

Onomatopoeia

Jonny 5 & Yak

East Timorese, Guatemala and Mumia.
The beast seems to reach where they've got a walletful of wealth,
so COINTELPRO police goin' to hell
"NO JUSTICE NO PEACE" is the onomatopoeia.

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Well, anyway,
somehow hip hop's no fun now.
It's all been done now.
So I stall my puns, wow.
But then I recall
my one vow is to bust this
bubble of injustice,
subtly. What'll we muddle up
if we bum rush this plush system?
Um good if we crush this one.
Puddle's of blood'll be the rebuttle.
I stood in the huddle,
but would I risk lung trouble?
Could I lift guns that'll take life?
'Cause there isn't a stunt double or a fake knife.
Should I just run
cuddle up with a great wife and make life
erotically perpetuating paradise on the late night,
melodically. U.S. invading places like we got a key to every door.
The people never see the war when they plan to
slaughter smaller villages,
killing woman to man to daughter.
All of us'd really feel ill if we knew who we hand a
lot of dollars to, so my soliloquy is bananas

like Guatemala, Hands Off Asaata!
While ya'll feast in the belly of the hairy beast,
somebody better free Mumia,
at the very least, release Leonard Peltier.
Try to keep the peace by yourself.
Where can we police the police?
East Timorese health care fees increased.
I wonder how it felt there when bombs scorched the nation
with Tomahawk contracts from Textron
(checks for the next welfare mom corporation).

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D.A.R.E.
Drugs Are Really Expensive.
Drug Availability Reflects Extensive Dependence.
And Real Educated Descendants are
Able to Respect Even Deadbeat's Amendments.
Racist Enforcement Deployed Aggressively.
RED-blooded Americans React Excessively,
Directly Attacking Recreation,
Eventually Destroying A Relatively
Elementary Drive to Alter Reality,
Essentially Dimension Advancement;
Radical Enhancement.
Dangers Are Real--Especially Drinking Alcohol, Right?
Except it's Distinctly All Right:
Elite-Declared Appropriate;
Rationalized, Enjoyable. Dope and Ritalin Employable Dose After Red-Eyed Dose.
Aboriginal Religions Each Denote A Reincarnation,
Exploration, Done Again Re-experience Elation.
Drug Abuser Reincarceration Efforts Don't Allow for Rehabilitation.
Effect: Does Anybody Really Expect
Dealers Are Responsible Exclusively?
Deep-seated Apathy Reflects Existing Dissatisfaction: Another Reclusive. D. A.
Readily Eradicates. Dramatic Ad's Ridiculously Exaggerate.
Drugs Aren't Restricted Evenly.

End the War on Drugs immediately

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"No Justice, No Peace" is one tough phrase
in an unjust world, living unjust days.
Must gray guns delay stuff from bloomin'?
What's the way you can trust to stay human?
Cracks in the street, a crease in the sky
and it might spell doom but at least I try
to keep gloom from whom ever 'til the whole things boomin',
zoomin' on in on my blue piece of pie.
I have it and eat it too. I need it to
inspire me to watch, stay seated through
the whole fractal,
stay on track 'til the end,
treat moments like eternity, learnin' that time bends.
Find tens of tendencies in friends
and plenty of these blend with trends
I see in many of my enemies.
"By any means necessary"
that's convincing. If you want a house you break the wood fence but
believin' in God doesn't make good sense,
so I listen to the words of a madman,

"--If we're wrong why don't you arrest us?
--Why don't you get out in front of the camera and go on?
--It's not a matter of being in front of the camera,
it's a matter of facing your sheriff, and facing your judge.
We're willing to be beaten for democracy!"

When he turned the other cheek
never seen such fiest.
Can't wait for peace,

he's a fool for Christ,
lookin back through the last two millenniums of similar minds,
and life's not fair but they're kind.
Waiting for justice is just too gradual.
My natural sound's got to be more radical:
10,000 pacifists-- top rank
is a lunatic starin' down a tank.

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Lyrics submitted by Noob.

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