

# Act III Scene 2 (Shakespeare)

## Saul Williams

This is a call out to all the youth  
In the ghettos, suburbs, villages, townships  
To all the kids who download  
This song for free by any means To all the kids short on loot  
But high on dreams  
To all the kids watching T.V  
Like, "Yo, I wish that was me" And all the kids pressing rewind  
On 'Let's Get Free', I hear you  
To all the people  
Within the sound of my voice Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined  
The no ones, the nobodies, the last in line  
Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined  
The no ones, the nobodies, the last in line I didn't vote for this state of affairs  
My emotional state's got me prostrate  
Fearing my fears  
In all reality I'm under prepared 'Cause I'm ready for war  
But not sure if I'm ready to care  
And that's why I'm under prepared 'Cause I'm ready to fight but most fights  
Have me fighting back tears  
'Cause the truth is really I'm scared  
Not scared of the truth But just scared of the length  
You'll go to fight it  
I tried to hold my tongue  
Son, I tried to bite it I'm not trying to start a riot or incite it  
'Cause Brutus is an honorable man  
It's just coincidence that oil men  
Would wage war on an oil rich land And this one goes out to my man  
Taking cover in the trenches  
With a gun in his hand  
Then gets home and no one flinches  
When he can't feed his fam  
But Brutus is an honorable man Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined  
The no ones, the nobodies, the last in line  
Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined  
The no ones, the nobodies, the last in line If you have tears prepare to shed them now  
For you share the guilt of blood spilt  
In accordance with the Dow Jones  
Dow drops fresh crop skull and bones A machete in the heady, 'Hutu, Tutsi, Leone'  
An Afghani in a shanty, Doodle dandy yank on

An Iraqi in Gap khaki, Coca Cola come on  
Be ye bishop or pawn in the streets or the lawn  
You should know that this example  
Could go on and on and what since  
Does it make to keep your ears to the street?  
As long as oil's in the soil, truth is never concrete  
So we dare to represent those with the barest of feet  
'Cause the laws to which we're loyal, keep the soil deplete  
It's our job to not let history repeat  
Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined  
The no ones, the nobodies, the last in line  
Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined  
The no ones, the nobodies, the last in line  
So here's the plan  
The Ides of March are always at hand  
And when the power hungry strike  
They strike the poorest of man  
And if you dare put up a fight  
They'll come and fight for your land  
And they'll call it liberation or salvation  
A call to the youth, your freedom ain't so free  
It's just loose but the power of your voice  
Could redirect every truth  
Shift and shape the world you want  
And keep your fears in a noose  
Let them dangle  
From a banner Star Spangled  
I'm willing and able  
To lift my dreams up out of their cradle  
Nurse and nurture my ideals  
'Til they're much more than a fable  
I can be all I can be  
And do much more than I'm paid to  
And I won't be a slave  
To what authorities say do  
My desire is to live within a nation on fire  
Where creative passions burn  
And raise the stakes ever higher  
Where no person is addicted  
'top some twisted supplier  
Who promotes the sort of freedom  
Sold to the highest buyer  
We demand a truth naturally  
At one with the land  
Not a plant that photosynthesizes  
Bombs on demand  
Or a search for any weapons  
We let fall from our hands  
I got beats and a plan, I'm gonna do what I can  
And what you do is question everything they say do  
Every goal ideal or value they keep pushing on you  
If they ask you to believe it, question whether it's true  
If they ask you to achieve, is it for them or for you?  
You're the one they're asking to go carry a gun  
Warfare ain't humanitarian, you're scaring me, son  
Why not fight to feed the homeless, jobless, fight inflation?  
Why not fight for our own health care and our education?  
And instead, invest in that erasable lead  
'Cause their twisted propaganda can't erase all the dead

And the pile of corpses pyramid on top of our heads  
Or never mind, said the shotgun to the head

Songwriters

WILLIAMS, SAUL/DE LA ROCHA, ZACK/BECK, THAVIUS AJABU Published by  
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>