

# Makes Me Violent

Bob Vylan

The government, their not helping no one out, except for the rich people  
There's a lot of wealth in this city  
And that's who the government is looking out for  
Dem people up there, yeah  
Like they're not thinking of us, there thinking about that one pocket  
, that's up there  
In the city there's a real focus on celebrity and money and materialism

To tell the truth I can't stand this place  
It's getting harder every day to put the smile upon my face (I know)  
I can't keep up with all the lies it creates and it might have it in  
the name, but trust, there ain't nothing great

It makes me violent  
So violent  
But please, please no violence  
No violence

Woo, no violence today  
Put your weapons away  
I often feel my life is clutched in its claws  
Looking for reasons it should love me, feel I'm clutching at straws (The fucking)  
You turn your nose up and don't fight for my cause  
They're okay, cool, but some day soon there'll be no one to fight for yours

It makes me violent  
So violent  
But please, please no violence  
No violence

It's hard to see when you've been wrapped in its spell  
Where it tries to break what doesn't fit or leave it trapped in a cell (I've seen it)  
Look at the beast, it wants me gone, I can tell  
I've thought about it, but for now I'd rather stay and give them hell

It makes me violent  
So violent  
But please, please no violence  
Is what they've always given me  
Someone's always telling me  
Just calm down and let it be  
It makes me violent (It makes someone I don't wanna be)  
So violent (Driving some place I don't want to be)  
But please, please no violence  
Yeah, it's what they've always given me  
Someone's always telling me  
Just calm down and let it be