

**M.I.A.****"I'm A Singer"**Visit "[I'm A Singer](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

So you wanna hear about my politics  
Yea, i can show you things that can make you sick,  
There's a satellite above me that's taking pics  
And the army from the west have started sending mix  
And im sat in America doing tricks  
So the army's looking at me like im a bitch  
And im thinking about the babies lying in the ditch  
Thinkin' if they had a kite phone you'll see this shit  
And what you see on myspace, just a little bit,  
And the story is always fucked by the time it hits,  
Why the hell would journalist be thick as shit,

[Chorus]

I'm a singer  
Never said anything else  
I didn't lie to you  
Thinkin' of somebody else

[Verse Two - M.I.A.]

Yeah, ego and hate is your burning brick,  
You live in the mansions stealing from the sick,  
Did my tsunami money go to your chicks  
For her Bentley is she riding your dirty dick  
Your son can go to Harvard to learn the tricks,  
Like economics eats the poor like a Twix  
In the third world stick would sniff you out like (dicks)  
You write your own reviews to get away with it  
You can talk shit to me im used to it  
You make me hard with the wounds that i had to lick  
You can pick on me and i can see it out a click  
Your a racist i wouldn't trust you one bit

[Chorus]

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Never said anything else  
I didn't lie to you  
Thinkin' of somebody else

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