

Michael Franti & Spearhead "Runfayalife"

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"Runfayalife"

Every woman every man wanna move dem feet
Every woman every man love a Spearhead beat!

Police in the city
Is shuttin all the clubs down
It's lookin like a ghost town
Ya know Mary- what we gotta do?
Hell Yeah!
We gotta go underground"
To da place- from which we all came from
House parties-they was always fun
Remember tryin to rig a sound system
Everybody- would bring a donation
When we needed- to get a turn table
My man Zulu
Would borrow one from aunt Mable
Set it up in the corner-
Turn the lights down until the mornin'

[Chorus]

But the party ain't started till the speaker's blown
NO! NO! NO!
Run fa ya life!
The party ain't started 'till the speaker's blown

While he was settin up camp
Someone else would bring a home stereo amp
With a note from they mama-
"don't turn it up loud or it's a goner"
Sorry mama- there's no chance
Cause if the shit ain't bumpin'
People ain't gonna dance
"know what I'm sayin'" ("Turn that shit up")
Everybody in the place would bring a few speakers
String em all togetha like they was sneakers
And say a prayer- before we turn it on
Hopin that the amp- wouldn't get blown.
I asked Mary watcha think of it
"now we need a D.J. to work this shit"
So everybody- would bring a few singles- get

The beat bumpin
And then start to mingle

[Chorus]

Every woman every man wanna move dem feet
Every woman every man love a Spearhead beat!

Every brother and every sister
Would pay respect up to the ancestors
We would dance and we would celebrate
Even though we live in a police state
Then the pigs- would try to make a statement
With a ticket- for noise abatement
But we kept it pumpin'- till the braekadawn
Then we told the cops
They gotta break the door down
And today- across the nation- don't ya know
It's the same situation
Alotta cities lookin like a ghost town
But the house party will never be shut down
No no no!

[Chorus]

Every woman every man wanna move dem feet
Every woman every man love a Spearhead beat!

[repeat]

This one's dedicated to all the DJ's, rappers,
Promoters, producers who continue to throw
Jams in the face of adversity. Peace
Peace to the informal nation. Word Up!

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