

Sick Of It All, District

Purge the district
Scrub it hard
Time to clean up our own backyard
People standing in the way
Are on the list of people getting paid
Not just the common thug
Also those up above
Making laws and deciding how the districts run into the ground

Now the choice is up to us
Between the crooked and corrupt
Whose made fewer bloody deals
Chose the lesser of two evils
Soul turns to evil quick
Without love or discipline
Poison for the destitute
Is also in the silver spoon
The rain is coming down
But the drugs are dollar signs
Pads the pockets of the bent
And we cant pay the rent

Someday a real rain is gonna come
Someday a real rain is gonna come
Someday a real rain is gonna come
Someday a real rain is gonna come
And clean up the mess

Locked up
Feeling the common dread
Locked up in our homes and in our heads
Intimidation keeps us prisoners at home
A force that's never felt anything stand up against it

The sky will open up this time
We wont overlook a thing
Criminal, criminal, criminal
We wont overlook a thing
Criminal, criminal, criminal
And we'll wake up with our spirit

Purified, purified, purified
Purified, purified, purified

Someday a real rain is gonna come
Someday a real rain is gonna come
Someday a real rain is gonna come
Someday a real rain is gonna come
And clean up the mess

Free of the common dread
In our homes and in our heads
Free of the crooked ways
Woken with our spirit cleansed