

Run the Show

Tribal Seeds

White collared devils run the show, run the show
And the slaves don't know
Fighting against the young and old, young and old
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Shot callers in the high global elite
Globalist fighting but they're bound for defeat
Jah would never give the power to these crazy
Fools in the white house, home of the beast
White collared devils sitting in their high places
Trying to infiltrate every race
Races running trying to get the first place
Blind and competing in illuminati games
Civilian who they call slave
From when you're young till you're in graves
They really need us, we don't need them
They really fear us, we don't fear them

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Wicked trying to police the earth
Trying to take away all the herb
Planting fear in the minds of the herd
But we are the mass, they are smaller
This is the coming of the old living dread
Calling to the whole living dead
Jah wrote the word so it must be read
Let the fight come down and drop on their heads again
Lucifer fled, Mikael beat him once and shall win again
Lucifer fled, in the valley of the wicked good shall prevail

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Fuck them, we run the show
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