

## Profyle F/ Juvenile

### " Bush"

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[David Banner]

Mama ain't got no cash, daddy aint got no doe  
So daddy went to my mama and started pimpin that  
hoe  
Man it's hard times, niggas ain't got shit  
Nothin but billy clubs to they head and they ass kicked  
Heroin in they vein, cocaine up in they brain  
Man what you expect, America gave us pain  
So fuck it, now we thugs, ??? mean drugs  
And takin mean mugs, and fill 'em with those slugs  
I gave up fake gods, and Jesus don't look like us  
Why y'all think we gon' kill and just don't give a hot fuck  
Devil that's how you made us, ??? us up in the pen  
Man we came out blind, that's why we goin back in  
But God, I'mma teach 'em, reach 'em up in these  
streets  
Bush, I'm runnin' up in this shit like a track meet  
You murdered, up in Texas where killin' is such a sin  
The first month you in office you started killin' again  
But shit, we just some niggas and that's how the game  
go  
Y'all took us up out the state moved us straight out to  
Death Row  
Y'all may of, made us slaves but never make us your  
hoe  
God, you my pimp so let's start exposin' these hoes  
Y'all judges some weak pussies, y'all preaches some  
rapin' fags  
These people that made us slaves, these niggas wavin'  
they flags  
America ain't shit but home of the hot lick  
They hang us all by rope, then laugh and cut off our  
dick

[Chorus]

Have y'all niggas ever thought about  
All the things we been talkin' bout  
Down in Mississippi  
Down in Mississippi  
Have y'all niggas ever thought about  
All the things we been talkin' bout

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