

[Interlude]

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Now as we proceed, to be given what they think we need  
Fifty seven, young brother  
Forgive and forget in a second, young brother  
Middle-income, young brother  
But more than half for only some, young brother



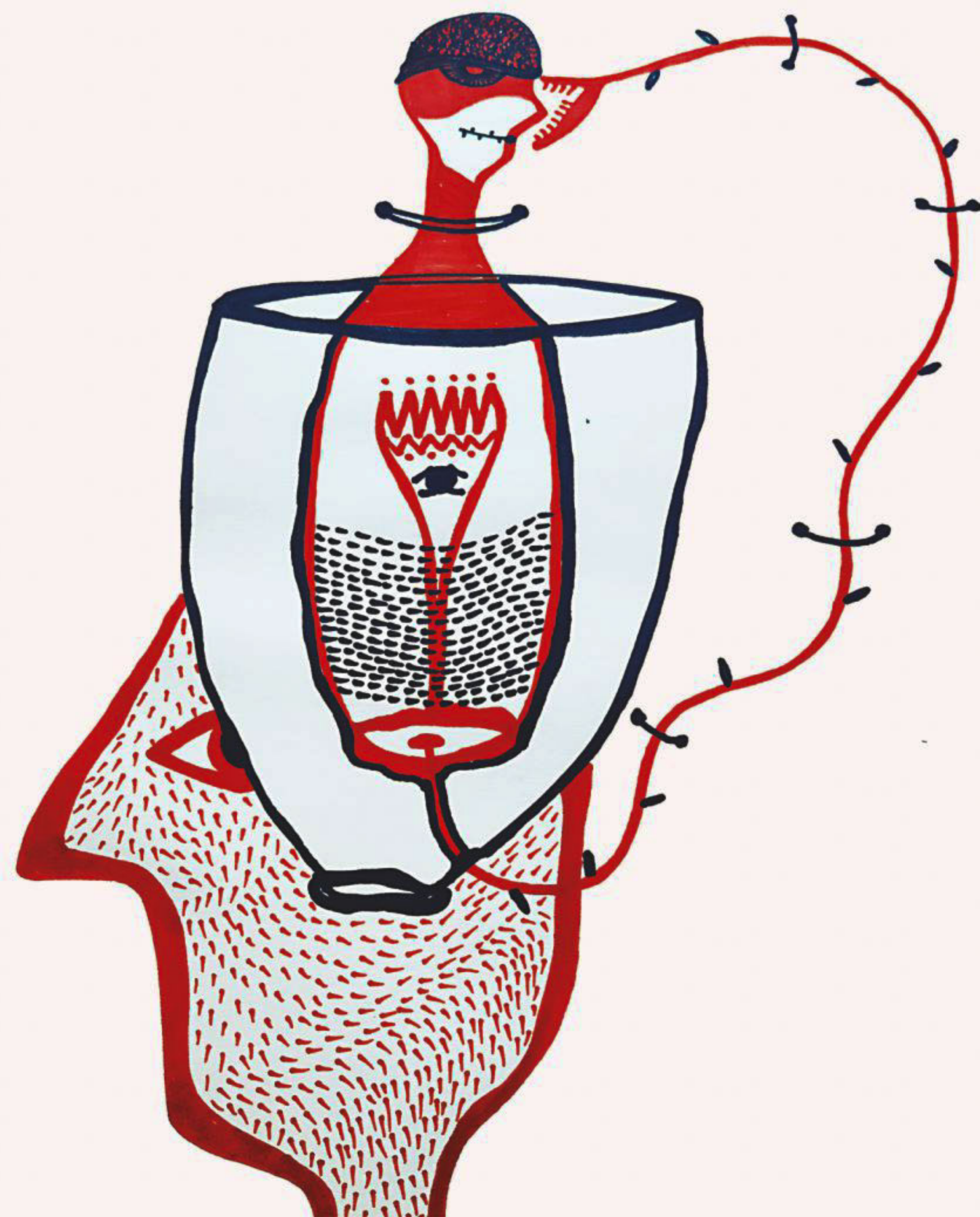
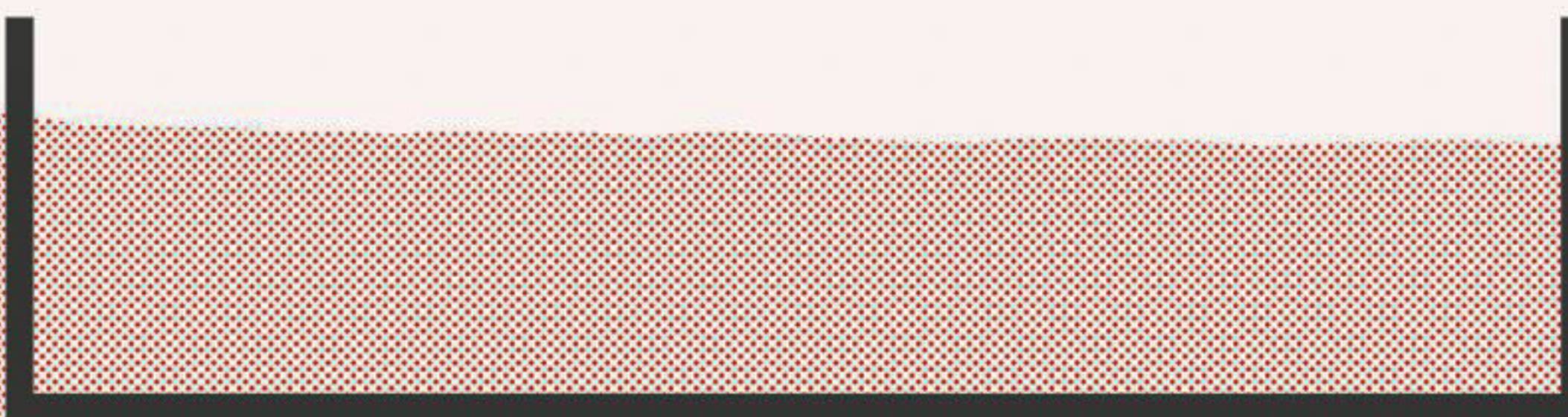
III.

And Pac, listen, we still see no changes  
Wake up in the morning and I ask myself.  
Should I wear my real face or should I mask myself?  
I'm tired of the grind, but it's worse to get the boot  
Lynch the thieves in lungis, but spare the thieves in suits  
Cops give a damn 'bout what you did, only care for how you look  
This is the new BLM, Bangladeshi lives matter  
But you'll only know it when they shoot

Fifty seven, young brother  
Don't act now but wait for heaven, young brother

Frank, hear me,  
Nothing involves the people, no need to even care  
One false move, you will be disappeared  
400 new stations, yeah respect they demand it  
100 more dailies, now come to the seventy-first commandment:  
Thou shall not speak ill of the baby or the Poppa  
In a 100 tribunals is where they might drop ya  
But she who remains calm, will not be harmed  
So go dissent, you'll make the front page,  
Dumb slave  
Soon after you are an inch filler column in the back  
Then its "bury it in metro"  
Cause pens can't hurt gats  
A justice tempered is worse than justice denied  
Lady Justice can't even hold her own ground  
So this justice is just these lies

Hah



[Outro]

No picket lines  
No picket signs  
Millionaires make laws  
in this corporatocracy  
Speak not  
of what you see  
What's going on?  
Tuff Gong, what's going on?  
They were never in the right  
So are we the ones  
going wrong?

*Under this smoggy grey sky.*