

Freedom

Rage Against the Machine

Uggh!
Pull, pull
Wuh! (Sung sorta like Michael Jackson)
Come on!
Uggh!
Solo, I'm a soloist on a solo list
Al live, never on a floppy disk
Inka, inka, bottle of ink
Paintings of rebellion
Drawn up by the thoughts I think

Yeah!
Come on!
The militant poet in once again, check it

It's set up like a deck of cards
They're sending us to early graves
For all the diamonds
They'll use a pair of clubs to beat the spades
With poetry I paint the pictures that hit
More like the murals that fit
Don't turn away
Get in front of it

Brotha, did ya forget ya name?
Did ya lose it on the wall
Playin' tic-tac-toe?

Yo, check the diagonal
Three brothers gone
Come on
Doesn't that make it three in a row?

Spoken quietly: 'Anger is a gift'
Come on!
Uggh!

Check that!
Uggh!
Come on
Yeah
Uggh

Brotha, did ya forget ya name?
Did ya lose it on the wall
Playin' tic-tac-toe?

Yo, check the diagonal
Three million gone
Come on
'Cause they're counting backwards to zero

Environment
The environment exceeding on the level
Of our unconsciousness
For example
What does the billboard say

Come and play, come and play
Forget about the movement

Spoken quietly: 'Anger is a gift'
Yeah!
Uggh!
Awww, bring that shit in!
Uggh!
Hey!

Freedom yea
Freedom yea right
Freedom yeah!
Freedom!
Yea!
Freedom!
Yea right!
Freedom!
Yea!
Freedom!
Yea!
Right!