

# Oh My God

## Michael Franti & Spearhead

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(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 Im in the tank  
Like money in the bank  
I smell appealing, but Im 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 nothins 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 guards 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 cant 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 wont talk about that Jones in Guyana  
This aint 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 dont give a fuck who they screw in private  
I wanna know who they screw 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 dont 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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