

Rock the Nation

Michael Franti & Spearhead

We livin' in a mean time and an aggressive time
a painful time, a time where cynicism rots to the vine
in a time where violence blocks the summer shine
lifetimes, go by in a flash
in search for love, in search for cash
everybody wanna be some fat tycoon
everybody wanna be on a tropic honeymoon
nobody wanna sing a little bit out of tune
or be the backbone of a rebel platoon
it's too soon to step out of line
you might get laughed at you might get fined
but do you feel me when I say I feel pain everyday
when I see the way my friends gotta slave
and never get ahead of bills they gotta pay
no way no way!
some make a living doing killin'g Colombian penicillin
some are willing to play the villain they just chillin'
to pass the time, pass the information
or pass the wine
pass the buck or pass the baton
but you can't pass the police or the pentagon
the I.R.S. or the upper echelon
I think it's time to make a move on the contradiction
Bam-Bam, rock the nation
take over television and radio station
Bam-Bam the truth shall come
give the corporation some complication! This is the dawning of our time I say it one more time
to emphasize the meaning of my rhyme
to rise above all the dirt and grime
add the right spice at the right time
fuck the constitution
are we part of the solution or are we part of the pollution
sittin' by and wonderin' why,
things ain't the way we like to find them to be, to be
for you and for me the people over there and the ones in between
check our habitation are we a peace lovin' nation
peace lovin' nation
I have a reasonable doubt I think I'll just spell it out
there's no need to scream or to shout

the N.R.A. just bought a man's soul
then he jumps up and shouts gun control
the government says that killin's a sin
unless you kill a murderer with a lethal syringe
so I ask again "are we peace lover's then"
some of them slang guns when they six years old
some of them end up in some six foot hole
this whole damn place seems to, lost control
so I raise my voice before I lose my soul
Bam-Bam, rock the nation
take over television and radio station
Bam-Bam the truth shall come
give the corporation some complication!
Bam-Bam, rock the nation
take over television and radio station
Bam-Bam the truth shall come
give the corporation some complication!Radio Ragga Mike!This is the way I'll express my feelings
vibe revealed and revolved spinnin on a record y'all
try to confiscate take what I communicate with
it's ancient gift of the lip steady creating
activating passin vocal vibrations to the blind plus the seeing
human doesn't mean just being
be coming don't believe it just belife it
belongings or beloved rehearse it or recite it
while shining drop your guns and move your tongues
battle motivation in no time lyrics come
sometimes fun others run their mouth or away
my mind co beaming like an early sunray
one day we'll get the picture and all combine
less the talking bout mines is mine and become one mind
every piece of the puzzle has its place
to build the piece of the puzzle called the human raceTaking it long enough we crush the formal journalistic
dyslexic critters talk backwards to rap words
I'm sure raising my hands with questions and demands
statements and a plan with a map of the landBam-Bam, rock the nation
take over television and radio station
Bam-Bam the truth shall come
give the corporation some complication!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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