

# One Day As A Lion, If You Fear Dying

The bastard son I spit non fiction  
In exile for a while now with raw friction  
Never be a pawn the boomerang be upon you  
I'm like Fela with my heart in Venezuela  
It's a world favela so fuck the novela  
I'm out of the cellar with a blade and some cheddar  
For the whole new world order you to bow down  
To the now sound of slavery the era be  
Terrible terror filled terrified  
Why would we ever let a few white christian fiction's  
Shape our tomorrow followers them  
Cause tomorrow got a gun to it's head

Time is coming  
Rising like the dawn of a red sun  
If you fear dying then you're already dead

I'm in with the spirit of Ali Tour  
As I target more heads than a priest on ash wednesday  
Paid and hungry you pigs on gold ropes  
Have the mic or the heater but you can't hold both  
You could snatch one and catch the blast of the other  
I'm Chicano soprano high off my pitch ammo  
I'm a put a crack in your diamond pimp cup  
So vest up I'm your cross turned right side up  
I'm the press leak that downed you aide  
I'm the orange jump suit that's taylor made  
I'm the crescent, the sickle, so sharp the blade  
I'm the flick of the shank that opened your veins  
I'm the dusk, I'm the frightening calm  
I'm a hole in the pipeline I'm a road side bomb

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