

Trick Daddy "America"

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'Posed to be, the land of the Free
I don't see how count me in
Oh, America, oh, America, yeah America, America
Sweet land of Liberty y'all

I'm doing this one for the struggle and every bad doin'
brotha'
Sista', daddy and mother who livin' in the gutter
You want better cars and a better heart another start
Yo' own yard and a place to park

You wanna trust 'em, and a better li'
A bigger crib and a home cooked meal
Every single night, he'll feel with you
Goin' through but I coulda warned you when it's time to
be a man
Do all you can, see other lands

And don't be livin' for the other man
Take time out and settle in, be the better man
And close to watch your friends and then you'll
understand
A lil' better then but on the other hand, you so god
damn stubborn

And you be startin' shit and ever since you made
president
We ain't even seen you since you need to, you need to
fill our schools
Rebuild our church and homes
Stop killin' my own kind and leave my Earth alone

And stop tappin' my phone and searchin' my brone
And keep your personal feelings home when you
bandin' my chrome
Do it for the weak and the strong and to each his own
We do it for the main goal, so when all the heat is gone

This game wasn't told to me
(Told to me)
It was sold to me
(Sold to me)

And we are never free
(No!)
No way
Not in America
(Not America)
Not America
(Not in America uh-uh)

Our country 'tis of thee
('Tis of thee)
Land of Liberty
(Liberty)
But that'll never be
(Never be, no!)
No way
Not in America
(Uh-uh not in this America)
Not in America
(No)

You only got two bucks and give less than a fuck
(Then you a nigga)
Got a nice home and a Lexus truck
(You a nigga)
World champions and you M.V.P
(You a nigga)
Four degrees and a Ph.D
(Still a nigga)

You use your platinum [Incomprehensible] for ID's
(Then you's a nigga)
If your skin is brown just like me
(Then you a nigga)
Got a promotion and a fat ass raise
(You still a nigga)
You from the islands and your peoples wasn't slaves
(You a nigga)

No matter how much your ass get paid
(You still a nigga)
Shot by the cops at a traffic stop
('Cause you a nigga)
That's why I hold toast too
I sell bi-coastal, international

They inter-catching you with satellites in deep space
Now, who invented niggaz in the first place
And said America is the original birthplace?
Who gettin' ten, twenty life on they first case?
My niggaz

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I'm doin' this one for the kids in the streets who ain't
missed a beat
Do it for the deaf and the blind and those who don't eat
meat
Do it for all the children of the corn and the unborn
Do it for the speedy trials and all the lies you done
sworn

How you gon' keep the man old Mr. Crooked ass
preachin' man
When your whole congregation drivin' a brand new
Benz
And writing brand new sins lyin' on a million men
And all my brothers, sisters, them daddys
And them doin' time in the Penn

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