

2Pac F/ Dead Prez

"Lots of Facts About Control"

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Tickled with fame admit you're a slave ripping through
a maze
Limping to a grave with a page in a caged stage
Six ways in eight days they trick your brain where all
five senses are clutched
The magic touch used to be whip and chain
Fast food cripples the brain
Opressed spirits riddled with pain live in shame see
little to gain
A kid on the train is restrained and detained
Each year thousands of woman are abducted from the
Ukraine
And thats the smell of trouble developements crumble
Several boroughs spell trouble for commuters
Increasing shooters and looters
The beast is using manuvurs to feed it through the
computer
Delete the truth from intruders that leak it into a
smooth cut
More are stuck as slaves today than ever before
Mesure the deception of war from oppression and
more
Abandonment is purly the common fate of many slaves
Becoming unproductive due to the burden of their
ways
Raise the level of understanding this phenomenon
Handling all it's wrong without the threat of dropping
bombs
Sight is rocking, locking on the topic getting to the
source
Through the laws of phonics you thought my jaws were
bionic
The mic um on it, rattling more about wars exetra
While human trafficking routs run throughout North
America
Forced labor on Dominican sugar plantations
Are responsible for 15 percent of the US traderun
You can be born or you can be lord into bondage kid
Brazillian hostages work in hevily armed cottages
Deep in the Amazon but now thier plans are gone cause
they was promised life they panic

Knife scars on thier hands and arms
Making charcoal for soldiers that's hot and cold
With a rotten soul shots loaded ready for crop control
Robots patrol blocks and hold glocks with a heart of gold
Ready for obstacles
Land of the free? Then why we stop at tolls?
Pilgrims landed on the coast of Plymouth
Criminals who fled the British
In Mexico you can visit factories packed with over worked kids in it
And witness an operation thats vicious
Contemplating who did it
Not concentrating you'll miss it
Evil thinks it's delicious
Killing hope making specific solutions fictitious
Polluting riches of truth to paint pictures of grave diggers
I preach proof while some priests abuse scriptures

Control yes y'all thats the topic of the day
The population is programmed and pricked on a tray
The trays in a box, the box is on the shelf stacked in twelves
On a tractor belt moving into the batter of hell
Communicate collaborate cooperate let's concentrate
Global power system mass opression will complicate
Control, the system is in place, they operated well
But every major arcadia in the past fell
Control is a sky scraper confined to a glacier
The soul of a fly creators rhymes I crack into a crator
With the Isis Papers I design pyramids
Focusing thoughts into a point that aims right where your spirits is

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