

A Report to the Shareholders / Kill Your Masters

Run The Jewels

Beware of horses
I mean a horse is a horse of course, but who rides is important
Sitting high with a uniform, barking orders, demanding order
And I'm scared that I talk too much about what I think's going on
I got a way with this, they might drag me away for this
Put me in a cage for this, I might pay for this
I just say what I want like I'm made for this
But I'm just afraid some days I might be wrong
Maybe that's why me and Mike get along
Hey, not from the same part of town, but we both hear the same sound coming
Woo!
And it sounds like war
Woo!
And it breaks our hearts
When I started this band, didn't have no plans, didn't see no arc
Just run with the craft, have a couple laughs
Make a buck and dash, yeah
Get a little dap like "Yeah I'm the fucking man!", yeah
Maybe give a little back like, "Here, I do what I can"
It's all jokes and smoke 'till the truth start schemin'
Can't contain the disdain for y'all demons
You talk clean and bomb hospitals
So I speak with the foulest mouth possible
And I drink like a Vulcan losing all faith in the logical
I will not be confused for docile
I'm free, motherfuckers, I'm hostile
Choose the lesser of the evil people, and the devil still gon' win
It could all be over tomorrow, kill our masters and start again
But we know we all afraid, so we just simply cry and march again
At the Dem Conven my heart broke apart when I seen them march mommas in
As I rap this verse right now, got tears flowing down my chocolate skin
Told the truth and I've been punished for it, must be a masochist 'cause I done it again
Ooh, Mike said "uterus", they acting like Mike said "You a bitch"
To every writer who wrote it, misquoted it
Mike says, "You a bitch, you a bitch, you a bitch!"
Add a "nigga" for that black writer that started that sewer shit
I manoeuvrer through manure like a slumdog millionaire
El-P told me, "Fuck them devils, Mike, we gon' be millionaires"
I respond with a heavy "Yeah"
Big bro says "Fuck that, toughen up"

Stay ready, write raw raps, shit rugged rough"
The devil don't sleep, us either
El spits fire, I spit ether
We the gladiators that oppose all Caesars
Coming soon on a new world tour
Probably play the score for the World War
At the apocalypse, play the encore
Turn around, see El, and I smile
Hell coming and we got about a mile
Until it's over I remain hostile...

Mere mortals, the Gods coming so miss me with the whoop-whoop
You take the devil for God, look how he doin' you
I'm Jack Johnson, I beat a slave catcher snaggletooth
I'm Tiger Flowers with a higher power, hallelu'
Life'll get so bad it feel like God mad at you
But that's a feeling, baby, ever lose, I refuse
I disabuse these foolish fools of they foolish views
I heard the revolution coming, you should spread the news
Garvey-mind, Tyson-punch, this is bad news
So feel me, follow me
Devil done got on top of me
Bad times got a monopoly
Give up, I did the opposite
Pitch perfect, did it properly

Owner killed by his property This life'll stress you like Orson Welles on the radio
War after war of the world'll make all your saneness go
And these invaders from Earth're twerkin' on graves you know
Can't wait to load up the silos and make your babies glow
It's so abusive you'll beg somebody to roofie you
They'll snatch your hope up and use it like it's a hula-hoop
And it's a loop, they talk to you just like their rulers do
These fucking fools have forgotten just who been fooling who Kill your, kill- kill your kill your,
kill-

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Kill your masters Killer children of men on the throne roving with no atonement
Got me feeling like I'm Clive Owen rowing through a future frozen
But the flow is a burning wind, blowing to your coast and
Now in cages 'cause we rode the waves of your explosions
Done appealing to our killers, man, to stop the bleeding
This song's a dirty bomb for they dirty dealings

Boots on the roof, I'm Charley Mingus dumping through the ceiling
Master P-ing on these lost Europeans thievin'
Shit be grim, and de la born a reaper
Born in the beast and fixin' feast tearin' its features
The world surges, the nation's nervous
The crowds awaken, they can't disperse us
We ain't at your service, won't stay sedated
Won't state our numbers for names and remain faceless
We dignified, they can't erase us
We ain't asleep, we rope a dope through the flames
Man, the world gonna ride on what's implied in the name
Run 'emKill your, kill- kill your kill your, kill-
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