

## David Gates

# "My Country"

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American born, American raised, American made

[Chorus 2X]

My country shitted on me (My country)  
She wants to get rid of me (Naw, never)  
Cause the things I seen (We know too much)  
Cause the things I seen (We seen too much)

[Verse 1] (Nas)

Aiyyo, it's packed on this Riker's bus  
The tightest cuffs is holdin' me shackled  
The life of a thug caught in the devil's lasso  
On the streets I was invincible  
Cowards would duck at a glimpse if they knew  
What my pistol would do, a fuckin' killa  
Mother's a dopefiend embarrassin' me  
All in front of my friends  
In the street smile with no teeth  
I never knew daddy, heard he had a 72 caddy  
Died in a robbery, can't remember him, was probably 3  
Why didn't my folks just die in this society  
Why wasn't I a child of a doctor, who left stocks for me  
Two little brothers, two sisters, them shorties got to  
eat  
Mother's a junkie, she twisted, so all they got is me  
I'm the provider, with goals to do much better than my  
father  
Whether through drugs sold, or holdin' revolvers  
Blurry visions of dad holdin' me high  
It comes to me slowly, the words he would cry

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 2] (Millenium Thug)

It is I that step up  
Me that don't give a fuck, you that foe, then it's all over  
soldier  
Hummers and Range's through the desert  
Fuck a 20-inch, long as we got gas and we got water  
Troopers lookin' for manslaughter  
I gotta get back, for what they owe

Shoot'em in the back for the get back  
Lead through shit bag, hold tie gag  
Forget the life had, now we all rebels  
Everything burnt down includin' the ghetto  
We can see 4 miles the land its major rubble  
And debris from the earth as we knew crumble  
Yo you could see the sea  
And the stars look closer to me  
I'm a mad man, this is a real life movie Mad Max  
S-K's, AK's max, ABR's spittin' and it ain't a rap  
My mommy dearest pray for me hopin' I come back  
But yo

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3] (Nas + Millenium Thug)

Yo, I'm sittin' behind these prison walls  
I got this pen and pad wishin' on a visit, God  
Brothers is here for homicide and yo, it's some for rape  
Some brothers innocent, I pray that I could just escape  
How is the war  
And yo I'm wishin' I was in your shoes  
Holdin' machine guns  
Clean fun, shootin' dudes with fatigues on  
Anywhere is better than this  
It's America's plan every color of man inherits the shit  
Yo I'm startin to think it's all a scheme, nobody cares  
I know the warden is readin' the scribe  
[MT] But yo I swear, it's a billion dollar business  
Courts, lawyers and jails  
We all slaves in the system, I'm bout to rebel

[Verse 4] (Millenium Thug)

There's not a bitch in sight  
Or block bench, or black gate  
Or gray fence, look who fucked it all up, Mr. President  
I remember yesterday we was on the block gettin' bent  
Now it's state of the art  
I just saw the first dude I met here, his head came  
apart  
What a bloody mess, a slug fest  
I just buried 8 of mine, at night I hear grown men cryin'  
You know I'm spittin' mine  
I ain't goin' out here, we gotta win  
Everytime I hear the wind I think a slug went in  
I'm checkin' my chest, holdin' my head  
Catchin' my breath, watchin' my back  
Smokin' this grass, beatin' my dick, thinkin' of ass  
I don't know what they broadcast, the newsflash is fake  
Everyday I'm feelin' like you, I wanna escape  
And if y'all niggas feelin' like me, y'all niggas just say

Repeat Chorus

[Nas talking...]

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