Rage Against the Machine, Born Of A Broken Ma

I be walkin' god like a dog
My narrative fearless
My word war returns to burn
Like Baldwin home from Paris
Steel from a furnace
I was born landless
It's tha native son
Born of Zapata's guns
Stroll through tha shanties
And tha cities remains
Same bodies buried hungry
But with different last names
These vultures rob everything
Leave nothing but chains
Pick a point on tha globe
Yes tha pictures tha same
There's a bank a church a myth and a hearse
A mall and a loan a child dead at birth
There's a widow pig parrot
A rebel to tame
A whitehooded judge
And a syringe and a vein
And tha riot be tha rhyme of tha unheard
Calm like a bomb
This ain't subliminal
Feel tha critical mass approach horizon
Tha pulse of tha condemned
Sound off America's demise
Tha anti-myth rhythm rock shocker
Yes I spit fire
Hope lies in tha smoldering rubble of empires
Back through tha shanties and tha cities remains
Tha same bodies buried hungry
But with different last names
These vultures rob everyone
Leave nothing but chains
Pick a point here at home
And tha picture's tha same
There's a field full of slaves
Some corn and some debit
There's a ditch full of bodies
Tha check for tha rent
There's a tap, tha phone, tha silence of stone
Tha numb black screen
That be feelin' like home
And tha riot be tha rhyme of tha unheard
Calm like a bomb
There's a mass without roofs
A prison to fill
A country's soul that reads post no bills
A strike and a line of cops outside of tha mill
There's a right to obey
And a right to kill