

# 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.

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

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