

# A Report to the Shareholders / Kill Your Masters

Run the Jewels

Beware of horses

I mean a horse is a horse of course, but who rides is important  
Sitting high with a uniform, barking orders, demanding order  
And I'm scared that I talk too much about what I think's going on  
I got a way with this, they might drag me away for this  
Put me in a cage for this, I might pay for this  
I just say what I want like I'm made for this  
But I'm just afraid some days I might be wrong  
Maybe that's why me and Mike get along  
Hey, not from the same part of town, but we both hear the same sound coming  
(Woo!)

And it sounds like war

(Woo!)

And it breaks our hearts

When I started this band, didn't have no plans, didn't see no arc  
Just run with the craft, have a couple laughs  
Make a buck and dash, yeah  
Get a little dap like "Yeah I'm the fucking man! ", yeah  
Maybe give a little back like, "Here, I do what I can"  
It's all jokes and smoke 'till the truth start schemin'  
Can't contain the disdain for y'all demons  
You talk clean and bomb hospitals  
So I speak with the foulest mouth possible  
And I drink like a Vulcan losing all faith in the logical  
I will not be confused for docile  
I'm free, motherfuckers, I'm hostile

Choose the lesser of the evil people, and the devil still gon' win  
It could all be over tomorrow, kill our masters and start again  
But we know we all afraid, so we just simply cry and march again  
At the Dem Conven my heart broke apart when I seen them march mommas in  
As I rap this verse right now, got tears flowing down my chocolate skin  
Told the truth and I've been punished for it, must be a masochist 'cause I d  
one it again

Ooh, Mike said "uterus", they acting like Mike said "You a bitch"  
To every writer who wrote it, misquoted it

Mike says, "You a bitch, you a bitch, you a bitch!"

Add a "nigga" for that black writer that started that sewer shit

I maneuver through manure like a slumdog millionaire

El-P told me, "Fuck them devils, Mike, we gon' be millionaires"

I respond with a heavy "Yeah"

Big bro says "Fuck that, toughen up

Stay ready, write raw raps, shit rugged rough"

The devil don't sleep, us either

El spits fire, I spit ether

We the gladiators that oppose all Caesars

Coming soon on a new world tour

Probably play the score for the World War

At the apocalypse, play the encore

Turn around, see El, and I smile

Hell coming and we got about a mile

Until it's over I remain hostile...

Mere mortals, the Gods coming so miss me with the whoopty-whoop  
You take the devil for God, look how he doin' you

I'm Jack Johnson, I beat a slave catcher snaggletooth  
I'm Tiger Flowers with a higher power, hallelu'  
Life'll get so bad it feel like God mad at you  
But that's a feeling, baby, ever lose, I refuse  
I disabuse these foolish fools of they foolish views  
I heard the revolution coming, you should spread the news  
Garvey-mind, Tyson-punch, this is bad news  
So feel me, follow me  
Devil done got on top of me  
Bad times got a monopoly  
Give up, I did the opposite  
Pitch perfect, did it properly  
Owner killed by his property

This life'll stress you like Orson Welles on the radio  
War after war of the world'll make all your saneness go  
And these invaders from Earth're twerkin' on graves you know  
Can't wait to load up the silos and make your babies glow  
It's so abusive you'll beg somebody to roofie you  
They'll snatch your hope up and use it like it's a hula-hoop  
And it's a loop, they talk to you just like their rulers do  
These fucking fools have forgotten just who been fooling who

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Killer children of men on the throne roving with no atonement  
Got me feeling like I'm Clive Owen rowing through a future frozen  
But the flow is a burning wind, blowing to your coast and  
Now in cages 'cause we rode the waves of your explosions  
Done appealing to our killers, man, to stop the bleeding  
This song's a dirty bomb for they dirty dealings  
Boots on the roof, I'm Charley Mingus dumping through the ceiling  
Master P-ing on these lost Europeans thievin'  
Shit be grim, and De La born a reaper  
Born in the beast and fixin' feast tearin' its features  
The world surges, the nation's nervous  
The crowds awaken, they can't disperse us  
We ain't at your service, won't stay sedated  
Won't state our numbers for names and remain faceless  
We dignified, they can't erase us  
We ain't asleep, we rope a dope through the flames  
Man, the world gonna ride on what's implied in the name  
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