

## Trick Daddy "America - Society"

Visit "[America - Society](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Trick Daddy]

'Posed to be...

Land of the free

I don't see how

Count me in

Uh

America

Oh

America

Ha-ha-ha

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' (life)

A bigger crib

And a home cooked meal

Every single night

He'll feel with you

Goin' through

But I coulda warned you

When its 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 ? 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

[Chorus]

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)

[Society]

You only got 2 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  
4 degrees and a Ph.D -- still a nigga  
You use your platinum ?? 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' 10 - 20 - Life on they first case?  
My niggaz

[Chorus]

[Trick Daddy]  
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  
Lyn' on a million men  
And all my brothers, sisters, them daddys, and them  
doin' time in the Penn

[Chorus repeated till end]

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

---

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