

## **Cunninlynguists f/ Tim Means**

### **"America Loves Gangsters"**

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[Hook: Deacon]

There's something about a vandal's lust  
The lifestyles of the scandalous  
Ain't nothing like it - america loves gangsters (ha ha ha  
ha)  
Look at all the angel dust, the cocaine and the  
cannabis  
Ain't nothing like it - america loves gangsters (he he he  
he)  
Cause its fun to watch cannon's bust  
Ain't nothing like it - america loves gangsters (we we  
we we)  
Gone off that gangsta gangsta (2X) (for so long)  
GOne off that gangsta gangsta (2X) (and so on)

[Verse 1: Natti]

America loves Gottis, America loves bodies  
Pacino counting C-Notes for shooting up club lobbies  
While Eddie Nash constrols bankrolls in Wonderland  
Tony Soprano hits channels and holds down On-  
Demand  
We wanna see it and some motherfuckers gon' wanna  
be it  
Others are doing numbers that breed it, bleed it, can't  
defeat it  
Bush, the political gangster, man you gotta be high  
Gave plenty of orders for slaughters ain't swatted a fly  
Modern day cowboys wit shiny alloys for side arms  
Hiding behind bombs, advanced cowards  
In Jesse James ways we handled the Towers  
Guns blazing for freeze framing the King of New York  
In the moments we face opponents give thanks to  
"gangsta"  
Maybe place Babyface Nelson in ranks to bank ya  
Got enough angst to handle the handle and squeeze  
the trigger  
But pop that in the city its "Freeze Nigga!!"

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Deacon]

A-scare-ica lusts danger, danger, danger  
War, load the tanks up  
In the name of the Lord give thanks for anger  
More major paper in "Gangsta" Gangster  
Heats nerves and veins hearing words from pranksters  
Anger anchors us, cinematic screens spew  
Wrangler language, systematic schemes too  
Change the brain up, divide and conquer  
Mob on em, ride till their lives are contra'd  
Monsters, driven by capital as a stimuli  
Can never be too powerful, it makes us all admire you  
We'll follow until we fall like fallen star from sky, I  
Can't say it's impact hasn't hollowed walls inside my  
Heart, my art, ummmm insane  
Is it that smart to react dark when facing pain?  
You ain't that hard, that scarred or that real  
To go that far, for that kill, for that feel, now that's ill

[Tim Means](Spoken Word)

It's 6pm again  
And i'm tuning into CNN watching marines mow down  
Crowds with machine guns  
16 weeks training, Atilla the Huns philosophies  
And now they're thinking we won't bring peace to these  
Streets with the same techniques that shit's hypocrisy  
This ain't Democracy it's a Survival of the Fittest  
A country built behind closed doors with gods as their  
witness  
Picture this  
People can become so blind that their ears can't listen  
Trying to save their souls with penitentiareligion  
superstition  
Never done unto others but claiming that they're  
Christian  
While God's children are sittin home praying and  
wishing  
For answers to their questions  
Herd of the Armageddon wondering what side that  
we're destined  
Life be a war ain't no time for restin  
That's why you give up your seven to five, just to stay  
alive  
Trying to fuel the fire inside before the God in me has  
died  
Eyes, wide, trying to look out through this labyrinth  
Hoping to leave this earth with the same presence that  
we came with  
Trying to steer my path in opposite on opposite  
directions  
That man came went  
My soul came, spent, I tried to get it back

Thinking that if my heart stopped that my body could  
relax  
But there's no time to be lax  
Because there's a war all through creation  
God's Warriors are dying and gangsters are their  
replacements

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