

M.I.A. "20"

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War, war, war
Talking about y'all's such a bore, I'd rather talk 'bout
moi
Like do you know the cost of AK's up in Africa
20 dollars ain't shit to you but that's how much they are
So they gonna use the shit just to get far

Is gold, diamonds helping ya? Don't you like my
bandanna
My stains hang low on my shirts like ay yai ya
Lot monkey brains and banana, I'll hit you with my
antenna
Put soap in my eye, make it red so I look raa

Ra ra, so I woke up with my Holy Quran
And found out I like Cadillac
So we shooting till the song is up, little boys are acting
up
And baby mothers are going crazy
And the leaders all round cracking up

We grow rich, we fry
Price of living in a shanty town just seems very high
But we still like T.I., but we still love to fly
Dancing as we shooting up and looting just to get by

With your feet on the air, your head on the ground
Try this trick and spin it, yeah
Your head will collapse when there's nothing in it
And you'll ask yourself where is my mind
Where is my mind, where is my mind

War, war, war, who made me like this?
Was it me and God in co-production?
My devil's on speed dial
Every time I take the wrong direction

All I want is one thing and that is what you got
Sometimes I go lose my mind, then I feel numb
There's 24 hours in a day, I used to split it 8, 8, 8
8 work, 8 sleep, 8 for play, now I give it all it takes

Now people on the Internet, a new life for the intellect
People judge me so hard 'coz I don't floss my teeth set
I was born out of dirt like I'm porn in a skirt
I was a little girl who made good with all what I blurt

I put people on the map that never seen a map
I show 'em something they ain't never seen
And hope they make it back

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