

Rage Against the Machine, Freedom

Uggh!
Pull, pull
Wuh! (Sung sorta like Michael Jackson)
Come on!
Uggh!
Solo, I'm a soloist on a solo list
All 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!
(Guitar solo)
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"
Yeeeaahhhh!
Uggh!
Awww, bring that shit in!
Uggh!
Hey!
Freedom...yea...
Freedom...yea right...
Freedom...yeeeaahhhh!
Freedom!
Yea!
Freedom!
Yea right!

Freedom!
Yea!
Freedom!
Yea!
Right!