

# Pull Up the People

M.I.A.

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Pull up the people, pull up the poor

Pull up the poor, pull up the poor Slang tang, that's the M.I.A. thang

I got the bombs to make you blow

I got the beats to make you bang Slang tang, that's the M.I.A. thang

I got the bombs to make you blow

I got the beats to make you bang Yeah, we got God now we got you

Everyday thinkin' bout how we get through

Everything I own is on IOU

But I'm here bringing y'all something new You no like the people they no like you

Then they gonna set it off with a big boom

Son in a battle is a son and daughter too

Why you wanna talk about who done who

Why you wanna talk about Slang tang, that's the M.I.A. thang

I got the bombs to make you blow

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I got the bombs to make you blow

I got the beats to make you bang Pull up the people, pull up the poor

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Pull up the people, pull up the poor

Pull up the poor, 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 the lawyer

I'm a fighter 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 Slang tang, that's the M.I.A. thang

I got the bombs to make you blow

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