

# List of Demands (Reparations)

Saul Williams

I want my money back, I'm down here drowning in your fat  
You got me on my knees praying for everything you lack  
I ain't afraid of you, I'm just a victim of your fear  
You cower in your tower praying that I'll disappear I got another plan, one that requires me to stand  
On the stage or in the street, don't need no microphone or beat  
And if you hear this song, if you ain't dead then sing along  
Bang and strum to this here drum 'til you get where you belong I got a list of demands written on the palm of my  
hands  
I ball my fist and you gon' know where I stand  
We living hand to mouth, you wanna be somebody?  
See somebody? Try and free somebody? Got a list of demands written on the palm of my hands  
I ball my fist and you gon' know where I stand  
We living hand to mouth  
Hand to mouth I wrote a song for you today while I was sitting in my room  
I jumped up on a bed today and played it on a broom  
I didn't think that it would be a song that you would hear  
But when I played it in my head, I made you reappear I wrote a video for it and I acted out each part  
And then I took your picture out and taped it to my heart  
I've taped you to my heart, dear girl, I've taped you to my heart  
And if you pull away from me you'll tear my life apart I got a list of demands written on the palm of my hands  
I ball my fist and you gon' know where I stand  
We living hand to mouth, you wanna be somebody?  
See somebody? Try and free somebody? Got a list of demands written on the palm of my hands  
I ball my fist and you gon' know where I stand  
We living hand to mouth  
Hand to mouth Ecstasy, suffering, echinacea, buffering  
We aim to remember what we choose to forget  
God's just a baby and her diaper is wet Call the police, I'm strapped to the teeth  
And liable to disregard your every belief  
Call on the law, I'm fixing to draw  
A line between what is and seems and call up a brawl Call on them now 'cause it's about to go pow  
I'm standing on the threshold of the ups and the downs  
Call up a truce 'cause I'm about to break loose  
Protect ya neck 'cause son I'm breaking out of my noose I got a list of demands written on the palm of my hands  
I ball my fist and you gon' know where I stand  
We living hand to mouth, you wanna be somebody?  
See somebody? Try and free somebody? Got a list of demands written on the palm of my hands  
I ball my fist and you gon' know where I stand  
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Hand to mouth

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