

# Zack De La Rocha, C.I.A. - Criminals In Action

[KRS-One]

Yea yea yea yea yea!

KRS-One comin through, Big Zack, Last Emperor

WOOP WOOP! Ha hah, that's the sound of EMS

Ha hah, Last Emperor, KRS

Ha hah, Big Zack you know the rest

Now we gonna come down like this now, hold tight all crew

LISTEN!!

[Zack de la Rocha]

This voice shatters the calm of the day, like an alarm

To wake up badder youth, and take up arms

Cause more is necessary than vocabulary war

Cause the toxic rock imports, gettin on your door

C.I.A. I see ya later, cause your time is comin soon

I flip the shit like, Pacino and it's your Dog Day Afternoon

Attica Attica, drug agents your bring your static-a

My alphabet will slash that neck and flip you, automatica

Dramatic, like Ali Shaheed Muhammed brought The Vibe

I bring the sun at Red Dawn to pull the thoughts of Frantz Fanon

So stand at attention, devil dirge

You never survive chosin sides against direction of the Earth

The infiltrator, child intoxicator, people incarcerator

Liberation movement annihilator

We got you clocked pushin rocks and it fail

We got brothers troopin subways like the Ho Chi Manh trail

We got the truth data, Last Emperor, KRS and

history manifested, tomorrow the next lesson

Chorus: all together, with samples

YOU CLAIM I'M SELLIN CRACK, BUT YOU BE DOIN THAT

&quot;You, claim, you claim, you, you claim, claim

You, claim I'm sellin crack, but you be doin that&quot; --&gt; KRS

[Zach] You know the cops they got a network for the toxic rock

YOU CLAIM I'M SELLIN CRACK, BUT YOU BE DOIN THAT

&quot;So get that flashlight out of my face&quot;

&quot;You, you, you claim I'm sellin crack, but you be doin that&quot; --&gt; KRS

[KRS] The Last Emperor, KRS-One, and Big Zack

[The Last Emperor]

As free market capitalism and technology expands

The third world's fertile soil becomes a desert wasteland

So it takes bands to, demand the, government provide answers

when Lady Liberty has me Bewitched like Samantha

And poverty is one of the most malignant forms of cancer

to all my Black Magic romancers and acid rain dancers

Develop close ties like Jerry Seinfeld and George Costanza

We fear no man and throw jams that attack counterintelligence programs

Exciting like the epic adventures of Conan (hah!)

I colonize minds like Zaire by the Belgians

Now what the hell is the problem with this system and what it sells us

I bring ancient relics like Wyclef did to Zealots

I saw an Iron Curtain called hip-hop and got it open like Boris Yeltsin

Whirlwind, tornadoes, in the rain forest if you say so (whosssshhh)

KRS and The Last Emperor like the Green Hornet and Kato

Zach de la Rocha brings the enraged flow, but all three drop science

and become the most powerful alliance since NATO

Chorus: all together, with samples

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[KRS] The Last Emperor, KRS-One, and Big Zack

[KRS-One]

Need I say the C.I.A. be Criminals In Action  
Cocaine crack unpackin, high surveillance trackin  
Prominant blacks and whites givin orders for mass slaughters  
I want all my daughters to be like Maxine Waters  
When they flooded the streets with crack cocaine  
I was like Noah, now they lower cause the whole cold war is over  
Communism fell to the dollars you were grabbin it  
All the assault and batterin in the name of intelligence gatherin?  
Now it's karma you battlin, a losin fight  
I chose the mic to recite ignite light in the night, aight?  
We should beat em, President Clinton should delete em  
it's not hard, the C.I.A. simply has no more job  
Oh my Goddess, mother, you can fix this  
We rock over mixes not six six sixes  
Yo this is, the message, to all that can hear it  
If you got secret information now's the time to share it  
Call your Congresswoman, your senator, your mayor  
It's time for all the scholars to unite with all the players  
Rearrangin, see times are definitely changin G  
They used to tap the phone, now they tappin while you pagin me  
It's crazy B, yet it's plain to see, who the enemy  
Who's left the NRA? The ATF, the AMA?  
Okay okay, it's all irrelevant, cause in the new millenium  
there'll be no Central Intelligence

Uh, yea, uh, yea  
Throw your hands up  
You know whassup kid, throw your hands up  
Ha hah yeah, hah hah, yeah