

Song for John Walker (Sticky Mix) [feat. Anticon]

DJ Krush

(Feat. Anticon)Pedestrian:

There's a little Johnny Walker Lindh in every Meadow Creek middle school
And when the rap tape grows up
Each wave topples at first wind before the self settles in the body Dose & Why?:
The names of prominent families
Carry no weight in foreign cities
And even the sons of senators
Receive no welcome outside the states
The names of prominent families
Carry no weight in foreign cities
And even the sons of senators
Receive no welcome outside the states

Dose:

We hold these truths to be self-evident
Once a-fuckin-gain we got a dollar model president
Carving his face up for the cover of the next new nickel
Combing every cotton coil of his inner white wig
Curling perfect sers to his own thin lips in the mirror
Working on his contripasto for stone
Oh yah whitey, you got empire guilt Why? & Dose:
We know John Walker, we know John Booth
Waste our days swatting this single song
At a long line of Yale and bones born old men
We know John Walker, we know John Booth
Waste our days swatting this single song
At a long line of Yale and bones born old men

Alias:

While the widows buy rubber grips to open bottles with
It's dreams with dusty dashboards and chipping paint
At least the animals have something to poison themselves with
Director yelling "Cut!" on riot footage in the background is faint
And at dusk the clanking of fork to plates syncs
Man of the house drowning out the chatter of housewife
To yet another unmanned spyplane crash
Now televangelists have a basis for book sales
And the promise of effective prayers that get results
As well as God's insurance policy for guaranteed divinity
Time to give the fallout shelters a makeover
Grab a pen and pad of paper and Ikea catalogue today Sole:

No matter what plastic you pray to or sponsorship you kill for
Become a smart happy healthy pet rock if you can eat like us
You'll make great soup and hot new imports for domesticated devils
Don't worry, in thirty years we'll all be Johns and Sarahs Dose & Why?:

But the names of prominent families

Carry no weight in foreign cities

And even the sons of senators

Receive no welcome outside the states

The names of prominent families

Carry no weight in foreign cities

And even the sons of senators

Receive no welcome outside the states Why?:

A flag stripes trying to tear free in heavy wind

And seperate themselves from any unified composition

Oh, I heard the two parties split platforms at the turn of the century

But I know I'm American by the coins I carry

And that's fucking scary

Blah blah blah blah blah blah

And even the worn wigged hard news anchors are un-affected

And every psychic and small-time prophet is aloof

We've been injected to the point of immunity

It takes an f load of s to stimulate the

Desencitized tastebuds of the sugar-expecting community

Till we can barely detect the weather man's insincerity

Their tongues are fast and free

Like a child's translucent un-braced teeth

A low relief long horn

On a roughneck's rawhide wallet

(Can I hear that, ah, last tongues are fast, you know) Dose:

Yeah America, you got it Passage:

The audio haunting promise provides for even the smallest of sparrows

So long as the ghosts are clean and clearly showing through you

I've been helpful, metal man bides his time

In the sands on Minus Island

Everything is fine, your heart is working properly

All my love and luck on the river Euphrates Passage & Sole:

Don't take no wooden nickels, kid

There's bikinis selling SUV's in the TV's in teepees

Time to look for Job, the dorks have hit the desert

The carbohydrate kings are back with fanny packs

And daisy-cutters strapping parachutes to Lunchables

To land on the lap of the new batch of bargain hunters

Now we're not saying anything cause we're not supposed to

But like Blockbuster hamster gave the Black Panthers cancer

I know what you're thinking, it's like drinking the ocean

But if you can fall in love in prison you can die a healthy plant Dose:
He wanted Hammer pants, he joined the Taliban
He sought an absolute truth, the alpha cliché?
But he got the omega and bucked
How many more humans will wear gun spit in their guts
Why, you can still smile on the cover of Life magazine
No matter how many bullets you take
Again we use the magnets poorly
Again we use the magnets poorly
Again we use the magnets poorly
Again we use the magnets like shit
What is it with all these men in their fifties
Wanting to win the world over like there's no tomorrow already?
No matter what you do, G.W
There will be no dollar for you
Woe is the billionaire
Woe is the billionaire
No matter what you do, G.W
There will be no dollar for you
Woe is the billionaire Give him a bomb to suck on
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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