

# 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

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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 hampster 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 clich?

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 billionnaire

Woe is the billionnaire

No matter what you do, G.W

There will be no dollar for you

Woe is the billionnaire Give him a bomb to suck on

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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