

# Flipsyde, Revolutionary Beat

[Chorus]

If we can't live in peace then fuck it let's die  
They ain't 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

[Chorus]

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