

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 whoop-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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