

# Song for John Walker (Sticky Mix) [feat. Anticon]

DJ Krush

(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  
And even the sons of senators  
Receive no welcome outside the states

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?:

But 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

And even the sons of senators

Receive no welcome outside the states 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 wiggled 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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>