

## **Boaz**

### **"America"**

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Power to the people

We got more crack in the ghetto than makin' grow in  
columbia  
Put this shit right in front of ya (yup! this is america)  
We've got more guns than the hall than soldiers out on  
the line  
See hustlers out on their grind (I can get rich in  
america)  
And we all just tryna make it all around the world  
But don't you never mistake (ain't no place like  
america)  
And your pride gets hard to swallow when everything  
controlled by that almighty dollar  
(We don't fear god in america)

Ok the sun rise from the east, the west smoke by the  
piece  
The crime rate in my city still rising like niss  
My young homie said fuck school and hit the block  
I tried to tell him be thankful for the shit you got  
Cuz ain't nobody gon do nothing for you (nah)  
They gave the ghetto dope to hang ourselves then kick  
the bucket for you  
Still throwin' rocks at the pen from the dope spot  
My home boy just got out and locked up again  
Cuz ain't no dissup (not at all)  
Speaking frankly, it's all about the benjamins  
More chiefs than indians  
That's why I just be playin' my part part  
Keep doing my thing thing  
My phone like a telefine, it's always gon ring ring  
My hands cash register, they always go ching ching  
Call me joe blow cuz I'm smokin' that lean green  
Gotta stay high to deal with all these characters  
Cash rules everything all over america

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Nah nigga, we tryin' to ball nigga  
Well it's ejectin' into getting my hot winner  
From a nobody nigga to top tenner  
To bitches give you the head, just hopin' that I  
remember  
Obama lied, ain't see shit changed  
The cocaine came, with no shame we does our thing  
My gang go bang, this block we're the same  
Our block be the same, I might just get rid of that rage  
And cup me a plane, I'm ghetto fabulous  
Not corporate but nigga rich  
Jesus christ can't believe this shit  
The pistol on me make me feel great  
Your mad murk can make you feel hate  
Murder squad, get your sale first  
God couldn't help me with the bills I paid  
So I'm still in the collection play  
Pray to him and get the answer late  
On my knees, just tired of trying to get his attention  
So fuck it, I'm back to this shit

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Everybody on welfare, nobody got health care  
The war going on right here  
The president well aware  
Come to your city but we'll visit the ghetto there  
We in our own world from california to delaware  
The black mafia  
Yea, the hood be arrangin' how the prices be inflated

on the goods we exchangein'  
Ain't got the damn  
To be a doctor was my earlier plan  
Still experience let me know I had the world in my  
hands  
Now I got so many girls in my pants  
Don't know if they're reaching for me or the jacksons  
and grants  
I see my fans, they all hoppin' the aks  
Young bo, will you go put the game back in a trance?  
I'm like I'm on it I'm on it  
You see how I be doing it  
I feel it then I record it  
Sound the same when I perform it  
To tell the truth, the crack game was never borer  
Let them be the best memories we talk about tourin'  
Gie

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