

Tom Mcrae

"The Squeeze"

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[Boots Riley:]

This brick
Which is gripped by my fingers
Which shoot out from my hand
Which is fastened to my arm
That meets up with my shoulder
That sits well below my head
That surrounds my brain
Which is tied up with thoughts of resentment, fear, and
loathing
Because of your using me in your road to wealth and
power
Will crash through your picture window and kill you

We gon' put you in the squeeze
We gon' put you in the squeeze

[Boots Riley:]

The city is a planet of glass and granite
And it's ran by some masters of mack mechanics
We got schools where the facts are banished
We got scams where your stacks'll vanish
And the hospitals is gon cost you racks so panic
All the gangsters throw your triggers up
All the stoners throw your flickers up
All the drunks throw your liquor up
All the bank tellers stick 'em up
Teach them babies how to grip a buck
When this hits the streets it's thunder with thesis
We'll show you where the beast is
Make sure it deceases
They smolder with speeches
We shoulder the leeches
Call off the polices
This ain't where the thief is
Janitors, work all night like Dracula
Burger flippers grab your spatulas
Managers, get your Acuras
Big bosses guard your sack because
We'll put 'em in the squeeze

Squ-squ-squ-squ-squeeze
Squ-squ-squ-squ
We gon' put you in the squeeze

Squ-squ-squ-squ-squeeze
We gon' put you in the
We gon' put you in the

[Boots Riley:]

World poverty has just gone platinum
Unemployment checks need to come with a gat in em
Chains and leather whips
Slave masters still crackin' em
This is where I'm scattin' from
Listen to the battle drum
We all got our shackles on
Ladies shoot your deuce-deuces
Bankers tip your masseuses
Wardens tighten up your nooses
Muthafuckas make noise if you bought your clothes
boosted
The earth is composed of space and atoms
And controlled by some pimps without Stacy Adams
But one day they're gon taste the cannon
When the people rise up
And make them muthafuckas face the dragon
Mercenaries show your paychecks
Homeless folks show your blankets
Rich folks throw your banquets
Tell officials what to say next
'Cause they won't be at ease
When we put 'em in the squeeze

Squ-squ-squ-squ
We gon' put you in the squeeze
Squ-squ-squ-squ
We gon' put you in the squeeze
Squ-squ-squ-squ
Yeah, we gon' put you in the squeeze

'Cause they vote with their guns
'Cause they vote with their guns
'Cause they vote with their guns
'Cause they vote with their guns
'Cause they vote with their guns
'Cause they vote with their guns
'Cause they vote with their guns
You know they vote with their guns

