

Pull Up the People

M.I.A.

Pull up the people, pull up the poor
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Slang tang
That's the M.I.A. thang
I've got the bombs to make you blow
I got the beats to make it bang
[X2]

Yeah, me got God and me got you
Every day thinking bout how me get through
Everything i own is on I.O.U.
But i'm here to bringing you
Someting new

You no like the people, they no like you
Then they go and set it off
With a big Boom
Every gun in a battle is a
Son and daughter too

So why you wanna talk about
Who done who?
Why you wanna talk about

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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
You can 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 hate ya.

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I'm a soldier on that road
I'm a fighter, a nice nice fighter

I'm a soldier on that road

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