

Mos Def, Dollar Day

So there's a story about the lady in Louisiana
She's a flood survivor and the rescue teams
They come through, and they, I guess tryna recover people
And they see this woman she's wadin through the streets
I guess it'd been some time after the storm
And I guess they were shocked that you know she was alive
And rescue worker said, "So, oh my God h-how did you survive
How did you do it? Where've you been?"
And she said, "Where I been? Where you been?"
Hah, Where you been? You understand?
That's about the size of it

This for the streets, the streets everywhere
The streets affected by the storm called... America
I'm doin this for y'all, and for me, for the Creator

God save, these streets
One dollar per every human being
Feel that Katrina clap
See that Katrina clap

Listen, homie, it's Dollar Day in New Orleans
It's water water everywhere and people dead in the streets
And Mr. President he bout that cash
He got a policy for handlin the niggaz and trash
And if you poor you black
I laugh a laugh they won't give when you ask
You better off on crack
Dead or in jail, or with a gun in Iraq
And it's as simple as that
No opinion my man it's mathematical fact
Listen, a million poor since 2004
And they got -illions and killions to waste on the war
And make you question what the taxes is for
Or the cost to reinforce, the broke levee wall
Tell the boss, he shouldn't be the boss anymore
Y'all pray amin

God save, these streets
One dollar per every human being
Feel that Katrina clap
See that Katrina clap
God save, these streets
Quit bein' cheap nigga freedom ain't free
Feel that Katrina clap
See that Katrina clap

Lord have mercy
Lord God God save our soul
A God save our soul, a God
A God save our souls
Lord God God save our soul
A God save our soul soul soul
Soul survivor

It's Dollar Day in New Orleans
It's water water everywhere and babies dead in the streets
It's enough to make you holler out
Like where the fuck is Sir Bono and his famous friends now
Don't get it twisted man I dig U2
But if you ain't about the ghetto then fuck you too
Who care bout rock 'n roll when babies can't eat food
Listen homie man that shit ain't cool

It's like Dollar Day for New Orleans
It's water water everywhere and homies dead in the streets
And Mr. President's a natural ass
He out treatin niggaz worse than they treat the trash

God save, these streets
One dollar per every human being
Feel that Katrina Clap
See that Katrina Clap
God save, these streets
Quit bein cheap nigga freedom ain't free!
Feel that Katrina Clap
See that Katrina Clap
Soul survivor

God God God save our soul
A God save our soul
A God, a God save our soul
Lord God God save our soul
A God save our soul a God a God save

Lord did not intend for the wicked to rule the world
Say God did not intend for the wicked to rule the world
God did not intend for the wicked to rule the world
And even when they knew it's a matter of truth
Before they wick-ed ruling is through

God save, these streets
A Dollar Day for New Orleans
God save, these streets
Quit bein cheap homie freedom ain't free

God save these streets
One dollar per every human being
Feel that Katrina Clap
See that Katrina Clap
God save these streets
Quit bein cheap nigga freedom ain't free!
Feel that Katrina Clap! Ha
Ghetto Katrina Clap! Ha

Soul survivor
Lord God God save our soul
A God save God save our soul

Feel that Katrina Clap
Let's make them dollars stack
And rebuild these streets
God save these streets
God save these streets
God save the soul!
Feel that Katrina Clap
See that Katrina Clap
Soul survivor

Don't talk about it, be about it
Peace