

Stay Human (all The Freaky People)

Michael Franti & Spearhead

Starvation is the creation of the devil, a rebel
I'm bringin' food to the people like a widow
Bringin' flowers to a grave in the middle
Of the city isolation is a riddle
To be surrounded by a million other people
But to feel alone like a tree in a desert
Dried up like the skin of a lizard
But full of color like the spots of a leopard
Drum and bass pull me in like a shepherd
Scratch my itch like a needle on a record
Full of life like a man gone to Mecca
Sky high like an eagle up soaring
I speak low but I'm like a lion roaring
Baritone like a Robeson recordin'
I'm givin' thanks for bein' human every morning
Morning morning
Because the streets are alive with the sound of
Boom bap, can I hear it once again
Boom bap, tell your neighbor tell a friend
Every box gotta right to be boomin'
Because the streets are alive with the sound of
Boom bap, can I hear it once again
Boom bap, tell your neighbor tell a friend
Every flower got a right to be boomin'
Be resistant
The negativity we keep it at a distance
Call for backup and I'll give you some assistance
Like a lifesaver deep in the ocean
Stay afloat here upon the funky motion
Rock and roll upon the waves of the season
Hold your breath and your underwater breathin'
To be rhymin' without a real reason
Is to claim but not to practice a religion
If television is the drug of the nation
Satellite is immaculate reception
Beaming in they can look and they can listen
So you see don't believe in the system
To legalize you or give you your freedom
You want rights ask 'em, they'll read em'

But every flower got a right to be bloomin'
Stay human
Because the streets are alive with the sound of
Boom bap, can I hear it once again
Boom bap, tell your neighbor tell a friend
Every box gotta right to be boomin'
Because the streets are alive with the sound of
Boom bap, can I hear it once again
Boom bap, tell your neighbor tell a friend
Every flower got a right to be boomin'
'Cause all the freaky people make the beauty of the world
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
Freaky people
'Cause all the freaky people make the beauty of the world
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
All the freaky people
'Cause all the freaky people make the beauty of the world
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
All the freaky people
'Cause all the freaky people make the beauty of the world
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
Stay with
All the freaky people
You see, Y2K ya know is a moment
In time we find that we can open
Up a heart that's locked or been broken
By the pain of words not spoken
Or shot by guns a still smokin'
Cartwrights out on the Ponderosa
Or drive by bang in Testarossa
We need to heed the words of Dalai Lama
Or at least the words of yo mama
Take a mental trip to the Bahamas
Steam your body in a stereo sauna, sauna, comma
Because the streets are alive with the sound of
Boom bap, can I hear it once again
Boom bap, tell your neighbor tell a friend
Every box gotta right to be boomin'
Because the streets are alive with the sound of
Boom bap, can I hear it once again
Boom bap, tell your neighbor tell a friend
Every flower got a right to be boomin'
Because the streets are alive with the sound of
Boom bap, can I hear it once again
Boom bap, tell your neighbor tell a friend

Every box gotta right to be boomin'
Because the streets are alive with the sound of
Boom bap, can I hear it once again
Boom bap, tell your neighbor tell a friend
Every flower got a right to be boomin'
And every box gotta right to be boomin'
And every star gotta right to be zoomin'
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
Freaky people
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
All the freaky people
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
All the freaky people
All the freaky people make the beauty

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