

Drone **"T.i.a."**

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Born with an ak-47 in hand
Used to blood in your hood
Every week you lose a friend to war

Tossed into a vicious circle
Take the position that has been foregone
Capable of anything so
Be prepared 'cause this is Africa

Shape and fate resembles
The skull a synonym of death

One child per carat turns a pale neck to red
Diamonds are a girl's best friend
And fiend to those whose blood is shed

Trapped inside a vicious circle
Take the position that has been foregone
Capable of anything so
Be prepared 'cause this is Africa

Geared for gain an eye on profit, on another genocide
Guns against some rotten sticks, nowhere to run,
nowhere to hide

Playing the warlord in a game of domino
Once it rolls the whole chain falls
One hits next, each after all

Locked inside a vicious circle
T.i.A. - hey, this is Africa

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