

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 headthe tyrant's coming
rising like the dawn of a red sun
if you fear dying then you're already deadi'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 bombthe 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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