

Who's To Blame

Ozomatli

Who's to blame?
Who's the one who sparked the flame?
The victim who became part of the game?
We deal in murder for money, sex and fame.
The question remains the same: who's to blame? Yo, my heart's torn as I watch my art form
Give plaques & charms to writers of wack poems
Divided attacks, tryin' to collapse this platform
In this rap, we detach from any distraction Yes, sever the head of the evil music (meant to divide & confuse kids)
the media spoon-feeds you
People who need you concede to your bluffin'
Parasitic poison unfit for human consumption
Why they focus on one of they crusades While most of human life is as fragile as loose eggs
Vatican they paid for they role in the slave trade
So how can you place blame on the hate that hate made?
Secret political interests hide from view You police the planet, but who protects us from you?
While wars are waged over pathetic turf
We elect leaders with no regard for planet earth Who's to blame?
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People then members of presidential motorcades
Rollin' single-file like wheels on rollerblades
They think we'll bow, but their welcome is overstayed I pull the cage on the grandest scale
'Cause the man who fails to plan really plans to fail, for real
Flows they close and do stunts 'cause all they want's the wit of your ignorance
To bury a man's sanity can it be so simple? Today's medics, genetically grown people
And where we had it pathetic where citizens give up their civil liberties
To officers of evil intent & devilish tendencies
While enemies join forces to endorse this mental extortion gone corporate When will the corporate forfeit
morbid acts on the helpless?
Ignoring facts 'til they selfish aristocrats who flex well in the time where sex sells
Their crime rhymes melt kids' minds like soft snails
Either you end up in jail or caught shells But time blinds, help kids find their thoughts well, for real
The media's how they get too attached
To violent images permanent like Yakuza tattoos
They got shoes, relax the underwear
While adult messages traumatize the younger ear Who's to blame?
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As deep as your pockets and use logic
The words kill before you have time to breathe
What the ears hear & the eyes see, the mind believes While they hang you from your ankle and they take what
falls
Citizens of this planet deserve a wake-up call
He who hides knowledge controls this grand scheme
In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. Who's to blame?
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Songwriters

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