

"TOURISM / TERRORISM"

THERE'S A WAR

Underneath the universe
There's a crime rate and there's a war
Try and get away to some foreign place
Still more...

MY BLOCK

The press is out, they think we're dressed in blue & brown,
they think we're cut straight from London Town, but we're not,
and it's 20-0-8.
But it's the same routine, it's been the same since 19-80 (AD)
The rich kids' in the hungry neighborhoods out looking for something to eat.

There's a handful of kids on my block, they cryin'
They all tell me New York City's dyin'

With the wave of her hand, she went and took it to another land,
She said, "I can't stand your command"
He said, "Ok, but remember this: I'll be your 30-second clip
advertised on the coffee ya sip, driving by on a fast food strip,
from Baghdad to Brooklyn and you paid for it."

And the man at the corner sells sex & violence.
He don't look you in the face,
but you could just sense it in his eyelids,
And the whole world's a stage,
but down in the crowd it's just a cage paying minimum wage,
and it takes a wrecking ball to break the chain.

There's a handful of kids on your block,
They stylin' and they'll have you convinced
that your whole wide world's an island,
and that it really don't matter much,
as long as you get that bang for your buck,
and you put off today, tomorrow you're fucked.

O' you got your prime, stepping in time in the supper line,
and what you learned in the street was the same as in class,

you gotta eat the weak to advance.
And that sooner or later it is historically proven,
the world's only equator will be left likely in ruin

So you should take what you can from the day and at the end of it
they'll have you lay
beside that restless feeling,
when you're down on the ground and your head's up through the ceiling.

THROW YOUR HANDS UP

I was sitting on the island of Manhattan,
or what it had been.
She said, "Take it easy, but you can't move slow,
with all the time you took, we could have built a shantytown boat,
sailed away to sea, caught fifteen reruns on the TV screen."
I was walking slow down,
Falling out of love with the radio sound

Throw your hands up DJ, we got verbal shotgun shells
You better change up your rotation, you best put your hands up now.

I was sitting by the railroad track,
kicking back and off came my shoes,
I had the see-saw blues,
and all the while coming through a ghetto blaster,
that music was pushing me,
move faster.

There's a big bad wolf coming into town,
to blow the 3 little piggies off the radio dial.
We are calling out to you to move your bones,
come on and pick up your phones.

This is a call up, this is a stick up,

We are calling out to you, to get those oral AKs and shoot up the DJ,
Come on, lets go
War on the Radio.

Do you remember when we used to sip Olde E,
and talk about similarities between animals and you and me,
and the KKK and the NYPD?

LOVE OR EMPIRE

Well I know it's been so long,
It must be wrong of me to think that all we built will surely sink,
but you may just prove me wrong.
I'd hate to peek behind your curtain but I've got to know for certain,
With suits and ties you flirt, they lie, it's true.
I've heard them bullshit promises to you,
but we owe it to ourselves to make the most with what we're dealt,
and so I'll trust you,
like I'm supposed to do.

All the people in the mix, all after pleasure or for kicks
all out for new love or out for their fix, what they don't get is just this,
while you treats are oh so sweet, you know our history repeats so,
all the troubles that happened yesterday,
will always come back to hurt us both today,
and now your big, big brother is all looking over my shoulder by now,
and he don't like it when I take you out past your curfew.

From the day you were born,
till the day that we'll die,
we'll keep on getting stuck with our feet in the muck.

With suits and ties you flirt, they lie, it's true.
I've heard them bullshit promises to you,
but what you taught me from the start,
back at school was that those who make connections with your thighs
touch the skies, and there's violence in your heart.

From the day you were born
to the day that you died,
you were on your way to the party, but you couldn't get inside.

THERES A WAR (HOLIDAY VERSION)

Underneath the universe, she's there
coming 'round to get ya.
And she'll have you pack your bags in a hearse
and say, "Mama, I ain't coming home for supper."
Well we can send you down that lazy river,
in the summertime or in the winter,

for a weekend holiday, you can hear those tourists say,
"My, ain't it fun to get away."

EXECUTION

Execution, they're kidding us,
It's killing me,
While you're fooling around,
They're gonna cut you right down
I do believe, across the anti sea,
they got the same plans, just standing with a chainsaw,
they're gonna fuck you right in the sand.

So long, so long,
reggae music send me far from home,
I sing a sweet, sad song, it helps me to move along
I do believe, across the entire sea, they got the same plans.

ISN'T IT A SHAME

Isn't it a shame
We don't even talk no more
You just send your letters to my telephone,
then you go and drown me out
with your compact record collection intact,
don't you feel bad that it's come to that?

Well she's been in love under a mountain top,
or above.

There's a sale on isolation,
down at the market place,
you can get what ever you need (if you got the money)

Isn't it a shame, we don't ever walk no more?
you just back up your bags and fly off to the shop to get robbed,
don't you feel bad, reaching in your pockets for highs?
Isn't it a shame, don't you wonder why?

If you get bored of falling in love with the war,
There's a sale on isolation.

I heard him singing in a beat up truck saying, "What you gonna do
what you gonna do for me?"
Tore up a letter to improve my luck,
said "How do you do, what you gonna do for me?"
Bang bang, she goes shooting at my waist saying,
"I like you, what you gonna do for me?"
You throw a label right across my face I'm saying,
"That's not true, what you gonna do for me?"

ISLAND LOOPS

Down in the street they walk on by,
taking all the money from the hole in the sky well,
I saw someone in the satellite sun with a briefcase in his hand,
or was he holding a gun?
They got the purse,
but they don't stand a chance there's a battle all around,
he said, "Fuck art, lets dance,"
while I was standing by on an ATM and people waiting in line
to get that freedom in their hands.

And I know, that these streets were never paved with gold,
but that was so we're told, and our story books are all dated and old,
and you know you can rewrite them, should the pages fall,
and the ones who don't believe,
well fuck 'em all.

Right around the corner the from your dixie cup fun,
there's the malt liquor drums all beatin' on the slums,
you walk on by,
but don't you feel afraid that your 40oz
will be a cappuccino some day?

And I know, that these streets were never paved with gold,
but that was so we're told, and your dreams it seems these days are,
bought and sold, but the feeling still breathes in a crowded dance hall,
and the ones who don't believe,
well fuck 'em all.

UNDERNEATH THE UNIVERSE

If you go where the kids come out of their refrigerated talking toes,
and start to smash up the dance floor, heat it up slow
and the music brings them close,
well we can turn off the hate machine and you and I can dance all night,
to the sound of the sky rise falling down conditioned in our spines.

I think, somethings on the brink, people move in quick
but don't you forget, that yesterdays news is tomorrow's lies
so when it's up in the bright lights don't be so mesmerized.

Standing in front of the camera's a lot like standing in front of the mirror
it hurts at first but afterwards you get the money, you feel better
and I know it's just your weekly blues wrapped up in your sleepy sunday shoes,
you're walking on coals with no boots.

They put up a global highway where the cars do drive all night,
and she's taking him out, for a ride just to see what they can find,

He caught a cannibal tribe that looked a lot like you and I then he'd preach,
for 200 years, and he strived to never do what they do it's true,
but when his meals ran out, he started chewing off all our ears,

Standing in front of the camera's a lot like standing in front of the TV
it hurts to smile but after a while you get the money, you feel breezy
and I know it's just your weekly blues wrapped up in your sleepy sunday shoes,
you're walking on coals with no boots.

Standing in front of the camera's a lot like standing in front of the mirror,
It hurts at first but afterwards you get the money you feel bitter,

Underneath the universe there's a crime rate and there's a war...