

David Ball

"Bush"

Visit "[Bush](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

David Banner]

Mama ain't got no cash, daddy aint got no doe
So daddy went to my mama and started pimpin that
hoe
Man it's hard times, niggas ain't got shit
Nothin but billy clubs to they head and they ass kicked
Heroin in they vein, cocaine up in they brain
Man what you expect, America gave us pain
So fuck it, now we thugs, ??? mean drugs
And takin mean mugs, and fill 'em with those slugs
I gave up fake gods, and Jesus don't look like us
Why y'all think we gon' kill and just don't give a hot fuck
Devil that's how you made us, ??? us up in the pen
Man we came out blind, that's why we goin back in
But God, I'mma teach 'em, reach 'em up in these
streets
Bush, I'm runnin' up in this shit like a track meet
You murdered, up in Texas where killin' is such a sin
The first month you in office you started killin' again
But shit, we just some niggas and that's how the game
go
Y'all took us up out the state moved us straight out to
Death Row
Y'all may of, made us slaves but never make us your
hoe
God, you my pimp so let's start exposin' these hoes
Y'all judges some weak pussies, y'all preaches some
rapin' fags
These people that made us slaves, these niggas wavin'
they flags
America ain't shit but home of the hot lick
They hang us all by rope, then laugh and cut off our
dick

[Chorus]

Have y'all niggas ever thought about
All the things we been talkin' bout
Down in Mississippi
Down in Mississippi
Have y'all niggas ever thought about
All the things we been talkin' bout

Down in Mississippi
Down in Mississippi
Have y'all niggas ever thought about
All the things we been talkin' bout
Down in Mississippi
Down in Mississippi

Visit [David Ball](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.