

## Tom Morello

### "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]

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:]

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]

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!

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