

Oh My God

Michael Franti & Spearhead

(chorus)

Oh my, oh my God
Oh mama they got us livin? suicide
Singin? oh my, oh my God
Oh mama they got us livin? genocide
Oh my, Oh my God

Slam bam I come unseen
But like gasoline you can tell I?m in the tank
Like money in the bank
I smell appealing, but I?m toxic, can send you reeling
Without an inklin?, keep ya thinkin?
?Cause you gave cash to the feds, left your school district for dead
Fuck you up in the head, but still they sayin? nothin?s wrong
Selling fire-water but outlawin? the bong
Still believing the system is workin?
While half of my people are still out of workin?
Anonymous notes left in the pockets and coats
Of judges and juries from ?Frisco and Jersey
Threats and protests politicians mob debts
Trumped up charges and phony arrests
Stage a lethal injection, the night 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 you can?t save it
You can make a clone and then you try to enslave it?
Stealin? DNA samples from the unborn

And then you comin? after us
?Cause we sampled a James Brown horn?
Scientists whose God is progress
A four-headed sheep is their latest project
The CIA runnin? like that Jones from Indiana
But they still won?t talk about that Jones 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 Regan, I shot JFK
I slept with Marilyn she sung me 'Happy Birthday'

(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', you deserve a beatin'
Send you home a weepin', with a fat bill for your Caribbean 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 pocket full of medicine
Do that again another ten up in the pen
I feel so mad I wanna bomb an institution
singin'

(chorus)

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