

# Nina Simone, The Pusher

You know I smoked a lot of grass, Oh Lord  
And I popped a lot of pills  
But I never did touch nothing  
That my spirit couldn't kill  
You know I see a lot of people walkin' round  
Here with tombstones in their eyes  
'Cause the pusher don't care  
Child if you live or if you die  
God damn on the pusher, yea yea  
I said God damn him  
God damn him, pusher man

You know the dealer  
I said the dealer is a man  
With lots of love racks in his hand  
But the pusher is a monster  
Good God, oh Lord he's my natural man  
You know the dealer  
The dealer takes a nickel lord  
And sells you lots of sweet dreams  
And lord knows we need lots a sweet dreams

But here comes the pusher  
Takes your body and leaves your mind a screen  
God damn on the pusher  
I said God damn the pusher  
He's not a natural man  
You know the dealer takes a nickel  
And he sells a box of sweet dreams  
But he pusher takes your body  
He takes your body  
He takes your body  
And he leaves your mind a screen  
God damn him  
God damn him, God damn him  
God damn him, God damn the pusher

If I were the president, hear me, of this land  
I'd declare totale war on the pusher man  
Gimme now, now  
I'd shoot him if he stands  
I'd cut him if he runs yea  
I'd kill him with my Bible  
My razor and my gun  
God damn him, God damn him  
Oh, the pusher  
God damn the pusher man