

Michael Franti & Spearhead, Food For The Masses

I love family
'cause family brings inspirations
one love to you and peace to all the nations
Aztlan the Puerto Rican and Jamaican
the African the Maori, Kouri and the Haitian
on the chocolate reservation
I'll take a hit and then pass the information
to the left hand side and
keep providin', pride and,
sustenance and guidance
Mass Hysteria fools breaking down the barrier
militant cliques big up the area
put your fist in the air now,
show me that cha care now
and that cha really know how
Don't get thee behind me Satan
I'll keep thee in front so I can kick thee in the ass and
assassinate all your wicked inventions
your new world order and your global intentions
not to mention the department of corrections
makin' money off of people in detention
doin' time for possessions
countin' the days in the dark they buildin' up aggressins
progressions all the dirty lessons
in the belly of the beast only God hears confessions
Geronimo Pratt's still sittin' in the cellar
done as many years as they did Mandela
Parole board wanted to know are you remorseful
how could I be because I didn't do the crime yo
y'all's the Motha fucka's that's guilty
lockin' me in solitary eight years of filthy
kill the messenger, you can't kill the message
yo I'm bringin' food for the masses

(Chorus)

For the Masses for the masses
mental food food for the masses
for the masses for the masses for the true for the true
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So let's eat have a seat
call the Maitre D'
commencin' with the riddim
I get open on the beat
let 'em say what they say about the way that we be
it's the year two triple O
They can't stop we
Aw'ight, Sellassie I the book unfolds
I write 'cause half the story has never been told so
No one can stop it the whole world's droppin out the socket
Blowin' up, like NASA when I rock it
the high tech ways of the civilized man
can't stand my people but ya love the sun tan
Fly the space shuttle like dancer and prancer
you nuke the north pole now you got skin cancer
the answer you see I'm fly like Lufthansa
you can Valujet but you takin' big chances
on crashes. Change your name like Cassius
the classes be making food for the masses
then shift to a speed that's common for the listeners
MC's and wanna be street politicians
in competition with the envious visions

they chasin' paper dollars to a pop chart prison
but listen this isn't me against you
'cause the whole world's checking out the things that we do
ya sold your soul to the Saint Ide's brew
that's aw'ight I like the Sprite in you

(Chorus)