

Verse:

I am convinced that this is guitar with another weird effect, due to the fact that all sounds on this album are made by guitar, bass, drums, and vocals.

Fig. 4

G-7-9-----o|

D-----9-7--o|

The post verse is still a mystery to me, but its some variation of fig.

1

solo:

A:-4-2-4-2-4-2-4-2-4-2-|

just play that, listen to the CD to get the rythm

End part (the rungs torn from the ladder...)

e ----- ----- ----- -----
B ----- ----- ----- -----
G ----- ----- 1212-12-12-12-12-12- -----
D ----- -----2--- it s just a -----
A ----- -----2-2-2-2- quiet, peaceful dance -----
E -0-0-0-0-0- -0-0-0-0- ----- -0-----

Lyrics:

So now I m Rolling down rodeo with a shotgun
These people ain t seen a brown skin man since their grandparents
bought one

VERSE:

Bangin this bolo tight on this solo flight can t fight alone
Funk the track my verbs fly like the family stone
The pen devils set the stage for the war at home
Locked without a wage ya standin in the drop zone
The clockers born staring at an empty plate
Momma s torn hands cover her sunken face
We hungry but them belly full
The structure is set ya never change it with a ballot pull
In the ruins there s a network for the toxic rock
School yard precinct, suburb to project block
Bosses broke south for new flesh and a factory floor
The remains left chained to the powder war

CHORUS:

Can t waste a day when the night brings a hearse
So make a move and plead the fifth cause ya can t plead the first
Can t waste the dy when the night brings a hearse
So now I m rolling down rodeo with a shotgun, these people ain t seen a
brown skin man since their grand parents bought one

VERSE 2:

Bare witness to the sickest shot wwhile suckas get romantic
They ain t gonna send us camping like they did my man Fred Hampton
Still we lamping still clocking dirt for our sweat

A ballots dead so bullets what I get
A thousand years you had the tools we should be taking em
Fuck the G ride I want the machines that are making them
Our target straight aheadwith a room full of armed pawn to
Off the Kings out the west side at dawn

LAST PART:

The rungs torn form the ladder can t reach the tumor
One God, one market, one truth, one consumer
Just a quiet and peeceful dance for things we ll never have