

## **Trick Daddy Featuring 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

Lyin' 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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