Rage Against the Machine, Born Of A Broken Ma

I be walkin' god like a dog

My narrative fearless

My word war returns to burn

Like Baldwin home from Paris

Steel from a furnace

I was born landless

It's tha native son

Born of Zapata's guns

Stroll through tha shanties

And tha cities remains

Same bodies buried hungry

But with different last names

These vultures rob everything

Leave nothing but chains

Pick a point on tha globe

Yes tha pictures tha same

There's a bank a church a myth and a hearse

A mall and a loan a child dead at birth

There's a widow pig parrot

A rebel to tame

A whitehooded judge

And a syringe and a vein

And tha riot be tha rhyme of tha unheard

Calm like a bomb

This ain't subliminal

Feel tha critical mass approach horizon

Tha pulse of tha condemned

Sound off America's demise

Tha anti-myth rhythm rock shocker

Yes I spit fire

Hope lies in tha smoldering rubble of empires

Back through tha shanties and tha cities remains

Tha same bodies buried hungry

But with different last names

These vultures rob everyone

Leave nothing but chains

Pick a point here at home

And tha picture's tha same

There's a field full of slaves

Some corn and some debit

There's a ditch full of bodies

Tha check for tha rent

There's a tap, tha phone, tha silence of stone

Tha numb black screen

That be feelin' like home

And tha riot be tha rhyme of tha unheard

Calm like a bomb

There's a mass without roofs

A prison to fill

A country's soul that reads post no bills

A strike and a line of cops outside of tha mill

There's a right to obey

And a right to kill