

## **Mos Def** **"Dollar Day"**

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So there's a story about the lady in Louisiana  
She's a flood survivor and the rescue teams  
They come through, and they, I guess tryna recover  
people  
And they see this women she's wadin through the  
streets  
I guess it'd been some time after the storm  
And I guess they were shocked that you know she was  
alive  
And rescue worker said, "So, oh my God h-how did you  
survive  
How did you do it? Where've you been?"  
And she said, "Where I been? Where you been?"  
Hah, Where you been? You understand?  
That's about the size of it

This for the streets, the streets everywhere  
The streets affected by the storm called... America  
I'm doin this for y'all, and for me, for the Creator

God save, these streets  
One dollar per every human being  
Feel that Katrina clap  
See that Katrina clap

Listen, homie, it's Dollar Day in New Orleans  
It's water water everywhere and people dead in the  
streets  
And Mr. President he bout that cash  
He got a policy for handlin the niggaz and trash  
And if you poor you black  
I laugh a laugh they won't give when you ask  
You better off on crack  
Dead or in jail, or with a gun in Iraq  
And it's as simple as that  
No opinion my man it's mathematical fact  
Listen, a million poor since 2004  
And they got -illions and killions to waste on the war  
And make you question what the taxes is for  
Or the cost to reinforce, the broke levee wall  
Tell the boss, he shouldn't be the boss anymore  
Y'all pray amin

God save, these streets  
One dollar per every human being  
Feel that Katrina clap  
See that Katrina clap  
God save, these streets  
Quit bein' cheap nigga freedom ain't free  
Feel that Katrina clap  
See that Katrina clap

Lord have mercy  
Lord God God save our soul  
A God save our soul, a God  
A God save our souls  
Lord God God save our soul  
A God save our soul soul soul  
Soul survivor

It's Dollar Day in New Orleans  
It's water water everywhere and babies dead in the  
streets

It's enough to make you holler out  
Like where the fuck is Sir Bono and his famous friends  
now  
Don't get it twisted man I dig U2  
But if you ain't about the ghetto then fuck you too  
Who care bout rock 'n roll when babies can't eat food  
Listen homie man that shit ain't cool

It's like Dollar Day for New Orleans  
It's water water everywhere and homies dead in the  
streets  
And Mr. President's a natural ass  
He out treatin niggaz worse than they treat the trash

God save, these streets  
One dollar per every human being  
Feel that Katrina Clap  
See that Katrina Clap  
God save, these streets  
Quit bein cheap nigga freedom ain't free!  
Feel that Katrina Clap  
See that Katrina Clap  
Soul survivor

God God God save our soul  
A God save our soul  
A God, a God save our soul  
Lord God God save our soul  
A God save our soul a God a God save

Lord did not intend for the wicked to rule the world  
Say God did not intend for the wicked to rule the world  
God did not intend for the wicked to rule the world  
And even when they knew it's a matter of truth  
Before they wick-ed ruling is through

God save, these streets  
A Dollar Day for New Orleans  
God save, these streets  
Quit bein cheap homie freedom ain't free

God save these streets  
One dollar per every human being  
Feel that Katrina Clap  
See that Katrina Clap  
God save these streets  
Quit bein cheap nigga freedom ain't free!  
Feel that Katrina Clap! Ha  
Ghetto Katrina Clap! Ha

Soul survivor  
Lord God God save our soul  
A God save God save our soul

Feel that Katrina Clap  
Let's make them dollars stack  
And rebuild these streets  
God save these streets  
God save these streets  
God save the soul!  
Feel that Katrina Clap  
See that Katrina Clap  
Soul survivor

Don't talk about it, be about it  
Peace

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