

# Michael Franti And Spearhead, Oh My God

Oh-my, oh-my God!  
in my mind they got us livin' suicide  
singin' oh-my, oh-my God!  
in my mind they got us livin' genocide  
oh my my...

Slam bam I come unseen  
but like gasoline you can tell I'm in the tank  
like money in the bank  
I smell appealing, but I'm toxic, can send ya reeling  
without an inklin', keep ya thinkin'  
'cause you gave cash to the feds, left your school district for dead  
fucked you up in the head, but still they sayin' nothin's wrong  
sellin' firewater but outlawing the bong  
still believing the system is workin'  
while half of my people are still outta workin'  
anonymous notes left in the pockets and coats  
of judges and juries from 'Frisco to Jersey  
threats and protests politicians mob debts  
trumped up charges and phoney arrests  
stage a lethal injection, the night before the election  
'cause he got donations from the prison guard's union

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Listen in to my stethoscope on a rope  
internal lullabies, human cries  
thumps and silence, the language of violence  
algorithmic, cataclysmic, seismic, biorhythmic  
you can make a life longer, but you can't save it  
you can make a clone an then you try to enslave it?  
stealin' DNA samples from the onborn  
and then you comin' after us  
'cause we sampled a James Brown horn?  
scientists who's God is progress  
a four-headed sheep is their latest project  
the CIA runnin' like that Jones from Indiana  
but they still won't talk about that (Jim) Jones  
(People's Temple mass suicide) in Guyana  
This ain't no cartoon  
no one slips on bananas  
do you really think that that car killed Diana  
hell I shot Ronald Reagan, I shot JFK,  
I slept with Marilyn (Monroe) she sung me happy birthday  
singin'

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Well politicians got lipstick on the collar  
the whole media started to holler  
but I don't give a fuck who they screwin' in private  
I wanna know who they screwin' in public  
robbin', cheatin', stealin'  
white collar criminal  
McDonald eatin', you deserve a beatin'  
send you home a weepin', with a fat bill for your

Caribbean weekend  
for just about anything they can bust us  
false advertising sayin' 'halls of Justice'  
you tellin' the youth don't be so violent  
then you drop bombs on every single continent  
mandatory minimum sentencin'  
'cause he got caught with a pocket fulla medicine  
do that again another ten up in the pen  
I feel so mad I wanna peaceful revolution  
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