

Zack De La Rocha, Center Of The Storm

Bless, this vision I sketch a war cry can't rest,
across frequencies east and west style
raw adrenaline, let's tap the vein
main line resistance, meditate maintain
raw to settle, the matter the cops scattered, our blood
lost so matter of fact no love lost
see me cock the steely lock on Mussolini's ill logic
on the minds of the flock no line divides, violence and
reason sold this killing season is freezing
souls, zero degrees and cold
there's 41 reasons to blast back
no one, followed Diallo to the grave..fade to black.
While all my city is heavy
drop elephant shit smeared the face of the
fascist priest's pulpit so to the mayor may I, say I
endorse the wholesale murder of your force of
course 'cause peace is a myth in
New York burning white rocks, got
caught don't choke, if ya
just smell smoke, I dip my tongue in gunpowder
and then I clear my throat the Aggravator, true shit
spitter Mobb like Goodie while
my hoody hides my eyes the critics rush me like,
Salman Rushdie as I, enter the center of the
storm with Size
enter the center of the storm with Size
enter the center of the storm I toss pieces of my syllables
like salt by a sumo call me Akibono Akazuna
numero uno, puro Mejicano my angle is I dangle styles for
the flock to follow too deep for the shallow
superstitious niggas that get played like a tarot
bass lines rattle and will shatter your bone narrow
blind and can't see me, believe me Stevie
no need to Wonder how, Monche became the pharaoh
tongue acrobatter, none
phatter, never narrow I shot the sheriff and
Beretta and the sparrow got the gift like Gab,
rip your rib cage hollow funk the flame into your brain
matter with the sharpest arrows
the Aggravator, true shit spitter
Mobb like Goodie while my hoody hides my eyes
the critics rush me like, Salman Rushdie
as I, enter the center of the storm with Size
enter the center of the storm with Size
enter the center of the storm from my mental sparks fly
can't I?
fly by fast like an assassin mashin'
soon we'll see the beast reach for the sky
but for now I keep my mind sharp
bang this track in the park after dark
lips do flips never kicked fiction
2000 class summon now face the guns of Brixton
break to face them, never check reality
on it with Roni we devastate the scenery
Aggravator, true shit spitter Mobb like Goodie while my
hoody hides my eyes the critics rush me like,
Salman Rushdie as I, enter the center of the
storm with Size enter the center of the storm
with Size enter the center of the storm
bless, this vision I sketch a war cry can't rest,
across frequencies east and west style
raw adrenaline, let's tap the vein
main line resistance, meditate maintain
raw to settle, the matter the cops scattered, our blood

lost so matter of fact no love lost
see me cock the steely lock on Mussolini's ill logic
on the minds of the flock no line divides, violence and
reason sold this killing season is freezing
souls, zero degrees and cold
there's 41 reasons to blast back
no one, followed Diallo to the grave..fade to black.
While all my city is heavy I drop elephant shit
smeared the face of the fascist priest's pulpit
so the mayor may I, say I endorse the wholesale
murder of your force of course
'cause peace is a myth in New York
burning white rocks, got caught
don't choke, if ya just smell smoke,
I dip my tongue in gunpowder and then I clear my throat
the Aggravator, true shit spitter
Mobb like Goodie while my hoody hides my eyes
the critics rush me like, Salman Rushdie
as I, enter the center of the storm with Size
enter the center of the storm with Size
enter the center of the storm