## P. Diddy And The Bad Boy Family (Featuring David Bowie) "American Dream"

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This is not America
Bad Boy baby, David Bowie, let's go

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Land where my father died, land where my children cried

Come on, America, ain't no barriers

Free the strings, let's see how freedom rings

One nation all gettin' down for the dollars

And the heat is gettin' hotter
But a lot don't understand
Just the way some plan to break you
I done seen the whole thing go straight through

Hungry for it, I'ma make you Pay back what's due to me Everybody gonna see Look what they put upon me

Made me a monster, two steps beyond ya More streets to wonder For which it stands for 'cause let's get it 'Cause I'ma get mine for damn sure, come on

Screens, greens, car candy painted Chicks in cream is the American dream, ain't it? I pledge allegiance to Beamers, dark skies Sleepless nights on the block, two for fives

Deep in the struggles but need the hustle Weed and blow shit I make the block bubble I'm to the point where I'm playa hatin' Fool in the stash and I'm losin' my patience

Medieval times in the chest of the beast Come around sniffin' I'ma mess up ya fleece Job lookin', I'd rather be pot cookin' It's not America, son this is Brooklyn

Home of the shiesty, home of the crook We signed joints, ain't scared to do a took My country tis of thee, where there's no liberty Just misery, ya heard me

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Now why can't I breathe with a gun and come free If six dead people run this country
Now they come 'cause my crew's too large
Who the fuck put chu' in charge

Runnin' around here like you is God Then they wonder why the shootin' starts Gettin' checks with half my stacks I forgot George Bush wrote half my raps

Murderin' people for blastin' facts Then blamin' other cats for their tragic acts I'm tryin' to get paid till my eyes is closin' Cops is like freeze and I'm already frozen

So they clap and they brawl in hysteria Tappin' Jackson, callin' this area Green gots cats crawlin' to bury ya Don't blame Kain for the fall of America

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Uh, yo what about these streets here Before y'all creep here, look around we there 365 days a year, lines to cross no fear And what appears to be roses

See I'm knowin' this when I chose this What's right in broad day or night More dope deals I'm tryin' to stay on my heels

Everyday's training day Some things not in explainin' ways Who said crimes don't pay Choices to make, ain't too many chances left to take

Things look so green

The sign of the times corruption politics, young ones dyin'

What you made of either hate or love

Pressure on the nine when push come to shove

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A little piece of you

A little peace in me

A little piece of you

A little peace in me, will go

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Yo, why you cocksuckers pullin' me over Racial profilin' me 'cause I ain't pushin' no Nova I'm up to par lookin' I know police corruption is up this year and y'all crooked

Took my hard white

Had niggas sellin' the same block, pumpin' the same night

Arrest me, come to court and lie

Yeah, that's him, pointin' like I'm the guy

What chu' want those is me of the block Yo, so you can serve fiends everytime they knock Just last summer had the mad Hummer They took that and didn't even give me they badge number

So how am I supposed to feel

Who I'm supposed to call when the shit gets real Word man I'd rather dial 8-1-1 when it's important Plus they ain't tryin' to score like Ed Norton, word

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