

WICKED AURA

FIGHT

I, I got a pocketful of rhymes,
a fistful of hope, and my throat is tight.
I, I got a pen full of might,
a mouthful of words I got to recite.
I, I got eyes that see,
eyes that see in panoramic sight.
I, I got a fever burning,
a head full of demons and a mob to excite.

Chorus

READY!
STEADY!
HOLD YOUR GROUND!

FIGHT!

SHAKE THE PASSIVES!
MOVE THE MASSES!
FEEL THE RUSH!

I, I got a reason to live,
a heart full of love and dreams to take flight.
I, I got faith in music,
rhythm and noise as my guiding light.
I, I got shoes filled with strife,
a dog that'll bite and drums to ignite.

I, I got that Wicked Aura

Chorus

STAND!
TALL!
HOLD YOUR GROUND!

FIGHT!

SHAKE THE PASSIVES!
MOVE THE MASSES!
COME ON!

(Continue on next page)



WICKED AURA

FIGHT

Bridge

Jinga Capoeira

We find strength in weakness,
And see the light in darkness,
Do we descend from grace,
To seek bravery in our voices?

Mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers,
Do not go gentle into that night,
We will rattle their cages,
Rage and burn,
Against the dying
Of the light.

FIGHT (8x)

Chorus

STAND!
TALL!
HOLD YOUR GROUND!

FIGHT!

RAIL THE PASSIVES!
MOVE THE MASSES!
COMEON!



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