

# Fight! Smash! Win!

## Street Sweeper Social Club

And the wealth don't trickle down  
People pinchin every nickel now  
Even if we don't fight  
Bodies hit the ground  
I spit the sound  
Of a million fists finna pound  
I'm in the crowd til this whole thing switch  
Around  
Our brains are on temporary disconnect  
I shoot my mouth off  
I can't find my pistol yet  
You can call this music disrespect  
Cuz I'll slap you in your face at your local  
Disco tech  
Mr Green with your missiles and rockets  
My paycheck burns a hole in your pocket  
You told the judge put my name on the  
Docket  
Meetin in the break room  
Here's what we plotted

Let's fight  
Let's smash  
Let's win  
We gon fight  
We gon smash  
Let us in  
Let's fight  
Let's smash  
Let's win  
Just like getting up in the club with a fake ID  
If it don't work, we gon do it again

Your honor may it please the court  
Swear me in on a book full of Tupac  
Quotes  
After what I say  
You might noose my throat  
Reporters please scribble down a few  
Hot notes  
Allow me to be the first  
To throw dirt on their graves  
Excuse me  
I never learned to behave  
My great great granny was a Carolina  
Slave  
She wispers in my ear  
Sayin "Spark the blaze."  
Somewhere on the eastside of steal and rob  
A whole generation got a McJob  
And the light bill still ain't resolved  
See the hungry mob pulse and throb  
If you got a blacklist I wanna be on it\*  
If we gon attack this then we need to run it  
If you see my hood man  
You might call it ghetto  
Politicians are puppets yall

Let's get Gepetto

Let's fight

Let's smash

Let's win

We gon fight

We gon smash

Let us in

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If it don't work, we gon do it again

Well it's a matter of fact that I'm gonna

Die one day

But muthafucka

Right now I breath

And I may not be able to predict my

Demise

But you can bet it won't be on my knees

I'm rappin at the speed of the falling dollar

They got greed to make you crawl and

Holla

It's old school like Easy-E's impala

Ay! Ay!

You gon lead

Or smoke trees and follow?

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Just like getting up in the club with a fake ID

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Thanks, Billy Bragg!