

Post 9/11 Blues
written and performed by Riz MC

Verse 1

What can I do? I got the post 9/11 blues.
On the telly nothin' but the post 9/11 news:
War, Iraq, suicide bombs –
Stop hogging the limelight and make some room for my songs!
Anyway it's all re-runs –
We need a new war, Bush! Go get Iran:
I heard they're talking 'bout your mum!
Change the channel, watch some telly for kids,
But what's this? 'Hi kids! Welcome to Fun-Fun-Fun-Fundamentalists.'
In the breaks, Nike's advertising bomb-proof kicks.
They're even showing Bin Laden's cave on Cribs!
So I picked up a respectable post 9/11 magazine
It told me 'bout the new post 9/11 categories:
Israeli fighters are soldiers, Irish are paramilitary,
And darkie ones are terrorists – how simple can it be?
But not me, my friends say, 'Riz is still one of us',
But if I haven't shaved, they won't sit with me on the bus.

Chorus

Everybody do the post 9/11 dance:
Look scared and shake your ass
While the bombs go blast.
Everybody shake your post 9/11 thong.
So the dossier was wrong:
Jack some oil, drop a bomb.
Sing a song, sing along:
Bush and Blair in a tree,
K-I-L-L-I-N-G.
Shave your beard if you're brown,
And you best salute the Crown,
Or they'll do you like Brazilians
And shoot your ass down.

Verse 2

Post 9/11, getting around can be expensive:
Cost you 12 dead Iraqis for a litre of unleaded.
And even Green Cross Code's all changed:
They just teach kids to duck around low-flying planes.
And on the tube, if you see a dude with a rucksack
And a beard, move carriages mate – fuck that!
They cancelled Xmas 'cos of Santa Claus's beard,
And his magic red sack got confiscated as a suspect package.
No need for Halloween, 9/11's more scary
Osama Bin Goblin eats kids and he's hairy.
Hear a knockin' on the door at early dawn in the dark?
It's MI6. They'll trick or treat you to a week in Belmarsh.
Forget Guy Fawkes: he's lame.
Gun powder plots don't really compare to planes.
So no bonfire, Halloween or Christmas: they're done.
We'll do it all on one day: merry 9/11!

Repeat chorus

Verse 3

Post 9/11 policy might seem harsh,
But it's the terrorists' fault we got ID cards,
And a congestion charge
That they're extending far,
And electronic tags on the chav children's arms.
'Course we need Belmarsh and fuck 28 days:
We should put the whole of Oldham in its own fuckin' cage.
Move Hounslow underground so nothing could go wrong
Luton's already moving, Bradford's already gone.
We're all suspects so, literally, be watching your back:
I farted and got arrested for a chemical attack.
Dropped some litter on the street and I caused a bomb scare,
But told police my name was John: they thought they caught the wrong brae!
But it's OK: post 9/11, I been getting paid
Playing terrorists on telly, getting songs made.
But will it get airplay, geeza?
Well, if BBC don't want it, I'll send it to Aljazeera!