

Ocean View

Sounds From The Burj Al Arab

blood done been running down
streets flood with beats
pepper spray over cracked concrete
so vicious make a rich mans neck split
underworld bout to wreck shit bet this
banks closed stomachs churning
lines and rows cops blastin out church windows
they heard word of two on a terror list
hid in the pews just two city terrace kids
one held a piece just for peace of mind
the other was spittin poems blowin minds
on the picket line
barricades lay cross made with bumpers
and burning tires
and you could smell the exhaust
and you could hear the kids screaming don't
play us, too close
you can have the mic or the heater
but you can't hold both and they were both
and they were both ocean of tears rise,
rise a flame to tear them down
ocean of past crimes
now fill our hearts to tear them down the water main's cut off panic
hit the manor of the
mayor who's soft
word hit the streets
that the cops got off
they shook to rhythm of heaters
that burned like claps of thunder
you turn to look at vengeance
returned that shatter control
after the whole shock of the news
that a bomb hit the
bridge at broadway
gridlock full stop
every exit way
from Chavez to main
downtown was the same
every corner a flame

with lines of people
stripped of they clothes
freeze hold up your ID's
their houses burned as they watched
the colonel looked at his clock and they were all
and they were alloceans of tears rise,
rise a flame to tear them down
ocean of past crimes
now fill our hearts to tear them down

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