

If You Fear Dying

One Day as a Lion

the bastard son i spit non fiction
in exile for a while now with raw friction
never be a pawn the boomerang be upon you
i'm like Fela with my heart in Venezuela
its a world favela so fuck the novela
i'm out of the cellar with a blade and some cheddar
for the whole new world order you to bow down
to the now sound of slavery the era be
terrible terror filled terrified
why would we ever let a few white christian fiction's
shape our tomorrow followers them
cause tomorrow got a gun to its headtime is coming
rising like the dawn of a red sun
if you fear dying then you're already dead i'm in with the spirit of Ali Tour
as I target more heads than a priest on ash wednesday
paid and hungry you pigs on gold ropes
have the mic or the heater but you can't hold both
you could snatch one and catch the blast of the other
i'm Chicano soprano high off my pitch ammo
i'm a put a crack in your diamond pimp cup
so vest up i'm your cross turned right side up
i'm the press leak that downed you aide
i'm the orange jump suit thats taylor made
i'm the crescent, the sickle, so sharp the blade
i'm the flick of the shank that opened your veins
i'm the dusk, i'm the frightening calm
i'm a hole in the pipeline i'm a road side bombtime is coming
rising like the dawn of a red sun
if you fear dying then you're already dead

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