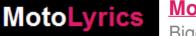
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Ez3kiel ''Thought''

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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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