

Purge

Ces Cru

Sight beyond sight, touch beyond touch
You can get a feel for what's beyond us
Everything you hearing, not really what you heard
So really what's the word
So really what's the word

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Men and women lie so really what's the word
If I'm lying and I'm dying, a killer must emerge
Fill a bust to burst 'til I'm feeling up to purge
See the world is yours and it ain't hard to tell
Look up in the sky, you can start to smell
Smoke in the air, smoke smoke in the lung
Nobody should ever fly this close to the sun
Wings melted down, flesh felt the burn
Tumble to the ground with no self concern
Kill an Afghani man or go help the curd
Earn a purple heart if you don't go to hell first
Win a Pulitzer or a Nobel prize but they won't tell why
They let those shells fly
Got a cosell sign, cosign to sell
Sell 'em like phosphorous both sides'll fail
Young men die while the old timers help themselves
Staking power but only time will tell
Terminate terrorists override the cell
Fore a state fell, the government backoo
Marine coming home, he covered in tattoo
Stuck in the past, post traumatic Iraq mood
Iraq's not Iraq, it's really Iraq fool
Lieutenants say they're pulling the pilly to pop dudes
And citizens in the inner city can not move
From Fallujah, Baghdad, Syria, Kabul
C'mon

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Everybody gather 'round, I don't wanna hear a sound
When I hit 'em with the motherfucking facts now
Bringing everything to light with the universal might
So for anybody saving in the background
Fuck pigs with a passion for blasting my nade
Ain't even put my brother through a proper pat down
How I know I'm finna crack has been a matter of fact
They could never see the signal when I crackdown
Then now we got 'em murdering the track down
We need a reason for they why he had to clap rounds
These pigs get to go ahead to pop while
We put them in power they only wanna act out
Crack files in the pound by the trap house
Is open twenty four seven, how they rap 'bout
Bee-gees go to be the heat with that clout

He breaking even he don't need to get the cash out
I'm figuring I'm in the middle of a war zone
They come in weather or not if anyone's home
I don't imagine they could win a war with no clones
They got a pin on everybody with a go phone
You might as well be a middle man in the midi
A black cloud's covering every bit of the city
You never see us coming together and it's a pity
We all pissed off, the situation is shitty
See we need to band together, swear to never run
No retreat and no surrender when whoever come
Fighting for freedom is a battle that ain't ever done
And if you break it, they just build a bigger better one

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