

# Zack De La Rocha, Digging for windows

fuck that bright shit  
the spot or the flashlights  
we in la ducking both  
in the shadows with lead pipes  
the days are all night

see if i pay edison  
no medicine  
these blues ain't more better when  
my fever rise in the jungle  
as quick as the price spikes  
the days are all night

my future snapped like a rubber band  
off my fold on a hand to hand  
he drew from his waist  
i put two in his roof  
and i can still hear his screams  
all night

now they ride their portfolios  
like rodeos  
rise every time my cherry glows  
on the end of my cig as  
the smoke blows through the bars  
and the co's laugh fades  
as he strolls away  
says i gotta pay  
off that roll away  
or its fuck your visitation days  
and i pop off so in solitaire  
i dream of offing these fred astaires  
and the skin off my fingers tear  
we digging for windows here  
where the days are all night

this city's a trap my partner  
under the lights of they choppers  
bodies tools for they coffers  
not worth the cost of our coffins  
i stare at a future so toxic  
no trust in the dust of a promise  
won't mark the name on a ballot  
so they can be free to devour our options  
and just like you I'm a target  
ill defined by the guap in my pocket  
but the stage make figures  
as quick as it off em  
what marley and pac get?  
i put these caps in capitals  
leave minds blazed in they capitols  
i step with a fury so actual fact  
that my offense could be capital