

Ez3kiel

"Thought"

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This is Angelo Moore
Fishbone soldier number one
Dr. Madd Vibe
You'll comprehend a legal ageist
He recommended that you arm yourself
(With a?) protective prophelactic calling of
Consciousness
The chapter in a book presents Dr. Mass Vibe's
Comprehension of legal ageist
Chapter seven I believe
The land of the mighty whitey Moor
This is called "Fall of the riviera"

The world spins so slow but the sun is here at last,
The sun rises slow but it's path is so vast,
It stays in the middle while the other planets go
Around,
And a few hours later, later I'm in another town
Yesterday I was in East France at the beach
With the Mediterranean sea in front of me at my feet
People walking naked
Women and men
But not like back at home in the USA, the jail that I
Live in
Where you can't drink a beer or smoke a joint on the
Corner
Or to be naked on the beach is indecent exposure
Try to talk about something happy
Turn crappy
I guess that because I'm a part of the American dream
A pure sort of experiment by the damn mighty whitey
European
Screaming, scaming
Got me screaming to the top of my lungs
Because what I saw made me jealous, but also with
Disgust
Look at all the happy white people in their paradise
State
Even some people with a color get a piece of the cake
They're guinea pigs for justice and peace in the USA
Gimme gimme justice, gimme gimme peace!

They squeal in their land and slap on glory,

The land
Some Black men, some Red men, some Yellow and
some
White matter
The land of the free
Free to make money
If you make enough money you can buy yourself some
Justice, honey
So if you're Black like me and you wanna get rich quick
Go under cover and make your hair slicked
Get rid of those naps and be a tom for a minute
Be like the mighty whitey and you're in it to win it

Fuck all that I say with deep angst,
I am what I am, no bacon for me thanks

Three snaps and a circle,
A pow wow with Bloods and Crips
Let's all get together and bunch 'em in the lip
Then brake their hips and take away their mind
Rebel, rebel, rebel
Rebel away from your blind mind
Rebel from the spell that has been intertwined
Into your great grandma and great grandpa's genes
Now is the time, the time to rhyme
About how we must unfold and
The curse of the snow storm has been
Wupped on all lonely men
From the men of the land of the mighty whitey men
The mighty whitey, the mighty whitey

What was I talking about at first?
Oh yeah, some nice like the sun rising up and the earth
Spinning round and the stars in the sky and the flowers
On the ground
And this tastes good in the Rome, Italy and they
Told me Africa's right across the street
This is a donation from Dr. Madd Vibe on the charity
Tip
Peace now

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