

Michael Franti & Spearhead, Oh My God

[Chorus]

Oh-my, oh- my God!

Out here mama the got us livin' suicide

singin' oh-my, oh-my God!

Out here mama the got us livin' genocide

Slam bam I come unseen

but like gasoline you van 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

Selling firewater but outlawing the bong

still believing the system is workin';

anonymous notes left in the pockets and coats

of judges and juries from 'Frisco to Jersey

Threats and protests politicin' mob debts

trumped up charges and phony arrests

Stage a lethal injection, th enight before the election

'cause he got donations from the prison guard's union

[Chorus]

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 how can you save it

You can make a clone and then try to enslave it?

Stealin' DNA samples from the unborn

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 stil 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 Marylin (Monroe) she sung me happy birthday singin';

[Chorus]

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'

deserve a beatin';

Send you home a wheepin', with a fat bill for your Carribean 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 pucket full of medicine

Do that again another ten up in the pen

I feel so mad I wanna bomb an institution singin';

[Chorus]