

Tom Mcrae**"Fight! Smash! Win!"**

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[Boots Riley:]

And the wealth don't trickle down
People pinchin' every nickel now
Even if we don't fight, bodies hit the ground
I spit the sound of a million fists finna pound
I'm in the crowd till this whole thing switch around
Our brains are on temporary disconnect
I shoot my mouth off, I can't find my pistol yet
You can call this music disrespect
Cause it'll stop you in your face at your local disco tech
Mr. Green with your missiles and rockets
My paycheck burns a hole in your pocket
You told the judge put my name on the docket
Meetin' in the break room, here's what we plotted

[Chorus: Boots Riley]

Let's fight! Let's smash! Let's win!
We gon fight! We gon smash! Let us in!
Let's fight! Let's smash! Let's win!
Just like gettin up in the club with a fake I'd
If it don't work, we gon do it again

[Boots Riley:]

Your honor may it please the court
Swear me in on a book full of 2Pac quotes
After what I say you might noose my throat
Reporters please scribble down a few hot notes
Allow me to be the first to throw dirt on their graves
Excuse me, I never learned to behave
My great, great granny was a Carolina slave
She whispers in my ear, sayin', "Spark the blaze."

Somewhere on the eastside of steal and rob
A whole generation got a McJob
And the light bill still ain't resolved
See the hungry mob pulse and throb
If you got a blacklist, I wanna be on it
If we gon' attack this then we need to run it
If you see my hood man, you might call it ghetto
Politicians are puppets y'all, let's get Geppetto

[Chorus: Boots Riley]

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[Boots Riley:]

Well it's a matter of fact that I'm gonna die one day
But muthafucka, right now I breathe
And I may not be able to predict my demise
But you can bet it won't be on my knees
I'm rappin' at the speed of the falling dollar
They got greed to make you crawl and holla
It's old school like Eazy-E's Impala
Ay! Ay! You gon' lead or smoke trees and follow?

[Chorus: Boots Riley]

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