

## Michael Franti & Spearhead

### "Food for the Masses"

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I love family  
'cause family brings inspirations  
one love to you and peace to all the nations  
Aztlan the Puerto Rican and Jamaican  
the African the Maori, Kouri and the Haitian  
on the chocolate reservation  
I'll take a hit and then pass the information  
to the left hand side and  
keep providin', pride and,  
sustenance and guidance  
Mass Hysteria fools breaking down the barrier  
militant cliques big up the area  
put your fist in the air now,  
show me that cha care now  
and that cha really know how  
Don't get thee behind me Satan  
I'll keep thee in front so I can kick thee in the ass and  
assassinate all your wicked inventions  
your new world order and your global intentions  
not to mention the department of corrections  
makin' money off of people in detention  
doin' time for possessions  
countin' the days in the dark they buildin' up  
aggressins  
progressions all the dirty lessons  
in the belly of the beast only God hears confessions  
Geronimo Pratt's still sittin' in the cellar  
done as many years as they did Mandela  
Parole board wanted to know are you remorseful  
how could I be because I didn't do the crime yo  
y'all's the Motha fucka's that's guilty  
lockin' me in solitary eight years of filthy  
kill the messenger, you can't kill the message  
yo I'm bringin' food for the masses

(Chorus)

For the Masses for the masses  
mental food food for the masses  
for the masses for the masses for the true for the true  
For the Masses for the masses  
mental food food for the masses

for the masses for the masses for the true for the true

So let's eat have a seat  
call the Maitre D'  
commencin' with the riddim  
I get open on the beat  
let 'em say what they say about the way that we be  
it's the year two triple O  
They can't stop we  
Aw'ight, Sellassie I the book unfolds  
I write 'cause half the story has never been told so  
No one can stop it the whole world's droppin out the  
socket  
Blowin' up, like NASA when I rock it  
the high tech ways of the civilized man  
can't stand my people but ya love the sun tan  
Fly the space shuttle like dancer and prancer  
you nuke the north pole now you got skin cancer  
the answer you see I'm fly like Lufthansa  
you can Valujet but you takin' big chances  
on crashes. Change your name like Cassius  
the classes be making food for the masses  
then shift to a speed that's common for the listeners  
MC's and wanna be street politicians  
in competition with the envious visions  
they chasin' paper dollars to a pop chart prison  
but listen this isn't me against you  
'cause the whole world's checking out the things that  
we do  
ya sold your soul to the Saint Ide's brew  
that's aw'ight I like the Sprite in you

(Chorus)

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