

M.I.A., Pull Up The People

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Slang tang

That's the M.I.A. thang

I've got the bombs to make you blow

I got the beats to make it bang

[X2]

Yeah, me got God and me got you

Every day thinking bout how me get through

Everything i own is on I.O.U.

But i'm here to bringing you

Someting new

You no like the people, they no like you

Then they go and set it off

With a big Boom

Every gun in a battle is a

Son and daughter too

So why you wanna talk about

Who done who?

Why you wanna talk about

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I'm a fighter, fighter God

I'm a soldier on that road

I'm a fighter, a nice nice fighter

I'm a soldier on that road

You can bring me the reaper

Bring me the lawyer

I'm a fighter, i'll take em on

You treat me like a killer

I ain't hate ya.

I'm a fighter, fighter God

I'm a soldier on that road

I'm a fighter, a nice nice fighter

I'm a soldier on that road

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