

Aceyalone

"Ms. Amerikkka"

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all right
yo, this song came about one time when
I- I was- I was on a plane back, going back to Los
Angeles
coming from somewhere else
and I sat next to this lady and she was telling me
something
I don't remember it verbatim,
but I do remember some of the things she said
it was like this-

Life as we know it is about to change
I smell it within the air
the weather is getting strange
drugged up, sedated and
numb from the pain
the sickness in America has spread to her brain
she is no longer fit to make good decisions
she is completely blind and void of any vision
she parties hard and she keeps her conscious mind
imprisoned
therefore she's headed for the ultimate collision
she can no longer hide the scars on her face
the innocence now gone is hard to replace
she has no shame, no remorse or any grace
she embraces the devil and she hates over race
Ms. America, the beautiful the free
fallen within the cracks, I wish that you could see
she buried her misery, within society
it's obvious, you have no regard for me

Chorus:

caught up in the belly of America
lost, in the stomach of America
broken down, in the bowels of America
sinking, in the garbage of America
stuffed, in the brain of America
suffering, in the body of America
lying, in the wicked spirit of America
dying, in the old soul of America

Ms. America, you've been a very bad girl

you nearly disgraced humanity in the eyes of the world
vanity has took you over, you're not deserving
the mirror image of your reflection is quite disturbing
she makes so many promises she couldn't keep
she neglected to mother her young, so they don't sleep

they scream out for justice, and then they weep
when out to blame Ms. America, that's what you reap
the audacity of your inventions to rule us all
the tragedy of your intentions to fool us all
you should have gave into nature and to the law
it's only a matter of time before you fall
the things you should of worked out in your first colony
victim of your own advice and your psychology
you've destroyed all morale and the ecology
I'm sorry, but I don't accept your apology

Chorus

Homeless America, so much attraction
has yet to take ability for her actions
we work around within the system and make
adaptations
you can let freedom ring, within your faction
how can people still be hungry, when there's a surplus?
suffering within your home, you've made them
worthless
damn near police the state, you make us nervous
even though some conform and join your service
you're presidency's the biggest joke, but we're the
laugh
always smell the gun smoke, on your behalf
I think I should send a telegraph to your staff
America you're down and dirty, you need a bath
so tell your secret agents, don't be paranoid
this wasn't taught by Socrates or Sigmund Freud
this is simply gods work, you can't avoid
ever nation ever built has been destroyed

caught up in the belly of America
lost, in the stomach of America
broken down, in the bowels of America
sinking, in the garbage of America
stuffed, in the brain of America
suffering, in the body of America
trying, in the good ol' spirit of America
dying, in the old soul of America

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