

T-K.A.S.H. f/ The Coup

"American Nightmare"

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[Verse One]

It's the return of the niggas with four-fives and hollow-tips
Mobbing in the whip with camcorders to follow pigs
The return of role models and watching kids
Smashing on them for trying to be on the block and shit
The return for truce time and conferences
Another level that's far beyond 'consciousness'
The return of dope dealers who smoke niggas
Taking time out to find out: Why we going
Dumb in the first place? And how we
Make a better way up out the worst way? It's the
Return of gangster ceasefire, plans to reach higher
Just like a CEO with plans to retire
Return of the neighborhood baby-mama trust fund
When baby-daddy get knocked, you hustle up one
It's the return of thugs who come undone
With drug runs and busting guns at loved ones

[Chorus]

It's the return of the real American nightmare
Standing in the section of the city that might scare
Sucker motherfuckers because they know they could
die there
But I bring light there with what I share
The return of the real American nightmare
Black man with a plan, that's me right there
Half-Filipin', T-K.A.S.H., guillotine
Sharp-shoot for the Guerilla team; it isn't a dream

[Verse Two]

It's the return of the niggas that's down to beat a
woman
Getting shot up in the dick 'til he bleed like he a woman
You got to let a ho be a ho, a bitch is a bitch
Regardless, that ain't no way to treat a woman
Return of the hoodnik, it's free food
For the families where the hood is
You integrate the bad kids with the good kids
And teach them all who President Bush is
It's the return of the fast food boycotts

All cultures from Tabasco to soy sauce
The return of thugs who unplug the Playstations at
night
And check for toy guns in their little boy's toy box
The return of the young gang member
Done with gangs forever to change for the better
The streets run cold but your brain is the sweater
And ain't nobody else going to bring it together

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

It's the return of the red rag, blue rag, truce flag
Sneaking in the back of the White House with two mags
I ain't speaking of straps, right, I'm speakin of
flashlights
In the night to find where the truth at
It's the return of physically being on point
In return no more drinking or being on joints
It's the return of prisoners picking books up
In return no more push-ups
No more hook-ups with no more hookers
Return your ass home so dinner get cooked up
And if you got to creep at least get you some grown
work
If she wasn't born in the year of your birth, don't return
the call
Reparations for black folks, return it all
Though we mobilize and return to burn it all
Guerrilla Funk, revolutionary rebirth
But we starting out with the streets first
The return

[Chorus]

[Boots Riley]

I'm pitching constant fits trying to cop that grip
Make me drink a fifth and can't drop that shit
Y'all don't really want to see me pop that clip
Smack Bush in the face and say, "Stop that lip"
Frustrated because her mother's young
Buster made it, and you think that you
Underrated, what you don't know is popos
And CEOs wish y'all both was faded
And that's undebated, ain't that a blip?
Judge and the D.A. want to send me on a trip
Know I got to hustle just to stack a little grip
The return of the rebel with plans, straps and lists

[T-K.A.S.H.]

Freedom fighters in the building, go raise your fist

[Boots]

The return of the rebel with plans, straps and lists

[T-K.A.S.H.]

+Turf War Syndrome+, a +Bigger Weapon is Picked+

[Boots]

The return of the rebel with plans, straps and lists

[Chorus]

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