

## Hippos

### "American History X"

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[Ill Bill]

I eat politicians for breakfast  
Till infinity it's endless  
Bill and Hillary, George Bush, everybody's gettin it  
Presidents, Supreme Court Justices, and Senators  
Run up in the White House  
Erase people, edit them  
Press delete, hit em in the chest with heat  
Hail to the chief  
Bullets everywhere, its beef  
Violence is more American than apple pie and Soul  
Train  
Baseball, nickel-plated nines, and cocaine  
It's Ill Bill, Non-Phixion  
If I offended you with my words I meant it  
Protected by the First Amendment  
If this was Iraq I'd a been beheaded  
Instead of sparkin a dime log  
I'd be hangin in Baghdad shredded  
Yeah I recognize  
But if I ever disappear under mysterious pretenses  
You guess why  
I guess the CIA's trying to die  
They wanna terrorize the kid  
And fry him alive

(Chorus)

Scared heads and Black hebrews  
Punk rockers and Hip-Hoppers  
Street pharmacists, drug dealers, witch doctors  
Rappers wearing hundred thousand dollar wrist  
watches  
Little kids starving, the police killed his father  
Rich man, poor man, civilized man, Tarzan  
Who's right? fightin over God's land  
American History X  
Represent the future unknown  
What's next?

[Ill Bill]

I leave an ATF truck burning with the passengers in it

Hit it with anti-aircraft missiles with Bill's spid-it  
No apologies, asking what's wrong with truth  
Tell me what's wrong with the world  
I'll tell you what's wrong with you  
What's wrong with the youth  
Brain eating, corpses, and coupes  
Sorcerers and spooks  
Luminating torturous kooks  
Murdering devils that wear police officer suits  
Revolutionaries standing on street corners and stoops  
I'm the reason the FBI killed JFK  
The reason they have metal detectors at JFK  
The reason that the Constitution no longer protects us  
They don't even need a reason anymore to arrest us  
Living in a state of Martial Law  
Learn the arts of war  
Arm yourself, marching forth into the monster's jaws  
America eats its young, swallow raw  
Falling through the doorway of death  
Never know what we dying for

(Chorus)

[III Bill]

I seen spoiled kids murder they parents with shotguns  
Poor kids from the hood sellin they mom's drugs  
A lost generation of fools  
Without a clear destination  
No guidance, no rules, no education  
And the older generation's no better  
Matter of fact they worse  
They oughta know better  
These greedy motherfuckers trade blood for oil  
An American graveyard on another man's soil  
Makes no sense  
The Roman Empire in the present tense  
Murder for corporations that they represent  
Whether Democrat or Republican  
The same scumbag government  
Where scumbag brains are running shit

(Chorus)

(x2)

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