

Barbra Streisand

"American Made"

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(ADmoney)

I know you all just wanna hear some, mellow laid back
something for the
heart
You know what I'm saying
That good old American pride

[Scotty Edge]

Well I'm American this I'm American that
From the cold water flat and my emigrant cap
Never turn your back cause these colours don't run
When it's time to go to war you better man them guns
Cause the older the fiddle the sweeter the tune
I ain't no senators son born with no silver spoon
It's the first man on the moon
Don't like it don't stay
It's the good ol' Lordz of Brookln from the U-S of A

[Chorus]

I'm a Lord, Lord to the day that I die
A real man drives a Chevy, drinks a Bud when he's dry
Taste the whole apple pie, cause the limits the sky
I'm a Lord to the day that I die
Lordz of Brooklyn to the day that I die
I'm a Lord to the day that I die
Lordz of Brooklyn to the day that I die

[ADmoney]

Well I'm American and yo I'll die for the pride
It's the star spangled ban-ner right in your eye
Here to serve your ass with some straight up grass
Right out the still hit you hard real fast
Put down my cloddy let's get it on
Put up your dukes I'm gonna drop that bomb
I'm not here to speak but to speak upon a lesson
Raise my flag high put my hand on my chest
and the gun on my back and I'm off to the war
To settle the score
Right or wrong
Here's to the men lost in Vietnam
This one goes out to my Sis and my Mom

[Chorus]

[Kaves]

Once upon a time in America
Real men drove a Chevy not an Acura
Do you think you're tough I might laugh at ya
Cause my aim is quite spectacular

[Scotty Edge]

Well it's the blue collar, barber shop pallor
I trust in God like the almighty dollar
We be taking a stand like the quiet man
An American band we're coming to your land
With some proud about our past shit
Some hard working class shit
On Sunday go to mass and on Monday kick your ass
shit
From sea to frigging sea we're being all we can be
I said A Tree Grows In Brooklyn it's about a family
My mother out the window hanging clothes on the line
My father on the job who never crossed the picket line
My crew in the joint who gotta fight to do their time
If you listen to the words then you'll understand the
rhyme

[Chorus]

(Kid talking till fadeout)

"I'm a Lord to the day that I die
Lordz of Brooklyn to the day that I die"

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