

Pull Up the People

M.I.A.

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Pull up the people, pull up the poor
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
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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 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
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