

Freedom (Skream's Psychotic Cyborgs Remix)

Rage Against the Machine

Solo, I'm a soloist on a solo list
All live, never on a floppy disk
Inka, inka, bottle of ink
Paintings of rebellion
Drawn up by the thoughts I think It's set up like a deck of cards
They're sending us to early graves
For all the diamonds
They'll use a pair of clubs to beat the spades
With poetry I paint the pictures that hit
More than the murals that fit
Don't turn away
Get in front of it Brotha did ya frget my name
Did ya lose it on the wall
Playin' tic-tac-toe Yo, check the diagonal
Three brothers gone
Come on
Doesn't that make it three in a row
Anger is a gift Brotha did ya frget my name
Did ya lose it on the wall
Playin' tic-tac-toe Yo, check the diagonal
Three million gone
Come on
'Cause ya know they're counting backwards to zero Environment
The environment exceeding on the level
Of our unconsciousness
For example
What does the billboard say
Come and play, come and play
Forget about the movement
Anger is a gift Freedom, freedom, yea right

Songwriters

HOWARD JOHNSON, KEVIN GILLIAM Published by

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