

Agneta Fältskog

"We Can't Win"

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Intro: (*guy talking*)

Yo God, thru the knowledge, God, it's like this
This world is rude and controlled by society
that exists with the societies, that exists, with the
societies, God
You understand? These secret societies is
manouvering within society to
control society
That's why society is outta control
33rd and one third, I heard the illuminated ones, huh

Verse 1:

The last days we're facin, that's the case when the
emanipation
Proclamation decays, back to the plantation
The government plottin a nuclear detonation
Destroyin vegetation, water, the Newer Order means
starvation
The I on the dollar symbolise illumination
of society, secretly overseein population
Understand it, the government plans to enslave the
planet
I'm trapped in a faze, thinkin of ways, can it
happen? 85 percent of the population nappin
Prayin in churches, catchin the Holy Ghost clappin
Across the border travellin, I found the Nile across the
water
Teachin my peoples the age of the Newer Order
Twenty five to click blood line, we toast off wine
Snap clips in 9's, wit minds more advanced than
Einstein
and Murman, knock down walls like Berlin
Take it out, we can't get in
We can't win

Chorus:

We can't get out and we can't get in
We can't get out and we can't get in

We can't get out and we can't get in
We can't get outttttttttt

Verse 2:

See I, wrote up a composition, I made a decision
for competition, some invite lifestyles that I be livin
Wit tribes I been in, wit the little brothers that's sinnin
So I started to vision, crack fiends formin
On collision, my mind is in that position for soul fishin
My only dream was to be a musician
Better yet a mortician, that's the life condition
Cos everybody knows they gonna die, crackers they
analyse
????? plus I feels the vibe, mother cries
Plenty mothers that tries, now that she knows her son's
gonna die
Take a trip, pass the lye, now ease
The mind escape from the crimes of New York times
Cos I'm one of the brothers who made it throughout the
others
The Rotten Apple's tryin to break loose from these
shackles
No doubt, I follow routes, guzzlin Hennessey, mixed wit
style
In the ghetto, we can't get out
We can't win

Chorus

Verse 3:

Nothin can stop the nation, elevation, daily operation
Since man creation, we increase the population
Proper education, got us tappin in information
Preventin from gettin locked under top-secret
investigation
Guiliani's part of Illuminati
A million minds in one body designed to decline
society
They wanna lease 1.2 billion deceased
While the rest is left with the mark of the beast on their
domepiece
Prepare, the signs of the times now are near
That I'll wake scare, findin Zaire, soon be here
So tune your ears, and be saved from a slave
cos in a matter of days I'ma E-Q your brainwaves
AZ the Visualiza is wise as Elijah
Here to advise ya, and bring out the realness that's up
inside ya
Intoxication, my voicebox rocks the nation

Sweet affiliation, the Doe Or Die situation

Chorus:

We can't win
We can't get out and we can't get in
We can't get out and we can't get in
We can't get out and we can't get in
We can't get outttttttt

We can't get out and we can't get in
We can't get out and we can't get in
We can't get out and we can't get in
We can't get outttttttt

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