

Sweatshop Union, Radio Edit

<!Na na na
Na na na
Na na na,
Na na na
Na na na

estribillo:

Sweatshop coming through so everybody move over no sir don't worry at all
(Na, Na na na, na na na, na na na, na na na)
We're gonna break the mold and shake the whole thing so surely they'll fall
(Na na na, na na na)
So everybody move over no sir don't worry at all
(Na, Na na na, na na na, na na na, na na na)
We're gonna break the mold and shake the whole thing so surely they'll fall.
(Na na na, na na na)

Don't you figure its a little bit twisted this bullshit that gets rotated
In most cases don't say shit but we're still listenin'
And MCs if you decide to push your views aside
and choose to ride whatever's popular at the moment then do it,
I'll just make music that's dissing it.
Because it's just the way you're thinking it'll keep our ship sinking
And its keeping me living within a prison
And disconnected isn't entered from the infinite
And given just a glimpse of what it is and isn't is what we're living in.

Trim the speech, the beat since the truth we speak,
Bring the heat or failure creeps in inches we don't eat.
We'll find an image to mimic to get our 15 minutes
Till SoundScan drags down all our hopes to the limit,
But why do I have to try to dumb down the sound
In a compromise to try to turn sails around?
If I speak my piece, will the interest cease?
Well at least will get a week
And if they're driven to spin it,
We'll make change from within it,
But if not we'll get got, cause bitter washed-up cynics
Pretend to like spot hype and we'll be alright
Singing right for the fight and we can better this life

estribillo

Mmm I wonder how to leave the underground with dignity intact and be the rappers that we are tod
So we'll tour in tons of towns and bump the sound for kids that need the facts and fiend for rap and
Mmm without radio play your sales may be okay maybe you'll stay afloat maybe plenty of tape may
Who's that? Sweatshop, and we shaking your ground

Love to hand feed everyone
Do believe its fundamental to need funds,
Sobering look at what we've become, above our heads a web of deceit is spun.
To the beat of a drum, we'll speak to the young
And teach, never preach of false freedom
Redeem some rights, some wrongs, and write my songs to feed the
and industry pythons.

No matter what you say, you better watch the snakes;
We're just the prey for anybody who loves the game.
But trust the game, gonna embrace the touch of fame-
(Don't worry there's no shame!)
'Cause no way it's okay, they get jerked for low pay, have to serve and obey, it's all work and no pla
But hope
don't change a make some old diggy overplayed willy
what tape with no soul.

estribillo (2x)
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