

Puff Daddy P Diddy

"American Dream"

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P. Diddy & David Bowie f/ Black Rob, Loon, Kain, Mark Curry

[P. Diddy]

This is not America

Bad Boy baby, David Bowie, let's go

[Chorus: David Bowie]

This is not America

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This is not America

[P. Diddy]

Land where my father died, land where my children
cried

Come on, America, ain't no barriers

Free the strings, let's see how freedom rings

One nation all gettin' down for the dollars

And the heat is gettin' hotter

But a lot don't understand

Just the way some plan to break you

I done seen the whole thing go straight through

Hungry for it, I'ma make you

Pay back what's due to me

Everybody gonna see, look what they put upon me

Made me a monster, two steps beyond ya

More streets to wonder

For which it stands for cause let's get it

Cause I'ma get mine for damn sure, come on

[Loon]

Screens, greens car candy painted

Chicks in cream is the American dream, ain't it?

I pledge allegiance to Beamers, dark skies

Sleepless nights on the block, two for fives

Deep in the struggles but need the hustle

Weed and blow shit I make the block bubble

I'm to the point where I'm playa hatin'

Fool in the stash and I'm losin' my patience

Medieval times in the chest of the beast

Come around sniffin' I'ma mess up ya fleece

Job lookin' I'd rather be pot cookin'

It's not America, son this is Brooklyn

Home of the shiesty, home of the crook

We signed joints, ain't scared to do a took

My country tis of thee, where there's no liberty

Just misery, ya heard me

[Chorus]

[Kain]

Now why can't I breathe with a gun and come free

If six dead people run this country
Now they come cause my crew's too large
Who the fuck put chu' in charge
Runnin' around here like you is God
Then they wonder why the shootin' starts
Gettin' checks with half my stacks
I forgot George Bush wrote half my raps
Murderin' people for blastin' facts
Then blamin' other cats for their tragic acts
I'm tryin' to get paid till my eyes is closin'
Cops is like freeze and I'm already frozen
So they clap and they brawl in hysteria
Tappin' Jackson callin' this area
Green gots cats crawlin' to bury ya
Don't blame Kain for the fall of America

[Chorus]

[Mark Curry]

Uh, yo what about these streets here
Before y'all creep here
Look around we there
365 days a year
Lines to cross no fear
And what appears to be roses
See I'm knowin' this
When I chose this
What's right

In broad day or night

More dope deals

I'm tryin' to stay on my heels

Every day's training day

Some things not in explainin' ways

Who said crimes don't pay

Choices to make

Ain't too many chances left to take

Things look so green

The sign of the times corruption politics, youg ones
dyin'

What you made of

Either hate or love

Pressure on the nine when push come to shove

[Chorus]

[David Bowie]

A little piece of you (I'm ya worst nightmare)

A little peace in me

A little piece of you (This is not America)

A little peace in me

Will go

[Chorus]

[Black Rob]

Yo, why you cocksuckers pullin' me over

Racial profilin' me cause I ain't pushin' no Nova

I'm up to par lookin'

I know police corruption is up this year and y'all
crooked

Took my hard white

Had niggas sellin' the same block, pumpin' the same
night

Arrest me, come to court and lie

Yeah that's him, pointin' like I'm the guy

What chu' want those is me of the block

Yo, so you can serve fiends everytime they knock

Just last summer had the mad Hummer

They took that and didn't even give me they badge
number

So how am I supposed to feel

Who I'm supposed to call when the shit gets real

Word man I'd rather dial 8-1-1 when it's important

Plus they ain't tryin' to score like Ed Norton, word

[Chorus to fade

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