

Lift Your Fist

Guru

Yeah.. Guru, huh, The Roots
Yeah, c'mon y'all uh, lift your fist
Uhh, yeah, lift your fist c'mon
(Uhh)

To all my people, just lift your fist
Seem like it ain't no peace, no justice
How you want it, the bullet or the microchip?
Either way you got to lift your fist; we get it down like this
To all my people, ball up your first
Seem like it ain't no peace, no justice
How you want it, the bullet or the microchip?
Either way you got to lift your fist

Yo, c'mon
We livin life close to the edge, don't push
But this ain't eighty-three and it's not the Cold Crush
It's kids on the street strapped, huffin that kush(?)
They eyein the next cat, livin all plush
I guess frustration make a brother do what he must
What's the combination that can make a human erupt
Team leaders gettin mutinied up, who couldn't read
the signs, thinkin the day and times is (??)

Indeed, we blast, refuse to kiss ass
Quick fast, ready to mash cause of a bugged out past
Swallow the pain, follow the mental terrain
It takes a hell of a man, nowadays to maintain
Garments bloodstained, face bruised and battered
Our eyes reflect the agony, of dreams that were shattered
And they love it, when we wild out and kill our own
but the greater responsibility, yes, is still our own

Uhh, worldwide famine, ghetto people demand
that somebody do somethin soon, and let's examine
the facts, behind the violent attacks
Behind the daily gunplay the cocaine and the crack
Thug season - what's the reason for the treason?
Everybody's gotta eat, some gotta resort to thievin
Take money money make money money money..

Yo - from the time they eyes open til the clock strike death
Brothers is stressed, walkin 'round holdin they chest
They got the government surveyin they steps and can't breathe
They dynamitin them projects to smithereens
Money comin but them days too few and far between
You tryin to taste just what the world's offering, ya'mean?
I seen enough to make a grown man scream
Brothers thirsty and hongry to get that thing

Too many tears of pain, too many years of struggle
Too many drops of blood, too many problems to juggle
Too few jobs available, too few schools equipped
Too few role models; just gangsters and pimps
Will you succumb, will your heart grow numb
or will you save the world, and use your mind like a gun?
I'm the one - I turn a stick-up kid to a soldier

Me and The Roots, word up, we takin over