

# If You Fear Dying

## One Day as a Lion

the bastard son i spit non fiction  
in exile for a while now with raw friction  
never be a pawn the boomerang be upon you  
like Fela with my heart in Venezuela  
its a world favela so fuck the novela  
i'm out of the cellar with a blade and some cheddar  
for this whole new world order you to bow down  
to the now sound of slavery this era be  
terrible terror filled terrified  
why would we ever let a few white christian fictions  
shape our tomorrow following them  
cause tomorrow got a gun to its head the tyrant's coming  
rising like the dawn of a red sun  
if you fear dying then you're already dead i'm in with the spirit of Ali TourÃ©  
as I target more heads than a priest on ash wednesday  
paid and hanging you pigs on gold ropes  
have the mic or my heater but you can't hold both  
you could snatch one, catch the blast of the other  
i'm Chicano soprano high off my pitch arrow  
i'm a put a crack in your diamond pimp cup  
so vest up i'm your cross turned right side up  
i'm the press leak, yo, that downed your aide  
i'm the orange jump suit that's tailor made  
i'm the crescent, the sickle, so sharp the blade  
i'm the flick of the shank that opened your veins  
i'm the, i'm the dusk, i'm the frightening calm  
i'm a hole in the pipeline i'm a road side bomb the tyrant's coming  
rising like the dawn of a red sun  
if you fear dying then you're already dead

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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