

## Kellee Maize

### "Stay Human"

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Starvation is a creation of the devil  
A rebel  
I'm bringin' food to the people like a widow  
brinin' flowers to a grave in the middle  
of the city isolation is a riddle  
to be surrounded by a million other people  
but feel alone like a tree in the desert  
dried up like the skin of a lizard  
but full of color like the spots of a leopard  
drum and bass pull me in like a sheperd  
scratch my itch like a needle on a record  
full of life like a man gone to Mecca  
sky high like an eagle up soaring  
I speak low but I'm like a lion roaring  
baritone like a Robeson recordin'  
I'm giving thanks for bein' human every morning...

Because the streets are alive with the sound of Boom  
Bap  
can I hear it once again!  
Boom Bap tell your neighbor tell a friend  
every box gotta right to be boomin'  
because the streets are alive with the sound of Boom  
Bap  
can I hear it once again!  
Boom Bap tell your neighbor tell a friend  
every flower got a right to be bloomin'!  
Stay Human!

Be resistant  
the negativity we keep it at a distance  
call for backup and I'll give you some assistance  
like a lifesaver deep in the ocean  
stay afloat here upon the funky motion  
rock and roll upon the waves of the season  
hold your breath and your underwater breathin'  
To be rhymin' without a real reason  
is to claim but not to practice a religion  
is television is the drug of the nation  
satelite is immaculate reception  
beaming in they can look and they can listen

so you see don't believe in the system  
to legalize you or give you your freedom  
you want rights ask'em, they'll read 'em  
but every flower gotta right to be bloomin'  
stay human...

Cause all the freaky people make the beauty of the  
world

You see Y2K ya know is a moment  
in time we find that we can open  
up a heart that's locked or been broken  
by the pain of the words not spoken  
or shot by guns a still smokin'  
Cartwrights out on the Ponderosa  
or drive by bang in Testarossa  
we need to heed the words of Dalai Lama  
or at least the words of your mama  
take a mental trip to the Bahamas  
steam your body in a stereo sauna, sauna, comma....

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