

pull up the people

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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