

# Michael Franti & Spearhead, Tha Payroll (Stay Strong)

Gramma this one's for you (stay strong)

(Chorus)

(He's strong!)

Mama Mama Mama Mama I couldn't say &quot;No&quot;;

(So strong!)

Got sick and tired of seein' brothers being treated ill

(He's strong!)

They say to chill, they say my homey's not available

(Stay strong!)

I hear Mama they got him working on tha Payroll

(She's strong!)

Mama Mama Mama Mama I couldn't say &quot;No&quot;;

(So strong!)

Got sick and tired of seein' sistas being treated ill

(She's strong!)

They say to chill, they say my homegirl's not available

(Stay strong!)

I hear Mama they got her working on tha Payroll

At 21 the brother &quot;Smooth&quot; he got a record deal  
been working hard been writin' songs about the things he feels  
he says it's real, 'cause I got bills, but I got skills  
my deck is stacked, if I could only get my shit on wax  
when it was ripe he took his tape up to the rec execs  
they smoked cigars and rolled their eye's at him behind their specs  
your shit is phat but I don't hear it in the format Jack  
what's all this black crap check page twenty one of your contract

(Chorus)

A friend of mine Roberta she got a job at the post office

she was college edjamacated but got fired up at the law office

I'm all alone two kids at home, I need a job just any job

so I can get back on my feet like Tina &quot;T&quot;(urner)

the boss came up to her said, &quot;why don't you come home with me&quot;;

I'd like to see you take off your clothes for me

she said &quot;No way man!&quot;;

he said &quot;You don't understand&quot;;

&quot;You lose your life, you lose your job if you don't do this shift!&quot;;

(Chorus)

I met a black man who became a police officer

officer, officer, officer, officer, officer, overseer

he tried to tell me it was the only job available

either rob or join the mob 'cause I'm not salable

one night he went out on an undercover sting-ing

bought some smack tried to break the heroin ring-ring

Two cops white cops saw juggling goin' down

they spilled his brain like homey the fuckin' clown

(He's gone!)

Mama Mama Mama Mama I couldn't say no

got sick and tired of seein' people bein' treated ill

picked up my nines, walked up from behind

tapped two of them on the neck so I could meet their eyes direct

Pom! Pom!

I didn't do it for tha payroll

(Chorus)