

Flipsyde, Revolutionary Beat

[Chorus]

If we can't live in peace then fuck it let's die
They aint tryin' to hear us then fuck it let's ride
Catch a traitor then stick a needle in his eye
Smash mode soilder we runnin' out of time

[Verse 1]

From Zumbi dos Palmares na mata fechada
To Commando Vermelho bustin at the cops with them choppas
Che Guevara and Castro bangin' in Cuba
To the Zapatistas and Latin kings that bust with that Rugger.
We ain't forgot but baby boy that block still hot
People still broke they went from snortin' coke to that hop
Tryin' to escape and take your brain up up and away
And you ain't gotta worry about them bills that don't get paid
Ho's get made in the 7th 8th 9th and 10th grade
Studyin' that trickin' game as if they takin' a trade
Little brothers is getting smothered like potatoes and gravy
Got a name and street fame Jesus Christ couldn't save him
And he gonna ride until that day he gone
Slide him that black or chrome
Live in your facial erase you and hit that gas get gone
Why am I still in chains why am I still a slave
Why am I poor and broke strugglin' workin' minimum wage

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Let me get a hit of that nicotine
Let me get a line of that na' mean
Let me get a sip of that Vodka Cran
Let a mutha' fucka' know who I am
Gonna get high cause the world is low
Let me start a fire cause the world is cold
Cut the barbed wire get inside and ride
Tear this shit down spittin' line for line
Once I get in it I vowed that I'd finish
I'm wild till the ending no smile when I'm spittin'
And fuck Thanksgiving cause I ride with the heartless
And fight for my Goddess the hardest of artist
That's given em' problems
And fuck your congress

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[Verse 3]

He worked for 30 years retired now he's checkin' to check it
The corporation got richer from his bleedin' and sweatin'
The government ain't got no safety net he ran out of blessings
And they cuttin' social security cause they don't respect him
So now he sits on the curb wanders 'round
Sleeps on the ground walks for miles
Couldn't pay his bills so he lost his house
And that's what the deal is all about
Either get rich or you gonna' get pimped
Either shout first or you gonna' get hit

Land of the free and home of the brave
Land of the G's and home of the slave

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