Rage Against the Machine

Wake Up

Come on! Uggh!

Come on, although ya try to discredit Ya still never edit The needle, I'll thread it Radically poetic Standin' with the fury that they had in '66 And like E-Double I'm mad Still knee-deep in the system's shit Hoover, he was a body remover I'll give ya a dose But it'll never come close To the rage built up inside of me Fist in the air, in the land of hypocrisy

Movements come and movements go Leaders speak, movements cease When their heads are flown 'Cause all these punks Got bullets in their heads Departments of police, the judges, the feds Networks at work, keepin' people calm You know they went after King When he spoke out on Vietnam He turned the power to the have-nots And then came the shot

Yeah!

Yeah, back in this... Wit' poetry, my mind I flex Flip like Wilson, vocals never lackin' dat finesse Whadda I got to, whadda I got to do to wake ya up To shake ya up, to break the structure up 'Cause blood still flows in the gutter I'm like takin' photos Mad boy kicks open the shutter Set the groove Then stick and move like I was Cassius Rep the stutter step Then bomb a left upon the fascists Yea, the several federal men Who pulled schemes on the dream And put it to an end Ya better beware Of retribution with mind war 20/20 visions and murals with metaphors Networks at work, keepin' people calm Ya know they murdered X And tried to blame it on Islam He turned the power to the have-nots And then came the shot

Uggh! What was the price on his head? What was the price on his head! I think I heard a shot I think I heard, I think I heard a shot

'He may be a real contender for this position should he abandon his supposed obediance to white liberal doctrine of non-violence...and embrace black nationalism' 'Through counter-intelligence it should be possible to pinpoint potential trouble-makers...And neutralize them, neutralize them, neutralize them'

Wake up! Wake up!

How long? Not long, cause what you reap is what you sow