

# 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