digging for windows

Zack De La Rocha

Fuck that bright shit
The spot or the flashlights
We in L.A. ducking both
In the shadows with lead pipes
The days are all nightSee if I pay Edison
No medicine
These blues ain't more better when
My fever rise in the jungle
As quick as the price spikes
The days are all night
My future snapped like a rubber band
Off my fold on a hand to hand
He drew from his waist
I put two in his roof
And I can still hear his screams
All nightNow they ride their portfolios
Like rodeos
Rise every time my cherry glows
On the end of my cig as
The smoke blows through the bars
And the co's laugh fades
As he strolls away
Says I gotta pay
Off that roll away
Or its fuck your visitation days
And I pop off so in solitaire
I dream of offing these Fred Astaires
And the skin off my fingers tear
We digging for windows here
Where the days are all nightThis city's a trap my partner
Under the lights of they choppers
Bodies tools for they coffers
Not worth the cost of our coffins
I stare at a future so toxic
No trust in the dust of a promise
Won't mark the name on a ballot
So they can be free to devour our options
And just like you I'm a target
Ill defined by the guap in my pocket

But the stage make figures
As quick as it off em
What Marley and Pac get?
I put these caps in capitals
Leave minds blazed in they capitols
I step with a fury so actual fact
That my offense could be capital

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

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