**And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda**

When I was a young man I carried my pack

And I lived the free life of a rover

From the Murrays green basin to the dusty outback

I waltzed my matilda all over

Then in Nineteen Fifteen my country said son

It's time to stop rambling 'cause there's work to be done

So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun

And they sent me away to the war

And the band played Waltzing Matilda

As we sailed away from the quay

And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the cheers

We sailed off to Gallipoli

How well I remember that terrible day

When the blood stained the sand and the water

And how in that hell that they called Suvla bay

We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter

Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well

He showered us with bullets, he rained us with shells

And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell

Nearly blew us right back to Australia

But the band played waltzing Matilda

As we stopped to bury our slain

And we buried ours and the Turks buried theirs

Then it started all over again

Now those who were living did their best to survive

In that mad world of blood, death and fire

And for seven long weeks I kept myself alive

While the corpses around me piled higher

Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over tit

And when I woke up in my hospital bed

And saw what it had done, Christ I wished I was dead

Never knew there were worse things than dying

And no more I'll go waltzing Matilda

To the green bushes so far and near

For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs two legs

No more waltzing Matilda for me

So they collected the cripples, the wounded and maimed

And they shipped us back home to Australia

The legless, the armless, the blind and insane

Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla

And as our ship pulled into circular quay

I looked at the place where me legs used to be

And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for me

To grieve and to mourn and to pity

And the band played Waltzing Matilda

As they carried us down the gangway

But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared

And they turned all their faces away

And now every April I sit on my porch

And I watch the parade pass before me

I see my old comrades, how proudly they march

Reliving the or their dreams of past glory

I see the old men, all twisted and torn

The forgotten heroes of a forgotten war

And the young people ask me, "what are they marching for?"

And I ask myself the same question

And the band plays Waltzing Matilda

And the old men still answer to the call

But year after year their numbers get fewer

Some day no one will march there at all

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda

Who'll go a-Waltzing Matilda with me?

**Do They Know it’s Christmas**

It's Christmastime; there's no need to be afraid

At Christmastime, we let in light and we banish shade

And in our world of plenty we can spread a smile of joy

Throw your arms around the world at Christmastime

But say a prayer to pray for the other ones

At Christmastime

It's hard, but when you're having fun

There's a world outside your window

And it's a world of dread and fear

Where the only water flowing is the bitter sting of tears

And the Christmas bells that ring there

Are the clanging chimes of doom

Well tonight thank God it's them instead of you

And there won't be snow in Africa this Christmastime

The greatest gift they'll get this year is life

Oh, where nothing ever grows, no rain or rivers flow

Do they know it's Christmastime at all?

Here's to you, raise a glass for ev'ryone

Here's to them, underneath that burning sun

Do they know it's Christmastime at all?

Feed the world

Feed the world

Feed the world

Let them know it's Christmastime again

Feed the world

Let them know it's Christmastime again

**American Skin (41 Shots)**

(41 shots)

(41 shots)

(41 shots)

(41 shots)

41 shots, and we'll take that ride

'Cross the bloody river to the other side

41 shots, cut through the night

You're kneeling over his body in the vestibule

Praying for his life

Is it a gun, is it a knife

Is it a wallet, this is your life

It ain't no secret (it ain't no secret)

It ain't no secret (it ain't no secret)

No secret my friend

You can get killed just for living in your American skin

(41 shots)

(41 shots)

(41 shots)

(41 shots)

41 shots, Lena gets her son ready for school

She says, "On these streets, Charles

You've got to understand the rules

If an officer stops you, promise me you'll always be polite

And that you'll never ever run away

Promise Mama you'll keep your hands in sight"

Is it a gun (is it a gun), is it a knife (is it a knife)

Is it a wallet (is it a wallet), this is your life (this is your life)

It ain't no secret (it ain't no secret)

It ain't no secret (it ain't no secret)

No secret my friend

You can get killed just for living in your American skin

(41 shots)

(41 shots)

(41 shots)

(41 shots)

Is it a gun (is it a gun), is it a knife (is it a knife)

Is it in your heart (is it in your heart), is it in your eyes (is it in your eyes)

It ain't no secret (it ain't no secret)

It ain't no secret (it ain't no secret)

It ain't no secret (it ain't no secret)

41 shots, and we'll take that ride

'Cross this bloody river to the other side

41 shots, I got my boots caked with this mud

We're baptized in these waters (baptized in these waters)

And in each other's blood (and in each other's blood)

Is it a gun (is it a gun), is it a knife (is it a knife)

Is it a wallet (is it a wallet), this is your life (this is your life)

It ain't no secret (it ain't no secret)

It ain't no secret (it ain't no secret)

No secret my friend

You can get killed just for living in

You can get killed just for living in

You can get killed just for living in your American skin

41 shots

41 shots

41 shots

41 shots

41 shots

41 shots

41 shots

41 shots

41 shots (you can get killed just for living in)

41 shots (you can get killed just for living in)

41 shots (you can get killed just for living in)

41 shots (you can get killed just for living in)

(repeat chorus)

**Cop Killer**

Cop killer, yeah!

I got my black shirt on

I got my black gloves on

I got my ski mask on

This shit's been too long

I got my twelve gauge sawed off

I got my headlights turned off

I'm 'bout to bust some shots off

I'm 'bout to dust some cops off

I'm a cop killer, better you than me

Cop killer, fuck police brutality!

Cop killer, I know your family's grieving

(Fuck 'em!)

Cop killer, but tonight we get even, ha ha

I got my brain on hype

Tonight'll be your night

I got this long-assed knife

And your neck looks just right

My adrenaline's pumpin'

I got my stereo bumpin'

I'm 'bout to kill me somethin'

A pig stopped me for nuthin'!

Cop killer, better you than me

Cop killer, fuck police brutality!

Cop killer, I know your momma's grieving

(Fuck her!)

Cop killer, but tonight we get even, yeah!

Die, die, die, pig, die!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Yeah!

Cop killer, better you than me.

I'm a COP KILLER, fuck police brutality!

Cop killer, I know your family's grieving

(Fuck 'em!)

Cop killer, but tonight we get even, ha ha ha ha, yeah!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Fuck the police!

Break it down

Fuck the police, yeah!

Fuck the police, for Darryl Gates

Fuck the police, for Rodney King

Fuck the police, for my dead homies

Fuck the police, for your freedom

Fuck the police, don't be a pussy

Fuck the police, have some muthafuckin' courage

Fuck the police, sing along

Cop killer!

Cop killer!

Cop killer!

Cop killer!

Cop killer! Whaddyou wanna be when you grow up?

Cop killer! Good choice

Cop killer! I'm a muthafuckin'

Cop killer!

Cop killer, better you than me

Cop killer, fuck police brutality!

Cop killer, I know your momma's grieving

(Fuck her!)

Cop killer, but tonight we get even!

**Formation**

What happened at the New Wil’ins?

Bitch, I'm back by popular demand

Y'all haters corny with that illuminati mess

Paparazzi, catch my fly, and my cocky fresh

I'm so reckless when I rock my Givenchy dress (stylin')

I'm so possessive so I rock his Roc necklaces

My daddy Alabama, Momma Louisiana

You mix that negro with that Creole make a Texas bama

I like my baby heir with baby hair and afros

I like my negro nose with Jackson Five nostrils

Earned all this money but they never take the country out me

I got a hot sauce in my bag, swag

Oh yeah, baby, oh yeah I, ohhhhh, oh, yes, I like that

I did not come to play with you hoes, haha

I came to slay, bitch

I like cornbreads and collard greens, bitch

Oh, yes, you besta believe it

Y'all haters corny with that illuminati mess

Paparazzi, catch my fly, and my cocky fresh

I'm so reckless when I rock my Givenchy dress (stylin')

I'm so possessive so I rock his Roc necklaces

My daddy Alabama, Momma Louisiana

You mix that negro with that Creole make a Texas bama

I like my baby heir with baby hair and afros

I like my negro nose with Jackson Five nostrils

Earned all this money but they never take the country out me

I got a hot sauce in my bag, swag

I see it, I want it, I stunt, yellow-bone it

I dream it, I work hard, I grind 'til I own it

I twirl on them haters, albino alligators

El Camino with the seat low, sippin' Cuervo with no chaser

Sometimes I go off (I go off), I go hard (I go hard)

Get what's mine (take what's mine), I'm a star (I'm a star)

Cause I slay (slay), I slay (hey), I slay (okay), I slay (okay)

All day (okay), I slay (okay), I slay (okay), I slay (okay)

We gon' slay (slay), gon' slay (okay), we slay (okay), I slay (okay)

I slay (okay), okay (okay), I slay (okay), okay, okay, okay, okay

Okay, okay, ladies, now let's get in formation, cause I slay

Okay, ladies, now let's get in formation, cause I slay

Prove to me you got some coordination, cause I slay

Slay trick, or you get eliminated

When he fuck me good I take his ass to Red Lobster, cause I slay

When he fuck me good I take his ass to Red Lobster, cause I slay

If he hit it right, I might take him on a flight on my chopper, cause I slay

Drop him off at the mall, let him buy some J's, let him shop up, cause I slay

I might get your song played on the radio station, cause I slay

I might get your song played on the radio station, cause I slay

You just might be a black Bill Gates in the making, cause I slay

I just might be a black Bill Gates in the making

I see it, I want it, I stunt, yellow-bone it

I dream it, I work hard, I grind 'til I own it

I twirl on my haters, albino alligators

El Camino with the seat low, sippin' Cuervo with no chaser

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All day (okay), I slay (okay), I slay (okay), I slay (okay)

We gon' slay (slay), gon' slay (okay), we slay (okay), I slay (okay)

I slay (okay), okay (okay), I slay (okay), okay, okay, okay, okay

Okay, okay, ladies, now let's get in formation, cause I slay

Okay, ladies, now let's get in formation, cause I slay

Prove to me you got some coordination, cause I slay

Slay trick, or you get eliminated

Okay, ladies, now let's get in formation, I slay

Okay, ladies, now let's get in formation

You know you that bitch when you cause all this conversation

Always stay gracious, best revenge is your paper

Girl, I hear some thunder

Golly, look at that water, boy, oh lord

**To Pimp a Butterfly (Alright)**

Alls my life I has to fight, nigga

Alls my life I

Hard times like God

Bad trips like: "God!"

Nazareth, I'm fucked up

Homie you fucked up

But if God got us we then gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

We gon' be alright

Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Huh? We gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright

Uh, and when I wake up

I recognize you're lookin' at me for the pay cut

Behind my side we lookin' at you from the face down

What mac-11 even boom with the bass down

Schemin'! And let me tell you bout my life

Painkillers only put me in the twilight

What pretty pussy and Benjamin is the highlight

Now tell my mama I love her but this what I like

Lord knows, 20 of 'em in my Chevy

Tell 'em all to come and get me, reapin' everything I sow

So my karma come and Heaven no preliminary hearing

So my record and my motherfucking gang can stand in silence for the record

Tell the world I know it's too late

The hoes, the girls think I gone crazy

Try and fight my vices all day

Won't you please believe when I say

When you know, we been hurt, been down before, nigga

When my pride was low, lookin' at the world like, "where do we go, nigga?"

And we hate Popo, wanna kill us dead in the street for sure, nigga

I'm at the preacher's door

My knees gettin' weak and my gun might blow but we gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

We gon' be alright

Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Huh? We gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright

What you want, a house or a car

40 acres and a mule, a piano a guitar

Anything, see my name is Lucy, I'm your dog

Motherfucker you can live at the mall

I can see the evil, I can tell it I know when it's illegal

I don't think about it, I deposit every other zero

Thinkin' of my partner put the candy, paint it on the regal

Diggin' in my pocket ain't a profit, big enough to feed you

Everyday my logic, get another dollar just to keep you

In the presence of your chico ah!

I don't talk about it, be about it, everyday I see cool

If I got it then you know you got it, Heaven, I can reach you

Pet dog, pet dog, pet dog, my dog that's all

Pick back and chat I shut the back for y'all

I rap, I'm black, on track and rest assured

My rights, my wrongs are right till I'm right with God

When you know, we been hurt, been down before, nigga

When my pride was low, lookin' at the world like, "where do we go, nigga?"

And we hate Popo, wanna kill us dead in the street for sure, nigga

I'm at the preacher's door

My knees gettin' weak and my gun might blow but we gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

We gon' be alright

Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Huh? We gon' be alright

Nigga, we gon' be alright

Do you hear me, do you feel me? We gon' be alright

I keep my head up high

I cross my heart and hope to die

Lovin' me is complicated

Too afraid, a lot of changes

I'm alright and you're a favorite

Dark nights in my prayers

I remembered you was conflicted

Misusing your influence, sometimes I did the same

Abusing my power full of resentment

Resentment that turned into a deep depression

Found myself screamin' in the hotel room

I didn't wanna self destruct, the evils of Lucy was all around me

So I went runnin' for answers

**Almost Gone**

Locked up in a white room, underneath a glaring light

Every 5 minutes, they're asking me if I'm alright

Locked up in a white room naked as the day I was born

24 bright light, 24 all alone

What I did was show some truth to the working man

What I did was blow the whistle and the games began

Tell the truth and it will set you free

That's what they taught me as a child

But I can't be silent after all I've seen and done

24 bright light I'm almost gone, almost gone

Locked up in a white room, dying to communicate

Trying to hang in there underneath a crushing wait

Locked up in a white room I'm always facing time

24 bright light, 24 down the line

What I did was show some truth to the working man

What I did was blow the whistle and the games began

But I did my duty to my country first

That's what they taught me as a man

But I can't be silent after all I've seen and done

24 bright light I'm almost gone, almost gone

(Treat me like a human, Treat me like a man )