

Green sounds like the truth Got it on lock jaw to the tip o' the tooth Way I floss no dental insurance to boot But my chain hangs low, I could double dutch Keep my eyes to the floor so don't stumble much I shine at night from all the carrots A€?Cause it's not who you are but who you're wearing Stay sportin lashes from the old massa's Clasps on the neck says AÂ€?Property of the massesa€? And what's under the chassis The block is gentrified while the governor's classic Don't know who the boss is do I hold the power Or am I powered like horses Whip is blowin' out my back like I'm exhaust-ed Pipes blowin' more fire than pentecost

Who killed o?

Why and what's the reason for? Who starts homicidal wars? Rich man poor man either or? Who shows us what we knead? Who's got the bread for the luxuries? Who told us it's ingrained? We who hold these whips and chains

If there's no lock who needs a key? When did we stop being free?

I see things vis a vis a sea change Full fathom five people became remains deep beneath chains We pay into easing these pains A€?Cause the history is difficult Wish the results could be flipped like reciprocals Allow me to renumerate aloud the typical rude awakenings of the drowsy consumer base Bass boom will make the crowd sing and syncopate with the views that they're espousing Synchronize to the stupid take a thousand Sinning like every excuse they make is valid Simon Williams I Wonder Man Just how did our oil get under their sand? And how did our homes get onto their land? And how did our foes get guns in their hands? Conflict diamonds Child labor tennis shoes Genocide energy Gentrified gin and juice Slave trade banks Rape-based internet movies What's a simple straight-laced human to do With a strange fate twist and fame Except talk shit and name off a list of gains But do you realize I'd find my lips in flames If I tried to take pride in these whips and chains Who holds these Who holds these

Who holds these traps and circuses We want it They own it So we're going half-berserk for it Let's take it Let's take it Let's take it back before cassettes Pepsi cans and packs of percocet 1910 all the factory workers said Yes we can demand a weekend If we can get the man to weaken So if you're ready than send a beacon To be continued and to begin We can't be content to steep in the anaesthesia Invisible hands of phantoms depend on Ya fantasies have been poisoned But we've got the panacea!

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