

Looptroop Rockers, Hurricane George

As we transmit live here from the White House
At this landmark moment in time
Voters have turned up by the millions to decide who gets, um
Verse 1

Four more years as the people decide
To let the leader of the free world stay and preside
And the word on the hill is that a safer America
Is created by us invading shakier areas
Now the commander in chief has guaranteed we'll be prosperous
Business will not yield to the takers of hostages
As we embark on a quest to oppress the poor
The biggest democracy said yes to four more !
It's gon' be four more years in the golden era
It's gon' be no more fears of the global terror
It's gon' be an eye for an eye til' they're totally blind
That's why me and half our nation voted what's right
Cause you never know when they step up on your porch
You gotta be prepared, buckled up and ready for war
And on the TV they issued out a warning
So I report all people with foreign origins

Chorus

I know we've seen a lot of bolts of lightning
Striking on the people and it's oh so frightening
And it looks like the tides are rising
Board your doors here comes hurricane George
I know we've had a lot of cold winds blowing
Poles are melting from the global warming
This forecast is the final warning
Board your doors here comes hurricane George

Verse 2

Four more years, of picturing her step dad on my doorstep
As she took her first step, into a world of bomb threats
While I murder monsters we shape and moulding
In the process of pleasing our congress of warmongers
I can't be upset ? I got no beef with poor thieves who do dirt to survive
I guess the police on my streets was on a different vibe
I used to blow trees with shorties, trying to hustle to provide
But now the contract is signed and I'm killing my own kind
It's just another four more years for me to pour more tears
And watch my people suffer daily for your foreign affairs
I was born in a war torn area
Lord knows where, and my shoulders
have bore no more terror than all of theirs
It's sad to see the person you gave mandate
greet my folks with a surface-to-air handshake
All because the gipper wants to cash in a check
while Europeans are occupied with Bachelorette !

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Verse 3

I woke up to 4 more years of state funded terrorism
In the name of Jesus straight fundamentalism
Message on my t-shirt screaming out my activism but nobody listens
And it feel like I got nothing but an empty page to empty out my rage
And emcee out on stage for an empty Mtv raised generation
while three generations of bushes are pushers and pimps - stifling
my petty attempts to make my people think...

Chorus

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