

C-Bo

"America's Nightmare"

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[Verse 1] 22 years old, bold with much guts O.G. from the hood kickin' up dust Once I got ya, no one can save ya Fresh out the swamp, a neighborhood gator One-times want some action, I'm paper lapped and taxin' Bo dropped them like the Jacksons Dont sing, down with Rodney King Solo on the scene, let my dick swing Fuck the white man and his plan America's nightmare is who the fuck I am six-feet and dark skin, with skills of a marksman kill at will when I feel like barkin' So step to my left side, as I aim with my right eye 'Cause at the end all the whites die Pay is what you owe I'll have a hundred and fifty billion blacks at the white house front do' And I wont eat pork on a God-damn mission and no I'm not a member of the Muslim religion Platinum, one million stackin' Flood the hood with tapes, now everybody's rappin' And jackin' so how it happen, captain It's the general, sucka no, indo with the fo' fo' Auto mag saggin' without a rag One in the chamber, ready for the fuckin' danger Call up your boys, its worser then the watts riot Whitey got his buck stopped in the violence Lyrics that flow, letting your punk-ass know Standing right here's America's Nightmare

[Verse 2] Walk like I'm on my way to execution A.K. in my hand is what I'm usin Confusin fools run up and catch the bruisin Tadoo's under rest in peace cause of the music I'm hard-core, six deep in a ford explorer, ready for the fuckin war So when it's on take cover A.K's dance from the gutter, thick gloves for the smother No finger tips so there's no evidence Plus I dumped the A.K's in the ditch Hit the switches, fuck the bitches I'm a killah, hardcore nappy head guerilla Soudin like cube, so give the president the bad news Another ex-con with flow, fool No tatoo's so you cant mark me Down with my sista's, FUCK charles barkley Send me to the war, and I'll push the button America's Nightmare saggin' and struttin' Fuck the coppers, let 'em have it with the choppers Trigger happy like "O-Dawg", trick, America's Nightmare [Verse 3] It's that locced out madness that got these steel toes thumpin' And its that henn though that got me drunk as a motherfucker Bangin' like pots and pans 'fore day he

yells Thousand watts 15's on thangs with no L's
America's nightmare, strapped to a tee Cocked and
ready to bust it's that H.K. forty im known to get further
on the block then white P.D. get out of sight quickly,
dump when im tipsy crip-made hookers im the one that
you fear america's night, motherfuckin' mare uhh, so
bring it on when its on fools strapped up back to back
then i make that call to the dome i got bounce like a
baller but im real like air dog and when it gets funky i
attack like a bear hog dawg, so pick a bone with the
next man Cause I, am, a crazy lunatic man i crease my
own khaki', you fools can't jack me or eat a strap of
fully loaded mac daddy and dont give a fuck, plus cant
wait to buck full pump slugs will catch you 'fore that ass
ducks fool i gets even, steven aint even breathin
fucked and bucked him, eternal bleedin' on the
concrete, passed away like some bomb weed fuck
freddy, its me trick: America's nightmare

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