

Runfayalife

Spearhead

Spearhead, search and destroy Every woman, every man wanna move dem feet
Every woman, every man love a spearhead beat Police in the city is shuttin' all the clubs down
Its lookin' like a ghost town
Ya know, Mary, what we gotta do?
Hell yeah, we gotta go underground To da place from which we all came from
House parties, they was always fun
Remember tryin' to rig a sound system
Everybody, would bring a donation When we needed to get a turn table
My man, Zulu would borrow one from Aunt Mable
Set it up in the corner
Turn the lights down until the mornin But the party aint started till the speakers blown
No, no, no, runfayalife
'Coz the party aint started till the speakers blown Because the party aint started till the speakers blown
No, no, no, runfayalife
Because the party aint started till the speakers blown
Runfayalife While he was settin 'up camp
Someone else would bring a home stereo amp
With a note from they mama
Dont turn it up loud or its a goner Sorry Mama, theres no chance
'Cause if the shit aint bumpin
People aint gonna dance
Know what Im sayin? Everybody in the place would bring a few speakers
String 'em all togetha, like they was sneakers
An' say a prayer before we turn it on
Hopin' that the amp wouldnt get blown I asked Mary, Watcha think of it
Now we need a DJ to work this shit
So everybody would bring a few singles
Get the beat bumpin' an' then start to mingle But the party aint started till the speakers blown
No, no, no, runfayalife
But the party aint started till the speakers blown Because the party aint started till the speakers blown
No, no, no, runfayalife
Because The party aint started till the speakers blown
Runfayalife Every woman, every man wanna move dem feet
Every woman, every man love a Spearhead beat
Every woman, every man wanna move dem feet
Every woman, every man love a Spearhead beat An' every brother and every sister
Would pay respect up to the ancestors
We would dance and we would celebrate
Even though we live in a police state An' the pigs would try to make a statement

With a ticket for noise abatement
But we kept it pumpin till the breakadawn
Then we told the cops they gotta break the door downAnd today across the nation
Dont ya know, its the same situation
Alotta cities lookin' like a ghost town
But the house party will never be shut down
No, no, no, runfayalifeBecause the party aint started till the speakers blown
No, no, no, runfayalife
But The party aint started till the speakers blownThe party aint started till the speakers blown
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RunfayalifeThe party aint started till the speakers blown
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The party aint started till the speakers blown
No, no, noThe party aint started till the speakers blown
No, no, no
The party aint started till the speakers blown
No, no, noYeah, this ones dedicated to all the DJs, rappers
Promoters, producers who continue to throw
Jams in the face of adversity, peace
Peace to the informal nation, word upEvery woman, every man wanna move dem feet
Every woman, every man love a Spearhead beatEvery woman, every man wanna move dem feet
Every woman, every man love a Spearhead beatEvery woman, every man wanna move dem feet
Every woman, every man love a Spearhead beat

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