

Cunninlynguists "Dying Nation"

Visit "[Dying Nation](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* send corrections to the typist

[Intro: George Bush]

"There's an old saying in Tennessee, I know it's in Texas, it's probably in Tennessee that says fool me once... shame on... shame on you. If you fool me you can't fool me again."

[SOS]

I live in a nation that relies on business and crime
And the leaders are politician guys livin' a lie
Who bullshit like everyone else for a nickel and dime
America ... just as corrupt as it is online
Using freedom and entertainment just to keep us sedated
But remember what the declaration of independence stated?
All men are equal and that's the way they're created?
But when that was written, black and white people were segregated
And this country still breeds racism, just not as blatant
To call us the land of the free is overstatement
Cause ain't NOBODY free. We all being watched quietly
National security's an invasion of privacy
Drug Trafficking, conspiracy, murder and piracy
What America can't have they take silently
Sometimes violently, open up your eyes and see
Even dirty money is supporting our economy
It's all backwards like negative split photography
But I guess that's the way it's got to be
United we stand on this land and we do all crimes
Facin' a Dyin' Nation ?

[Chorus]

"Facin' a dyin' nation. Listen to the retold lies" (x2)

[Deacon the Villain]

I live in a nation where it ain't what's physical that fights us
Now it's silent strikes from political insiders
A black market government where being criminal is righteous

Ran by bloodlines that were dirty before Isis
The crisis has even spread to spiritual infestations
Confessionals filled with sexual molestations
Professionals so set on capitalization
They don't notice their children freebasin' in their
million
Dollar basements
Babies having babies in the hood I grew up in
Hands are too small for the guns that they be bustin'
Schools underfunded, graduates retain nothing
On Capitol Hill it's barely a topic of discussion
Kids like, why should I think about college
When this hood situation is holding me hostage
And even if I fought and bought the knowledge
I'd prolly get shot 41 times by a cop over my wallet
Shiiiiit.. So wherever you are
Don't inhale the second hand smoke from it's victory
cigar
Motivate yourself don't just stand on the side
Facing a dying nation and listening to the new told lies

[Chorus]

[Kno]

Somebody dial 9-1-1
It's mass confusion, mass contusions
At last we losin' Uncle Sam to a mass of tumors
And that's the rumor at least, it's soon to be seen
If it's true that the beast is soon to decease
Catchin' blood clots in the crude oil
That runs through his veins and up thru his brain
Its tough to maintain
If he was low income he'd already been gone
Insurance paperwork gettin handled by Enron
And scandalous friends call to speak
Even Bill O'Reilly's wrapped in a hospital bedsheet
With a pointed hat, where the ointment at?
Wax the taxpayers backside for a tax hike
Woulda had a Catholic priest at his bedside
But they were too busy giving these Boy Scouts a leg
ride
Temperature stay high but no pain
Cus the presidents Hooked on Phonics and cocaine
Product of old age and Alzheimers disease
Medical bills raised from all types of fees
Looks to the American people to show love
But his Social Security ran out - pull the plug

(flatline)

