

Rage Against the Machine, The Narrows

Drop it
Hey
Ugh

Try to crack
And some will react
Vocal snap so trap
I'm trying to rap

Those who try to subdue
the truth
lose their condition
were labelled inactive

Being 91
the twentieth century
Brooklyn is a magnum in the bottle of kerosene

flame ignites into the black
sending fright
thought you could read minds
and words and insight

Backin' the explosion on stage
guns fear
Frances Fanon
presence of war

Using my brain
Until the power is obtained
Using my strength to gain
A struggle for rage

But I
Choose another tune to uplift
Yeah, you know my anger is a gift
a gift to expect the test we all must face
Hah,
Out my face

Release the reason
Allow the pain
The actors change
But the plays the same

C'mon
In the narrows
In the narrows
In the narrows

Some are the holders of power
But the style will [? ?] shower
Trying to like brothers about the structure itself
Pay only motivates and creates more hate

State to state
I set it straight
I investigate
Debate, the ?? who brought me lessons

At the oppression I react with aggression
Yo
My section after section

No need for repressing
Just take a mic
and a rap another session

No need for guessing
Yeah
And that shit that your stressin'

Release the reason
Allow the pain
The actors change
But the plays the same

Release the reason
Allow the pain
The actors change
But the plays the same

C'mon

In the narrows
In the narrows
In the narrows

Ugh!

UGH!

I'm on the mic
Stepping up to sucka's
while were drumming out the style
and I do it with a smile

When I put punks on trial
Taking 'em back again
Yeah the name of the comprehender

The style I drop is going on and on
To the punks to recognize the style
Andrealize
That I'm not no Punk Kid
Just stepping up for the mic hit

Ugh!
In the narrows

In the narrows
In the narrows
In the narrows

Ugh!