Calm Like a Bomb

Rage Against the Machine

Feel the funk blast (whispered) Feel the funk blast (whispered) Well feel the funk blast Well feel the funk blast Well feel the funk blast Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Yo Check it Out Yo Yo Yo I be walkin god like a dog My narrative fearless Word war returns to burn Like Baldwin home from Paris, Uh Like steel from a furnace I was born landless Yes its tha native son Born of Zapatas guns Stroll through the shanties And tha cities remains Same bodies buried hungry But with different last names The vultures robbin everything Leave nothing but chains Pick a point on the globe Yes tha pictures tha same Theres a bank, theres a church, a myth and a hearse A mall and a loan, a child dead at birth Theres a widow pig parrot A rebel to tame A whitehooded judge A syringe and a vein And the riot be the rhyme of the unheard What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What? What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What? What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What? What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What? We're calm like a bomb (Ignite) We're calm like a bomb (Ignite) This aint subliminal Feel the critical mass approach horizon Tha pulse of the condemned Sound off Americas demise Tha anti-myth rhythm rock shocker Yes I spit fire Hope lies in the smoldering rubble of empires Yes back through tha shanties and tha cities remains Same bodies buried hungry, uh-huh With different last names, uh-huh The vultures robbin everyone Leave nothing but chains Pick a point here at home Yes the pictures tha same Theres a field full of slaves Some corn and some debt

Theres a ditch full of bodies

Tha check for the rent Theres a tap, tha phone, tha silence of stone The numb black screen That be feelin like home And the riot be the rhyme of the unheard What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What? What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What? What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What? What ya say? What ya say? What ya say? What? Calm like a bomb (Ignite) Theres a mass without roofs A prison to fill Theres a countrys soul that reads post no bills Theres a strike and a line of cops outside of tha mill Theres a right to obey And a right to kill Theres a mass without roofs Theres a prison to fill Theres a countrys soul that reads post no bills Theres a strike and a line of cops outside of tha mill

Cos theres a right to obey And theres the right to kill