Slow Down Gandhi

Sage Francis

There once was a song called arrest the president.
Contemporary music, a hit with the kids, it was a top ten.
I wasn't pop then so I missed the bus a bit.
But politics was on everybody's hot this summer lists.
The cool kids were all rocking votes,
I shit you not, I was pistol whippin' cops for hip hop
BooYea!
I'm a soap box yelling into megaphones.
Killing hard rocks using carcasses as stepping stones.
Had to promise that I'd stop holding my marches
the day that Chris Columbus got crucified in golden arches.
My pedestal was too tall to climb off,
In fact that's the reason for the high horse.
And from up here I see marines and hummers on a conquest,
Underdogs with wonderbras in a push up contest,
All for the sake of military recruitment.
It felt like Kent State the way they targeted the students,
I galloped off whistling "Ohio."
The rest of them, stuck doing stand up at a cricket convention.
But what they'd die for
is it the same machine that leaves the quality of life poor
An abominable colony of cyborgs.
Clogging up the property that I call eyesores.
That clever ad campaign ain't worth
The time taken from minimum wage labor.
I don't care how half naked or fake she looks,
She smells like dirty cash and aged paper books.
So what'd she die for,
Slow down Gandhi your killin'em
Slow down Gandhi your killin'em.
Now it's whistle blower vs. the pistol holder;
Case dismissed, they'll lock you up and throw away the key witness.
Justice is the whim of a judge, check his chest density.
It leaves much room for error, and the rest left to destiny.
The West Memphis 3 lost paradise (www.wm3.org),
It's death penalty vs. suicidal tendencies.
All I wanted was a fucking Pepsi.
Institution.
Making you think you're crazy is a billion dollar industry.

If they could sell sanity in a bottle they'd be charging for compressed air,
and marketing healthcare.
They demonize welfare.
Middle class eliminated, rich get richer
till the poor get educated.
But some of y'all still haven't grown into your face,
And your face doesn't quite match your head.
And I'm waiting for a brain to fill the dead space that's left,
You're all, "give me ethnicity or give me dreads."
Trustafundian rebel without a cause for alarm,
Cause when push turns to shove
You jump into your forefathers arms.
He's a banker, you're part of the system,
Off go the dreadlocks in comes the income.
The briefcase (the freebase)
The sickness (the symptom)
When the cameras start rollin'

stay the fuck outta the picture pilgrim!
The briefcase (the freebase)
The sickness (the symptoms)
When the cameras start rollin',
slow down Gandhi, you're killin'em.
Mr. Save The World, spare us the details.
Save the females from losing interest.
And Miss Save The Universe,
You're a damsel in distress.
Tied down to a track of isolated incidents
Generalize my disease,
I need a taste of what it's like
Living off the fat of kings.
I play the scab at your hunger strike.
Slow down Gandhi, you're killin'em.
One love, one life, one too many victims.
Republicrat, Democran, one party system.
Media goes in a frenzy,
They're stripped of their credentials.
Presidential candidates can't debate over this instrumental.
Let 'em freestyle, winner takes all,
When the music's dead I'll have Ted Nugent's head hangin' on my wall.
Kill one of ours, we'll kill one of yours.
With some friendly fire, that's a funny term, like civil war.
Six in the morning, police at my crib.
Now my nights consists of two toothpicks and eyelids.
The crucifix and vitamins, music that is pirated.

New flavor food made of mutated hybrids.
Uh.
They tell me that it's not that bad.
And it fucks you up good, but its not that bad.
They hold on to these tails till it's the dog that wags.
God save us all if he lets the cat out the bag.
Who's the one to blame for this strain in my vocal chords?
Who can pen a hateful threat but can't hold a sword?
It's the same who complain about the global war,
But can't overthrow the local joker that they voted for.
They call the shots
(but they're not in the line of fire)
I call the cops
(but they break in the line of duty)
Lets call a stop to the abuse of authority.
The truth keeps callin' me, and I'ma live to tell the story.
So what's the truth, quit seeking forgiveness.
You need to cut the noose, but you don't believe in scissors
You support the troops by wearing yellow ribbons?
Just bring home our motherfuckin' brothers and sisters.
Cause they don't call the shots
(but they're in the line of fire)
I'd like to call the cops
(but they break in the line of duty)
It's time to call a stop
To the abuse of authority.
The truth keeps calling me
And I'ma live to tell the story.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/