

The Killing Season

A Tribe Called Quest

Winter in America, never knew white Christmas
'Cause elves said the squares is always making my shit list
Spring is in the air and all the flowers in bloom
The powers that be wanna devour the movement
Tears disappear when they fall in the summer rain
Bleedin' through this mic, but they call it entertainment
Running across stages is a drug
It's like a brother, we crumple the raw papers
Call it the Lord's name cause we taking it in our veins
Like the feeding us intravenous
It's war and we fighting for inches and millimetres
Try to stall the progress by killing off all the leaders
If we don't give them martyrs no more, they can't defeat us
This lack of justice got us disgusted, look at our faces
All these soldiers hate but I saw military training
The force flags fly at a half mast this morning
Take a bow, this might be your last performance
They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya
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The old lady saw us on the lawn with the Henny
Turn the pool party into the one from McKinney
Might've been racist like the waitresses up at Denny's
So we had twelve gauges, automatics, and semis

They sold ya, sold ya, sold ya

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