Act III Scene 2 (Shakespeare)

Saul Williams

This is a call out to all the youth in the ghettos, suburbs, villages, townships. To all the kids who download this song for free. By any means. To all the kids short on loot but high on dreams. To all the kids watching T.V., like, "Yo, I wish that was me." And all the kids pressing rewind on Let's Get Free. I hear you. To all the people within the sound of my voice.

Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined, the no ones, the nobodies, the last in line.
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I didn't vote for this state of affairs. My emotional state's got me prostrate, fearing my fears. In all reality I'm under prepared. 'Cause I'm ready for war but not sure if I'm ready to care. And that's why I'm under prepared. 'Cause I'm ready to fight, but most fights have me fighting back tears. 'Cause the truth is really I'm scared. Not scared of the truth, but just scared of the length you'll go to fight it. I tried to hold my tongue, son. I tried to bite it. I'm not trying to start a riot or incite it. 'Cause Brutus is an honorable man. It's just coincidence that oil men would wage war on an oil rich land. And this one goes out to my man, taking cover in the trenches with a gun in his hand, then gets home and no one flinches when he can't feed his fam. But Brutus is an honorable man.

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If you have tears prepare to shed them now. For you share the guilt of blood spilt in accordance with the Dow Jones. Dow drops fresh crop skull and bones. A machete in the heady: Hutu, Tutsi, Leone. An Afghani in a shanty. Doodle dandy yank on! An Iraqi in Gap khaki. Coca Coma come on! Be ye bishop or pawn, in the streets or the lawn, you should know that these example could go on and on and what since does it make to keep your ears to the street? As long as oils in the soil, truth is never concrete. So we dare to represent those with the barest of feet. 'Cause the laws to which we're loyal keep the soil deplete. It's our job to not let history repeat.

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So here's the plan. The ides of march are always at hand. And when the power hungry strike, they strike the poorest of man. And if you dare put up a fight, they'll come and fight for your land. And they'll call it liberation or salvation. A call to the youth! Your freedom ain't so free, it's just loose. but the power of your voice could redirect every truth. Shift and shape the world you want and keep your fears in a noose. Let them dangle from a banner star spangled. I'm willing and able. To lift my dreams up out of their cradle. Nurse and nurture my ideals 'til they're much more than a fable. I can be all I can be and do much more than I'm paid to. And I won't be a slave to what authorities say do. My desire is to live within a nation on fire, where creative passions burn and raise the stakes ever higher. Where no person is addicted top some twisted supplier who promotes the sort of freedom sold to the highest buyer. We demand a truth naturally at one with the land, not a plant that photosynthesizes bombs on demand, or a search for any weapons we let fall from our hands. I got beats and a plan. I'm gonna do what I can. And what you do is question everything they say do, every goal ideal or value

they keep pushing on you. If they ask you to believe it question whether it's true. If they ask you to achieve, is it for them or for you. You're the one they're asking to go carry a gun. Warfare ain't humanitarian. You're scaring me, son. Why not fight to feed the homeless, jobless, fight inflation?! Why not fight for our own healthcare and our education?! And instead, invest in that erasable lead, 'cause their twisted propaganda can't erase all the dead. And the pile of corpses pyramid on top of our heads. Or nevermind, said the shotgun to the head

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