

We Gotta Help Ourselves

King 810

"Today President Obama declared Flint, Michigan a disaster area."
"We're getting poisoned water, and we have no rights."
"The children's blood tests revealed high exposure to lead."
"Go to that school, where that kid's gotta drink that water right now!"
"They say, 'Why don't you just move?' Most of us don't have a choice. We're stuck here."
"Damage from lead is irreversible."
"I declare a federal emergency in Flint."

I come from a place where,
Trouble lives there.
Crime is everywhere,
They ask why I stay here.

Cause I ain't built to run,
Not from a smoking gun,
Not from the government,
Not from anyone.

My skin's too thick,
And I don't fear death;
I was raised in the belly of the beast.

They got our names in their mouth,
Cause of our struggle again.

Flint Michigan.

Step into the lion's den.

Man did this,
And they bleed like us.
And they'll bleed us to death,
But in God we trust.

Cause the power's in the people,
And the number's in each other,
And our strength is in our sisters and our brothers.

And I only hear silence,
Not when they speak,
I hear what they don't say
Cause words remain weak.

I'm in the streets with the people,
They're the only ones I trust,
Cause they don't really care about us.

Nobody's gonna help us!
We gotta help ourselves!
Nobody's gonna love us!
We gotta love ourselves.

Nobody's gonna hurt us!
We're only hurting ourselves.
Nobody's gonna help us,
We gotta help ourselves.

"This week's issue of Times Magazine cover story entitled, 'The Poisoning Of An American City.'"

I come from a place where,
Smoke is in the air.
Bodies everywhere,
No one seems to care.

They ship water to the war zone,
You are not alone.
We, the people!
With our hands
On the wishbone.

This here is Murdertown,
Did you forget?
It's here today,
Gone tomorrow,
News, will it stick?

They used a holler as a Band-Aid,
And give it to the victims,
But you must treat the cause-
Not the symptoms.

Man, we've mad it this far,
Look at our scars.
We survived the war,
Look at our hearts!

I'm a die-hard Flintstone,
Second-ward soldier,
And the man can't kill me,
Out the side, when I go.

And we all have access to genius.
Even when,
They poison us when they feed us.
Even when,
It seems like we're defeated,
Cause the power still stays in the people.

I'm not blaming any longer,
But if what doesn't kill you makes you stronger,
Then you've created a monster.

In the streets with the people,
They're the only ones I trust,
Cause they don't give a fuck about us.

Nobody's gonna help us!
We gotta help ourselves!
Nobody's gonna love us!
We gotta love ourselves.

Nobody's gonna hurt us!
We're only hurting ourselves.
Nobody's gonna help us,
We gotta help ourselves.

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