

Trick Daddy F/ Society

"America"

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[Trick Daddy]
'Posed to be...
Land of the free
I don't see how
Count me in
Uh
America
Oh
America
Ha-ha-ha
America (America)
Sweet land of liberty y'all

I'm doing this one for the struggle
And every bad doin' brotha
Sista, daddy and mother
Who livin' in the gutter
You want
Better cars
And a better heart
Another start
Yo' own yard
And a place to park
You wanna
Trust 'em ??
And a better li' (life)
A bigger crib
And a home cooked meal
Every single night
He'll feel with you
Goin' through
But I coulda warned you
When its time to be a man
Do all you can
See other lands
And don't be livin' for the other man
Take time out and settle in
Be the better man
And close ? watch your friends
And then
You'll understand

A lil' better then
But on the other hand
You so god damn stubborn
And you be
Startin' shit
And ever since you made president
We ain't even seen you since
You need to (You need to)
Fill our schools
Rebuild our church and homes
Stop killin' my own kind
And leave my Earth alone
And stop tappin' my phone
And searchin' my brone
And keep your personal feelings home
When you bandin' my chrome
Do it for the
Weak and the strong
And to each his own
We do it for the main goal
So when all the heat is gone

(Chorus)

This game wasn't told to me (Told to me)
It was sold to me (Sold to me)
And we are never free (No!)
No way
Not in America (Not America)
Not America (Not in America uh-uh)
Our country 'tis of thee ('tis of thee)
Land of Liberty (Liberty)
But that'll never be (Never Be - NO!)
No way
Not in America (uh-uh Not in this America)
Not in America (No)

[Society]

You only got 2 bucks and give less than a fuck -- then
you a nigga
Got a nice home and a Lexus truck -- you a nigga
World champions and you M.V.P -- you a nigga
4 degrees and a Ph.D -- still a nigga
You use your platinum ?? for ID's -- then you's a nigga
If your skin is brown just like me -- then you a nigga
Got a promotion and a FAT ass raise -- you still a nigga
You from the islands and your peoples wasn't slaves --
you a nigga
No matter how much your ass get paid -- you still a
nigga
Shot by the cops at a traffic stop -- cause you a nigga
That's why I hold toast too

I sell bi-coastal
International
They inter-catching you with satellites in deep space
Now...Who invented niggaz in the first place?
And said America is the original birthplace?
Who gettin' 10 - 20 - Life on they first case?
My niggaz

(Chorus)

[Trick Daddy]
I'm doin' this one for the
Kids in the streets
Who ain't missed a beat
Do it for the
Deaf and the blind
And those who don't eat meat
Do it for all the
Children of the corn
And the unborn
Do it for the speedy trials
And all the lies you done sworn
How you gon' keep the man
Old Mr. Crooked ass preachin' man
When your whole congregation drivin' a brand new
Benz
And writing brand new sins
Lyn' on a million men
And all my brothers, sisters, them daddys, and them
doin' time in the Penn

(Chorus repeated till end)

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