

# Gas Gauge (The World's In Your Hands)

Michael Franti & Spearhead

At days arrival one man at the table  
Eatin' corn flakes checkin out the paper  
His brother walks in from a hard nights caper  
Half hungover and looking for his pager  
What's in the news today did we find a saviour  
Nah I'm just looking for some part time labor  
By the way did you remember put the gas in my ride  
Or must I remind ya how I lost my last job  
Chill with all that chatter  
Ya know ya need to stall  
Trust me baby bro that's what big brotha's for  
Uh uh, I got interviews today  
So don't even front about my broken gas gauge  
By the way things are looking it's a very good day  
If I could ever find my wallet I'll be on my way  
Bigger brotha steps to his girlfriend's place  
Just then the phone rings and it was moms to say  
Remind ya big brotha it's your cousin's birthday  
And I'ma need a half dozen eggs for the cake  
No problem moms I'll tell him later in the day  
But now I can't find my wallet gotta go I'm late

The world's in your hands  
Don't waste... don't waste your time

Back to the saga  
The car wouldn't start up JJJJhhhhh...JJJJhhhhh there he goes  
Now he's rolling like a baller  
Out of the city and into the woods  
For a job with a hammer where the pay is good  
Reaches in the back seat for his favorite tape  
Uuuh a condom from his brotha's last date  
Damn my lazy no good brotha  
And just as he says it, the car starts to sputter  
And sputter, until it outright stops  
The gas tank empty, not even a drop  
I'm gonna choke that nigga when I reach my spot  
Three miles from no place and now I gotta walk  
To the top of the hill and down again  
'round the bend page my broth from the old fruit stand  
The phone ring rings yo it's me your big brotha  
I told ya not to sweat me when I'm laying with my lover  
What! You punk ass broke muthafukka  
I told ya cut the crap when it came to my endeavors  
Chill baby bro and don't even start it there's a gallon in  
The trunk and if ya need more fart it  
Some of my shit along with ya lost wallet  
Is in the glove box kid, the mystery solv-en  
Take what's yours and leave mine where ya saw it  
My baby's calling gotta go stay solid

So he hung up the phone in a rush to leave  
I forgot to tell my brotha 'bout the cake recipe  
Star 69 so he pushed it in  
But by now the bigger brotha was pursuing some skins

The phone ring rings - don't answer it  
It's my little brotha calling fuckin' with me again  
So he beeped him back a one two more times  
But he was already naked with his Valentine  
Damn - I Gotta - get back to the ride What the hell's  
Going on with this day of mine,  
Once again up the hill down the other side  
What the fucks a cop doin' snooping by my ride  
yo officer - check it - out everything is fine  
I just ran outta gas and now I'm running outta time  
Slow down boy this ain't no race  
I can tell you kinda people ain't from this place  
Tell ya what turn around put ya hands on the hood  
And ya best act good just like a good boy should  
Listen up holdup - I'm speaking the truth  
See I'm just trying to get to this here job interview  
Shut them lips boy don't let 'em get no bigger  
Or I'm gonna have to say I was attacked by a nigger  
Now if you wanna make it through the morning with me  
I suggest you wise up and show me valid I.D.  
Chill man - awright - problem - we solve it  
My brotha put my wallet in the glove box compartment  
Aw'ight you can get it but ya don't move quick  
Just remember I'm behind ya with a full up clip  
He opens up the box and to their surprise  
Out pops a wallet and the bigger brothers nine  
The cop shouts "Freeze"  
Raise ya hand kid he reaches for his wallet  
And the cop goes blam  
Damn - pulp fiction in the car  
Another dead homey tryin' a find a job  
MMM MMm MMm  
Back at the crib bigger brotha laying up and girlfriend says  
Maybe you should give ya little brother a call  
And don't forget it's ya cousin's birthday after all  
I will in a minute please let me be  
I think he left me a message on the message machine  
Big brotha - I'm gonna be home late  
And I'm afraid that my day has been great  
Can I remind you if it's not too late  
To get a half dozen eggs for the birthday cake