

# Michael Franti And Spearhead, Runfayalife

Every woman every man wanna move dem feet  
every woman every man love a Spearhead beat!

Police in the city  
is shuttin all the clubs down  
it's lookin like a ghost town  
ya know Mary- what we gotta do?  
Hell Yeah!  
we gotta go underground  
To da place -from which we all came from  
house parties-they was always fun  
remember tryin to rig a sound system  
everybody- would bring a donation  
when we needed- to get a turn table  
my man Zulu  
would borrow one from aunt Mable  
set it up in the corner-  
turn the lights down until the mornin'

(chorus)  
But the party ain't started till the speaker's blown  
NO! NO! NO!  
Run fa ya life!  
The party ain't started 'till the speaker's blown

While he was settin up camp  
someone else would bring a home stereo amp  
with a note from they mama-  
"don't turn it up loud or it's a goner"  
sorry mama- there's no chance  
cause if the shit ain't bumpin'  
people ain't gonna dance  
"know what I'm sayin'" ("Turn that shit up")  
everybody in the place would bring a few speakers  
string em all togetha like they was sneakers  
and say a prayer- before we turn it on  
hopin that the amp- wouldn't get blown.  
I asked Mary watcha think of it  
"now we need a D.J. to work this shit"  
so everybody- would bring a few singles- get  
the beat bumpin  
and then start to mingle

(chorus)  
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Every brother and every sister  
would pay respect up to the ancestors  
we would dance and we would celebrate  
even though we live in a police state  
then the pigs- would try to make a statement  
with a ticket- for noise abatement  
but we kept it pumpin' -till the braekadawn  
then we told the cops  
they gotta break the door down  
and today -across the nation- don't ya know  
it's the same situation  
alotta cities lookin like a ghost town  
but the house party will never be shut down  
no no no!

(chorus)  
Every woman every man wanna move dem feet

every woman every man love a Spearhead beat!  
(repeat)

This one's dedicated to all the DJ's, rappers,  
Promoters, producers who continue to throw  
jams in the face of adversity. Peace  
Peace to the informal nation. Word Up!