

# 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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