

Saul Williams

"Act III Scene 2"

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This is a call out to all the youth
In the ghettos, suburbs, villages, townships
To all the kids who download
This song for free by any means

To all the kids short on loot
But high on dreams
To all the kids watching T.V
Like, "Yo, I wish that was me"

And all the kids pressing rewind
On 'Let's Get Free', I hear you
To all the people
Within the sound of my voice

Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined
The no ones, the nobodies, the last in line
Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined
The no ones, the nobodies, the last in line

I didn't vote for this state of affairs
My emotional state's got me prostrate
Fearing my fears
In all reality I'm under prepared

'Cause I'm ready for war
But not sure if I'm ready to care
And that's why I'm under prepared

'Cause I'm ready to fight but most fights
Have me fighting back tears
'Cause the truth is really I'm scared
Not scared of the truth

But just scared of the length
You'll go to fight it
I tried to hold my tongue
Son, I tried to bite it

I'm not trying to start a riot or incite it
'Cause Brutus is an honorable man
It's just coincidence that oil men

Would wage war on an oil rich land

And this one goes out to my man
Taking cover in the trenches
With a gun in his hand
Then gets home and no one flinches
When he can't feed his fam
But Brutus is an honorable man

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If you have tears prepare to shed them now
For you share the guilt of blood spilt
In accordance with the Dow Jones
Dow drops fresh crop skull and bones

A machete in the heady, 'Hutu, Tutsi, Leone'
An Afghani in a shanty, Doodle dandy yank on
An Iraqi in Gap khaki, Coca Coma come on
Be ye bishop or pawn in the streets or the lawn

You should know that this example
Could go on and on and what since
Does it make to keep your ears to the street?
As long as oil's in the soil, truth is never concrete

So we dare to represent those with the barest of feet
'Cause the laws to which we're loyal, keep the soil
deplete
It's our job to not let history repeat

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So here's the plan
The Ides of March are always at hand
And when the power hungry strike
They strike the poorest of man

And if you dare put up a fight
They'll come and fight for your land
And they'll call it liberation or salvation

A call to the youth, your freedom ain't so free
It's just loose but the power of your voice
Could redirect every truth

Shift and shape the world you want
And keep your fears in a noose

Let them dangle
From a banner Star Spangled
I'm willing and able
To lift my dreams up out of their cradle
Nurse and nurture my ideals
'Til they're much more than a fable

I can be all I can be
And do much more than I'm paid to
And I won't be a slave
To what authorities say do

My desire is to live within a nation on fire
Where creative passions burn
And raise the stakes ever higher

Where no person is addicted
'top some twisted supplier
Who promotes the sort of freedom
Sold to the highest buyer

We demand a truth naturally
At one with the land
Not a plant that photosynthesizes
Bombs on demand
Or a search for any weapons
We let fall from our hands

I got beats and a plan, I'm gonna do what I can
And what you do is question everything they say do
Every goal ideal or value they keep pushing on you
If they ask you to believe it, question whether it's true
If they ask you to achieve, is it for them or for you?

You're the one they're asking to go carry a gun
Warfare ain't humanitarian, you're scaring me, son
Why not fight to feed the homeless, jobless, fight
inflation?
Why not fight for our own health care and our
education?

And instead, invest in that erasable lead
'Cause their twisted propaganda can't erase all the
dead
And the pile of corpses pyramid on top of our heads
Or never mind, said the shotgun to the head

