

Oh My God

Michael Franti & Spearhead

Oh-my, oh-my God!
In my mind they got us livin' suicide
Singin' oh-my, oh-my God!
In my mind they got us livin' genocide
Oh my my...

Slam bam I come unseen
But like gasoline you can tell I'm in the tank
Like money in the bank
I smell appealing, but I'm toxic, can send ya reeling
Without an inklin', keep ya thinkin'
'cause you gave cash to the feds, left your school district for dead
Fucked you up in the head, but still they sayin' nothin's wrong
Sellin' firewater but outlawing the bong
Still believing the system is workin'
While half of my people are still outta workin'
Anonymous notes left in the pockets and coats
Of judges and juries from 'Frisco to Jersey
Threats and protests politicians mob debts
Trumped up charges and phoney arrests
Stage a lethal injection, the night before the election
'cause he got donations from the prison guard's union

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Listen in to my stethoscope on a rope
Internal lullabies, human cries
Thumps and silence, the language of violence
Algorithmic, cataclysmic, seismic, biorhythmic
You can make a life longer, but you can't save it
You can make a clone an then you try to enslave it?
Stealin' DNA samples from the onborn
And then you comin' after us
'cause we sampled a James Brown horn?
Scientists who's God is progress
A four-headed sheep is their latest project
The CIA runnin' like that Jones from Indiana
But they still won't talk about that (Jim) Jones
(People's Temple mass suicide) in Guyana
This ain't no cartoon
No one slips on bananas
Do you really think that that car killed Diana
Hell I shot Ronald Reagan, I shot JFK,
I slept with Marilyn (Monroe) she sung me happy birthday
Singin'

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Well politicians got lipstick on the collar

The whole media started to holler
But I don't give a fuck who they screw in private
I wanna know who they screw in public
Robbin', cheatin', stealin'
White collar criminal
McDonald eatin', you deserve a beatin'
Send you home a weepin', with a fat bill for your
Caribbean weekend
For just about anything they can bust us
False advertising sayin' "halls of Justice"
You tellin' the youth don't be so violent
Then you drop bombs on every single continent
Mandatory minimum sentencin'
'cause he got caught with a pocket fulla medicine
Do that again another ten up in the pen
I feel so mad I wanna peaceful revolution
Singin'

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