

Hey Man

Natty

Fates on a mission and Im riding shotgun, man
Im looking for a revolution in these stale plastic decades, man
All he bombs and drugs dont seem to penetrate, man
All our minds being neutralised by these fucking Playstations, man
My fathers generation they had fire in their bellies, man
We sit there like living room furniture in front of our tellies man
I dont know about you but me and me, Im a suffering man
While these dreams of reaching dreams seem all too distant, man
Sometimes I wish I didnt know about Marcus Mandela and Marley man,
Cause now Im looking for a leader, well hey, Im still looking man
While I keep breathing and Im still seeking, but I dont have a plan man,
With these lost shadows and these broken souls of our generations man,
Theres fire on the roads and theres no one at home man
We still knocking on the door and wonder why theres no answer man
Well Im down if your down so lets bring down this bigger man
And like these youths today you see me, Im just trying to be a man,
And like these youths on road you see me, Im just trying to be a man
Hey man
(Hey, hey)
Hey man

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