

P. Diddy & The Bad Boy Family

"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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