

Arrested Development

"Give A Man A Fish"

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Lately I've been in a life like limbo
Looking out of a smudged up window
We're not sure where our lives are going
Friends, it's summer outside but yet we're snowed in

Don't know where our next dollar's coming from
Living the life of a poor musician
Headliner's strong so he keeps his 9 to 5
Cutting brothers' hair as a means of staying alive

If it wasn't for the rhythm
I think we would have given up by now
This system has gotten the best of me
Now I pray for God to invest in me

My dignity, invest his glory
Give me the strength so I can finish the story
Keep on searching for the right way to go out
'Cuz going out is what it's all about

You can't be passive, gotta be active
Can't go with what looks attractive
Gotta learn all I can while I'm able
Headliner expresses his feeling on those turntables

When we get our chance
To make a good living of the music we program
We don't sell out just to be sold out
Brothers and sisters, do you know what I'm yapping
about?

'Cuz if they take away our contract
We still got talent and we still got contacts
'Cuz we're worked real hard to get this far
We're catching the bus before we bought the car, ya
see

Give a man a fish, and he'll eat for a day
Teach him how to fish and he'll eat forever
Give a man a fish, and he'll eat for a day
Teach him how to fish and he'll eat forever

Got to get political
Political I gotta get
Grown but can't hold my own
So this government needs to be overthrown

Brothers with the A Ks and the 9 Ms

Need to learn how to correctly shoot 'em
Save those rounds for a revolution
Poor whites and blacks bum rushing the system

But I tell you ain't no room for gangstaz
'Cuz gangstaz do dirty work and get pimped by
mobsters
Some fat Italian eating pasta 'n lobster
Brothers getting jailed and mobsters own the coppers

So you you want out of the ghetto
First the political prisoners must be let go
And you must let go of your power master
My liquor got to your powerful master

You'll never get out without much discipline
Raise your fist but also raise your children
So when you die the movement moves on
'Cuz with revolution, ain't no future in front y'all

Direct your anger, love, nothing's ever built on hate
Instead love, love your life, tackle the government
The spooks that break down the door are Heaven sent
And my phrase went

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Alright

Rhythm makes your body move
Rhythm makes your mind move
Rhythm makes your elbows groove
Rhythm makes that behind move

Rhythm makes the people move
Rhythm makes you want to move
Rhythm makes your mind soothe

You know next stop is Jerusalem

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