

Dj Krush, Song For John Walker

(feat. Anticon)

[Pedestrian]

There's a little Johnny Walker Lindh in every Meadow Creek middle school
And when the rap tape grows up
Each wave topples at first wind before the self settles in the body

[Dose & Why?]

The names of prominent families
Carry no weight in foreign cities
And even the sons of senators
Receive no welcome outside the states
The names of prominent families
Carry no weight in foreign cities
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[Dose]

We hold these truths to be self-evident
Once a-fuckin-gain we got a dollar model president
Carving his face up for the cover of the next new nickel
Combing every cotton coil of his inner white wig
Curling perfect sers to his own thin lips in the mirror
Working on his contripasto for stone
Oh yah whitey, you got empire guilt

[Why? & Dose]

We know John Walker, we know John Booth
Waste our days swatting this single song
At a long line of Yale and bones born old men
We know John Walker, we know John Booth
Waste our days swatting this single song
At a long line of Yale and bones born old men

[Alias]

While the widows buy rubber grips to open bottles with
It's dreams with dusty dashboards and chipping paint
At least the animals have something to poison themselves with
Director yelling "Cut!" on riot footage in the background is faint
And at dusk the clanking of fork to plates syncs
Man of the house drowning out the chatter of housewife
To yet another unmanned spyplane crash
Now televangelists have a basis for book sales
And the promise of effective prayers that get results
As well as God's insurance policy for guaranteed divinity
Time to give the fallout shelters a makeover
Grab a pen and pad of paper and Ikea catalogue today

[Sole]

No matter what plastic you pray to or sponsorship you kill for
Become a smart happy healthy pet rock if you can eat like us
You'll make great soup and hot new imports for domesticated devils
Don't worry, in thirty years we'll all be Johns and Sarahs

[Dose & Why?]

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[Why?]

A flag stripes trying to tear free in heavy wind
And separate themselves from any unified composition
Oh, I heard the two parties split platforms at the turn of the century
But I know I'm American by the coins I carry
And that's fucking scary
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah
And even the worn wigged hard news anchors are un-affected
And every psychic and small-time prophet is aloof
We've been injected to the point of immunity
It takes an f load of s to stimulate the
Desensitized tastebuds of the sugar-expecting community
Till we can barely detect the weather man's insincerity
Their tongues are fast and free
Like a child's translucent un-braced teeth
A low relief long horn
On a roughneck's rawhide wallet
(Can I hear that, ah, last tongues are fast, you know)

[Dose]

Yeah America, you got it

[Passage]

The audio haunting promise provides for even the smallest of sparrows
So long as the ghosts are clean and clearly showing through you
I've been helpful, metal man bides his time
In the sands on Minus Island
Everything is fine, your heart is working properly
All my love and luck on the river Euphrates

[Passage & Sole]

Don't take no wooden nickels, kid
There's bikinis selling SUV's in the TV's in teepees
Time to look for Job, the dorks have hit the desert
The carbohydrate kings are back with fanny packs
And daisy-cutters strapping parachutes to Lunchables
To land on the lap of the new batch of bargain hunters
Now we're not saying anything cause we're not supposed to
But like Blockbuster hamster gave the Black Panthers cancer
I know what you're thinking, it's like drinking the ocean
But if you can fall in love in prison you can die a healthy plant

[Dose]

He wanted Hammer pants, he joined the Taliban
He sought an absolute truth, the alpha cliché
But he got the omega and bucked
How many more humans will wear gun spit in their guts
Why, you can still smile on the cover of Life magazine
No matter how many bullets you take
Again we use the magnets poorly
Again we use the magnets poorly
Again we use the magnets poorly
Again we use the magnets like shit
What is it with all these men in their fifties
Wanting to win the world over like there's no tomorrow already?
No matter what you do, G.W
There will be no dollar for you
Woe is the billionaire
Woe is the billionaire
No matter what you do, G.W
There will be no dollar for you
Woe is the billionaire

Give him a bomb to suck on