

Primitive Radio Gods

"I'm just a chain reaction"

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When do I get paid for all the money you made
Selling souls on Capitol Hill
Another law's been passed designed to break your ass
And keep the middle class quiet and still
You talk a lot about justice and then go and bust us
Except for a chosen few
I've got a God-given right to smoke whatever I like
So tell me how it got given to you...Motherfuckers

The monkey looks back at his foot in the trap
And it's the boogie man coming for you
He sells you a spade to dig out your own grave
And you can cover yourself when you're through
I never just "say no" so take your slogans and go
I'm gonna spell it so there ain't no doubt
'Cause I'm the one with the other
I'm a bad motherfucker
And my bullet's gonna find you out

Four billion people all strung out of their minds
On power trips and slaving ships
Not seeing that they're blind
One day I'll be in front of you
One day I'll be in front of you

Put up your hands, give me all your money
Don't think, don't blink, 'cause I can't rely on you
I sold myself, and I'll sell you with me
Don't blink, don't think, that I can rely on you

Mothers and fathers, it's your sons and daughters
That they're selling to the prison cells
Why so afraid of the flesh you've made
And the lies that the preachers tell
Well I was born to run on the light of the sun
And the smell of the woman's wrist
I'm out of things to say, so here's a raw display
And the power of the silent truth

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Put up your hands...Put up your hands...Put up your
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Submitted by Michael Hack

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