

Everything's Everything

iMayday!

This is that lock load get 'em up
Move it out, batter up
Everything's everything, truly I don't give a fuck
No reason to stay here, no reason to vanish
We been underplayed here, I'm leaving again
(We let 'em know)
(We let 'em know)
(We let 'em know)
(We let 'em know)

Yo! Simple questions, complicated answers
Who's in charge here? who's the slave master?
Who's got their finger on the button of the ghetto blaster?
I'm tired of talking shit, just wanna meet the bastard
America gon' eat its young
Drive thru, deep fried, yes that's what you want
Like I don't feel them cause they shit don't
Bump
They underestimate that on me I been steady raising up see I just learned
My heroes are a bunch of punks
And this is all theater, to entertain some
So it's designed, just like your picket signs
I hope we don't lose faith before reinforcements arrive
We factory made, damaged goods
Still I had to customize what's under the hood
They won't pay, for the things they should
So we had to occupy the things that they took

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We let 'em, know
If you got a weapon now you should load it
If you got a need to live then you show it
If you got a fam' you love then you hold them close and keep (open eyes?) fo
r those hoping that you go dosing off in these dangerous times
Trying to reach the soul and these dangerous minds
On the road or break through these ancient lines
Every lame and? out who may think they blind, you'll find
We been on the rise for some time and now it's like I'm better on each bar (
shit)
Then again I never ever get a minute for a little release huh
Another motherfucker someones gonna eat
? And that's the wickedest speech huh?
You need to reassess it, this time don't over stress it
This is the people's message now
I've been walking on hollow ground
I've been borrowing every noun
And been talking in to the crowd, it's about to get loud, take 'em down

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Talking heads always talking shit
No they don't, ever listen to, any different tune
It's so difficult, to break through...