

Guerilla Radio (Soda n Suds Re-Tribute Remix)

Rage Against the Machine

Transmission third world war third round
Decade of the weapon of sound above ground
No shelter if you're looking for shade
I lick shots at the brutal charade
As the polls close like a casket on truth devoured
Silent play in the shadow of power a spectacle monopolized
The camera's eyes on choice disguised Was it cast for the mass who burn and toil?
Or for the vultures who thirst for blood and oil?
Yes a spectacle monopolized
They hold the reins, stole your eyes
All the fistagons the bullets and bombs
Who stuff the banks and staff the party ranks?
More for Gore or the son of a drug lord
None of the above fuck it cut the cord Lights out guerilla radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out guerilla radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out guerilla radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out guerilla radio Contact I hijacked the frequencies blockin' the beltway
Move on DC way past the days of bombin' MCs
Sound off Mumia guan be free
Who gott 'em yo check the federal file
All you pendejos know the trial was vile
Army of pigs try to silence my style
Off 'em all out that box it's my radio dial Lights out guerilla radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out guerilla radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out guerilla radio
Turn that shit up
Lights out guerilla radio It has to start somewhere, it had to start sometime
What better place than here, what better time than now All hell can't stop us now, all hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us now, all hell can't stop us now
All hell can't stop us now, all hell can't stop us now

Songwriters

Timothy Commerford; Zack De La Rocha; Thomas Morello; Brad Wilk Published by
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