

Runfayalife

Spearhead

Spearhead, search and destroy

Every woman, every man wanna move dem feet
Every woman, every man love a spearhead beat

Police in the city is shittin' 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?

But the party ain't started till the speaker's blown
No, no, no, runfayalife
'Coz the party ain't started 'till the speaker's blown

Because the party ain't started till the speaker's blown
No, no, no, runfayalife
Because the party ain't started 'till the speaker's blown
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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??

Everybody in the place would bring a few speakers
String 'em all togetha, like they was sneakers
An' 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 DJ to work this shit?
So everybody would bring a few singles
Get the beat bumpin' an' then start to mingle

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No, no, no, runfayalife
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An' 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

An' the pigs would try to make a statement
With a ticket for noise abatement
But we kept it pumpin? till the breakadawn
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, runfayalife

Because the party ain?t started till the speaker?s blown
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But The party ain?t started ?till the speaker?s blown

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No, no, no

Yeah, this one?s dedicated to all the DJs, 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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