

Singing Man

The Roots

[Chorus - Dice Raw]

Days are living fast, moves in misery
You got a song you wanna sing for me
Sing a song, singing man
Sing a song, singing man
Sing another song, singing man
Sing another song, singing man
Sing a song for me
Sing a song for me

[P.O.R.N.]

Look, I'm so twisted, so, so twisted
One life to live, and I'm willing to risk it
Terror that the world has never known existed
Left so many clues, now how could they miss it?
Sadistic, ballistic, find a word and pick it
Long as it means the world is on my shit list
Walking time bomb, my mind is on tick-tick
Countdown's on, its too late to nix it
I'm so anxious, so, so anxious
The ones I hate barely know what my name is
Have no clue that I'm armed and dangerous
Willing to spill my blood to be famous
Willing to spill my blood to make changes
Look for a suicide note to explain this
Heinous, inking the ache from my anguish
Sounds insane, you're speaking my language...

[Chorus]

[Black Thought]

One for the pressing, two for the cross
Three for the blessing, four for the loss
Kid holding a weapon, walk like a corpse
In the face of transgression, military issue Kalash-
-Nikova or machete or a pitchfork
He killing cause he feel he got nothing to live for
In a war taking heads from men like Charles Taylor
And never seen the undisclosed foreign arms dealer
13-year-old killer, he look 35
He changed his name to Little No-Man-Survive
When he smoke that leaf, shorty believe he can fly
He loot and terrorize and shoot between the eyes
Who to blame, its a shame, the youth was demonized
Wishing he could see rearrange the truth, to see the lies
And he wouldn't have to raise his barrel to target you
His heart can't give you the years of scar tissue...

[Chorus]

[Truck North]

Uh, what you're witnessing is true dedication
Charged by the call and the cause of the nation
Countdown, minutes away from detonation
A lifetime of grunt work, this is the culmination
My manner, seems patient, inner rage lies
So deep, I can taste it, let's sacrifice lives
Past the first sensation, to paradise I fly
Delusions are lighting up the midday sky
The last days of mine spent in extreme secrecy
Wolves dressed like sheep occur more frequently
Too much faith to be scared, the petrified both fled

Those who live fearing death, might as well be dead
Towers of the occupiers, will soon fall
Martyr or mass murderer? That's your call
Mass transit or a mall? Who can watch them all?
In the name of the merciful, sing me a song...
[Chorus]