Crane Fist

Rancid

{Within the same school, the idea was that
We'd later combine both styles, unify the techniques
But still, we were too young
Too full of ignorant pride in our own succulent sorrow}
Oh, no, some people, them illegal
What you got you can't keep here
Oh, no, some people, them illegal
All that rise, a lotta evil
Open the jails and set the men free
Well, the Devils and witches are looming on me
And the fighting and the robbing induce slavery
A decision of descension into insanity
Oh, no, some people, them illegal
What you got you can't keep here
Oh, no, some people, them illegal
All that rise, a lotta evil
Humility will hold you and never let you go
To all my friends, well, much gratitude
And to all the wicked, I've got my eyes on you
And everyone stands in confusion
Oh, no, some people, them illegal
What you got you can't keep here
Oh, no, some people, them illegal
All that rise, a lotta evil
{To do the job, you've got to
Prepare yourself to die}
Put 'em up, put 'em in, run 'em out, run quicker
Cool to the breath, G, quicker than liquor
Quicker than any motherfucker that I know
Rack 'em up and stomp 'em wherever he'll go
Rancid pack, I'm a blast it
Blasted lyrics of elastic
With a 12 gauge double barrel lyric gun
Shoot 'em up free and smack down
Reconcile with the culturalist
Proclamation to the nihilist
Down to the propagandist
Take me off of that fucking list
Open the jails and set the men free

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