

The Baby Namboos, Provoked

For all those who wanna analyze me
For all those who wanna analyze me
It starts off in the hips
Move to the lips
For all those who wanna analyze me
My mother committed suicide when I was four or five
I love Mike-O was killed by a psycho
But I'm not sad or sorry
'Cause we be tomorrow
'Cause we be tomorrow
For all those who wanna analyze me
For all those who wanna analyze me
My mother committed suicide when I was four or five
I love Mike-O was killed by a psycho
But I'm not sad or sorry
'cause we be tomorrow
Next month, next week
I guess I'm weak
I guess I'm weak
But I'm not sad or sorry
'Cause we be tomorrow
Suicide when I was four or five
Mike-O killed by a psycho
Sad or sorry
I be tomorrow
For all those who wanna analyze me
Starts off in the hips
Move to my lips
Starts off in the hips
Move to my lips

Train passes where they prosecute
So be careful where you tread
It's a land mine baby
Don't go losing your head
Just remember our love
so you won't give up
If you remember our love
So you won't give up

Long gone are the proper sleeves
to walk by our side
Long killed are the visionary souls
Now we're walking blind
The lies are meant to hypnotize
and put you in a spell
Wake up you sleepy heads
Release yourselves from hell
You won't give up
You can't give up

They made us drink salt water
Then sell us liberty
Tell me how can you sell somebody
what's supposed to be free
You know the non-contender for the derelict mind
You starved us baby
and you're gonna shine
You starved us baby
and you're gonna shine
You starved us baby

Fuck creation
Fuck creation

Fuck creation
There is no relevance with my life
All I mean
is how to fight
Producing the goods
I'm fit to make sense
Built with more right
Especially a thing
Self-defense
A wasted office in my mind
All the time I've been blind
Race- an objective
Difficult at times
Don't know what to do
Name your baby Namboo
Mine's far and away
The rest is up to you

Politicians are destroying
the dreams of the many
One can inform our country
So they don't spend a penny
Less than our future
On some posh adventure
Driving along Concord Lane
they're looking for adventure
Pick out the homes and count the best bids
Pick out the homes and count the best bids
There's only so much to go around
and they took the life
It's not what you're savin'
It's how much you got
Pick out the homes and count the best bids
Hunt the homes and pick out the best bids

You're on his high and you won't give up
Your tongue is torn and you won't give up
Your back is broke and you won't give up
You're all alone but you're so tough
You won't give up
You won't give up
You starved us baby
and you cannot shine
You starved us baby