

## Full Metal Jackoff

Jello Biafra

Around our nation's capital  
There's a freeway 8 lanes wide  
White concrete ringed around the city  
For those who want inside  
Get on get off  
Ignore everything to the sides  
In your midst I drive  
While homeboys in the back of the van make drugs

Wanna hide something like a crack lab  
Just put it in plain sight  
Only stop to refuel and unload  
More poison to tear more lives apart  
Gang wars like never before  
Better lock your doors, buy some guns  
And pray (prey?) for martial law

On the Washington D.C. Beltway  
Around and around I go  
In the black van with no windows  
And a chimney puffing smoke  
Bloody headlines in the news each day  
Drug "crisis" everywhere  
So much comes in so easy  
It's as though someone wants it there

It would be a little obvious  
To fence off all the slums  
Hand out machine guns  
To the poor in the projects  
And watch 'em kill each other off  
A more subtle genocide is when  
The only hope for the young  
Is to join the Army and slowly die  
Wall Street or Crack Dealer Avenue  
The last roads left to the American Dream

Wall Street or Crack Dealer Avenue  
Wall Street or Crack Dealer Avenue  
Only on road leads to this neighborhood  
Little kids wanna sell drugs when they grow up

The folks might get just a little upset  
If they knew where that dope comes from  
From Columbia to the Contras  
To our Air Force bases, where we trade it for guns  
The moral equivalent of a serial killer  
And his CIA friends  
Call the shots from the White House  
But now that we own the media too  
Those stories just aren't run

On the Washington D.C. Beltway, 'round and 'round I go  
In a black van with no windows, and a chimney puffing smoke  
Some gang that ran smack in Viet Nam  
Ain't got no reason to fear  
Just get a Vice President so dumb

The crook at the top never gets impeached

That sure was easy wasn't it?  
That sure was easy wasn't it?  
More crack-more panic-moe cops-more jails

You see emergency-total war  
You see emergency-total war  
You see a black face-you see a crackhead  
You see a black face-you see a crackhead  
You see a black face-you see Willie Horton with a knife  
You see Willie Horton with a knife

You see one Willie Horton you've seen them all  
They're everywhere, I know  
You asked for it, you've got it  
Drug suspects have no rights at all  
Property seized and sold before trial  
Labor camps-on American soil! ?  
Neo-Nazi bootboys  
That the cops never seem to arrest  
Prowl neighborhoods with baseball bats  
Why now? Why do they get so much press... ?

Mein Kampf-the mini series  
Ollie North-"patriotic" hero  
The leader for tomorrow is yours today  
Finally gotcha psyched for a police state

On the Washington D.C. Beltway  
Around and around I go  
In a black van with no windows  
And a chimney puffing smoke  
My van's a mobile oven now  
That burns the bodies you never see  
Just like in Chile or Guatemala  
People just seem to disappear

Just like Rome  
We fell asleep when we got spoiled  
Ignore human rights in the rest of the world  
Ya might just lose your own

As the noose of narco-militarism  
Tightens 'round your necks

We worry about burning flags  
And pee in jars at work  
To keep our jobs

But if someone came for you one night  
And dragged you away  
Do you really think your neighbors  
Would even care...

Ollie for president, he'll get things done!  
Ollie for president, he'll get things done!  
Ollie for president, he'll get things done!