New Wave

Israel Vibration

Yeah
The war zone
Who you fighting for?
It's like funk to rhythm and punk to rock
Loud like shot that come from a glock
Pick up your mind, run from the spot
Revolution jumping in the parking lot
Shit is so hot that the sun watch
Children by the window with the gun cocked
They could get robbed and stop the luck last
Monkeys dance around for MTV spots
I lock into a
Rock into a rhythm of street and ancient wisdom
Experiment in stereo loud so crank the system
For the humble on the path I paint a vision
How far will a nigga go just for attention
And to be remembered, you forgot the mission
Listen
All traces of life
In our gats we carry
That's used to dress humanity
(It's a new wave, come on)
[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible](It's a new wave, dig it)
[Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible][Incomprehensible](It's a new wave, come on!)
This life is precious
It's goddamn marvelous
Before it ever ends
(Come on)
I lay terror in this era like Che Guevara
For the people to make or wait it's better
In a room called real I stay forever
Everyday I lose something I gain forever
Meditate on how I can change the weather
My brainstorm for some it's like a pace umbrella
Where bullets and lies both spray together
My mind scream like Al Green "Let's stay together"
How could a nigga be so scared of change?
That's what you hustle for, for the currency exchange
Y'all rich, we could beef curry in the game

Out your mouth, ain't nobody hurrying my name
You seen what happened when the com go bang
Wouldn't have a shot, even at a gun range
Seen hype become fame against the grain become main-stream
It all seems mundane in the scope of thangs
All traces of life

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(Come on)
From a land of shit talk, boy stars and pitch forks
Didn't really see white until I went north
Getting bent on backyards, wishing in the air for a black God
Where people fix cars and clap hard
And look to the stars for rap jobs
I walk through the black fog with reflectors on my boots
Smelling war near, I'm connected with the troops
That master anger and ain't afraid to shoot
Through poured liquor fallen angels they salute
Feel the wind blow
A new wave people with their hair trimmed low
It's two ways living in this world of techno
This age can't really save the ghetto
I pause for the rebels who rock heavy metals
And tell them that they're pharaoh so let go
Come on
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