

Brother

Uncle Jed

[Intro]

Ah, the name of this song is Uncle Sam Goddamn
It's a show tune, but the show ain't been written for it yet
We're gonna see if Tony Jerome and the band can maybe work this shit out for me
And straighten me out right quick
I like it so far man
Yeah
Come on, lets go

Welcome to the United Snakes
Land of the thief home of the slave
Grand imperial guard where the dollar is sacred and proud

Lets do this shit for real, come on now

[Verse 1]

Smoke and mirrors, stripes and stars
Stolen for the cross in the name of God
Bloodshed, genocide, rape and fraud
Writ into the pages of the law good lord
The Cold Continent latch key child
Ran away one day and started acting foul
King of where the wild things are daddy's proud
Because the Roman Empire done passed it down
Imported and tortured a work force
And never healed the wounds or shook the curse off
Now the grown up Goliath nation
Holding open auditions for the part of David, can you feel it?
Nothing can save you; you question the reign
You get rushed in and chained up
Fist raised but I must be insane
Because I can't figure a single goddamn way to change it

[Hook x2]

Welcome to the United Snakes
Land of the thief, home of the slave
The grand imperial guard where the dollar is sacred, and power is God

[Verse 2]

All must bow to the fat and lazy

The fuck you, obey me, and why do they hate me? (Who me?)
Only two generations away
From the world's most despicable slavery trade
Pioneered so many ways to degrade a human being
That it can't be changed to this day
Legacy so ingrained in the way that we think;
We no longer need chains to be slaves
Lord it's a shameful display
The overseers even got raped along the way
Because the children can't escape from the pain
And they're born with poisonous hatred in their veins
Try and separate a man from his soul
You only strengthen him, and lose your own
But shoot that fucker if he walk near the throne
Remind him that this is my home, now I'm gone

[Hook x2]

[Bridge]
Hold up, give me one right here
Hold on
You don't give money to the bums
On a corner with a sign bleeding from their gums
Talking about you don't support a crackhead?
What you think happens to the money from your taxes?

[Verse 3]
Shit the Government's an addict
With a billion dollar a week kill brown people habit
And even if you ain't on the front line
When massah yell crunch time, you right back at it
Plain look at how you hustling backwards
At the end of the year, add up what they subtracted
Three outta twelve months your salary pays for that madness
Man, that's savage
What's left? get a big ass plasma
To see where they made Dan Rather point the damn camera
Only approved questions get answered
Now stand your ass up for that national anthem

[Hook] {x2}

[Instrumental break]

[Vocals: Mankwe Ndosi]
(You're so low)

Custom made (You're so low) *
To consume the noose (You're so low) *
Keep saying we're free (You're so low) *
But we're all just loose (You're so low) *

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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