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1989 the number, another summer (Get down)
Sound of the funky drummer
Music hittin' your heart 'cause I know you got soul
Brothers and sisters
Listen if you're missin', y'all
Swingin' while I'm singin' (Hey), givin' what you're gettin'
Knowin' what I know and while the Black band's sweatin'
And the rhythm-rhyme's rollin'
Got to give us what we want (Uh)
Got to give us what we need (Hey)
Our freedom of speech is freedom of death
We've got to fight the powers that be
Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be
As the rhythm designed to bounce, what counts
Is that the rhyme's designed to fill your mind
Now that you've realized the pride's arrived
We got to pump the stuff to make us tough
From the heart, it's a start, a work of art
To revolutionize, make a change, nothing's strange
People, people, we are the same
No, we're not the same 'cause we don't know the game
What we need is awareness, we can't get careless
You say, "What is this?"
My beloved, let's get down to business, mental self-defensive fitness
Bum-rush the show
You got to go for what you know
To make everybody see
In order to fight the powers that be
Fight the power
In order to fight the powers that be
Fight the power
In order to fight the powers that be
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Elvis was a hero to most, but he never meant shit to me

You see, straight-out racist, that sucker was simple and plain Motherfuck him and John Wayne
I'm ready, I'm hyped, plus, I'm amped
Most of my heroes don't appear on no stamps
Sample a look back, you look and find nothing
But rednecks for four hundred years if you check
"Don't Worry Be Happy" was a number-one jam
Damn, if I say it, you can slap me right here
Get it, let's get this party started right
Right on, come on
What we got to say?
Power to the people, no delay
To make everybody see
In order to fight the powers that be

Fight the power