

# Pull Up the People (Brad Walsh Remix)

Mia

Pull up the people  
Pull up the poor Slang tang  
That's the that m.i.a. thing  
I got the bombs to make you blow  
I got the beats to make you bang bang bang Yeah me got god, and me got you  
Everyday thinkin' bout how me get through  
Everything I own is on i.o.u.  
But I'm here bringing y'all something new You no like the people  
They no like you  
Then they go set it off with a big boom  
Every gun in a battle is a son and daughter too  
Why you want to talk about who done who?  
What you want to talk about? Slang tang  
That's the that m.i.a. thang  
I got the bombs to make you blow  
I got the beats to make you bang bang bang Pull up the people, pull up the poor I'm a fighter, fighter god  
I'm a soldier on that road  
I'm a fighter, a nice nice fighter  
I'm a soldier on that road Bring me the reaper  
Bring me a lawyer  
I'll fight I'll take em on  
You treat me like a killer  
I ain't never hate ya  
I'm a soldier on that road I'm a fighter, fighter god  
I'm a soldier on that road  
I'm a fighter, a nice nice fighter  
I'm a soldier on that road

Songwriters

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