

Hustlin's in my blood my father's name is Britain  
His history consisted of robbery killin' and pimpin  
Filthy rich and the biggest killer that you ever seen  
Once I'm older I'm takin' over ima be king  
I was locked up in jail when he got the new land  
Opened his cells I guess that's how the story began  
First mission was to clear it out and claim it as mine  
Indigenous people were peaceful it took no time  
Great grandmother Africa was blind and disabled  
Sons was traitors we played divide and conquer invaded  
Sold her children into slavery and profited quick  
Started makin' side deals and that's how I got rich  
Daddy Britain found out and tried to put me in check  
He don't understand I'm a man and I deserve some respect  
Tried to bring it to me but I play for keeps and I won  
Still my daddy but you ain't the only man with a gun  
More money More problems little brother is wild  
They call 'em The South he's country with a big ass mouth  
Tried to show 'em new business but he don't wanna change  
I love 'em but I knew eventually I'd blow out his brains  
I'm America!

### CHORUS

You know you know God Bless America  
You know you know God Bless America  
You know you know God Bless  
Me and my daddy still cool and my uncles is with us  
France Russia and Italy and we all killas  
But it's this nigga named Germany that's out of control  
Rollin with Japan and Turkey and them niggas is bold  
Started fuckin' with my uncles and we all went to war  
Uncle France damn near died at the tip of his sword  
When the smoke cleared we won let 'em retreat  
Shoulda' killed 'em cause they knew they had us close to defeat  
Kicked it off again 20 years later it was on  
This time my uncle Italy traded and he was gone  
I was neutral when Japan hit me guess that he knew  
I aint gone' let my family fight without me jumpin' in too  
Woulda' lost if I didn't hit Germany's weapon supply  
Kamikaze Japanese was always ready to die  
Dropped atomic bomb let them niggas know that it's real  
Speak soft with a big stick do what I say or be killed  
I'm America!

### CHORUS

You know you know God Bless America  
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I'm racin' with my uncle Russia we the ones with the guns  
He supported the North so I rolled with South Vietnam  
Thought it would be easy but almost 60 thousand died  
They was harder than Korea so we ran for our lives  
It's a family called the Middle East and they got bread  
Sellin' oil they don't cut me in then off with their head  
I got a nephew named Israel that's right in the middle  
Pay his allowance as long as he can dance to my fiddle  
I had a patna' named Iraq gave 'em weapons and money  
Nigga started getting' power and he start actin' funny  
Saudi Arabia's cool gotta son Bin Laden

I was trainin' his soldiers to go against the Russians and stop 'em  
Then he tried to say I need to take my soldiers and cut  
Gave 'em the finger that's when he flipped and blew my shit up  
I took it to 'em, and then I took it back to Iraq  
And if you ain't my blood brother you gonna be flat on yo' back  
The sons of Africa just invented this shit called rap  
Tellin' my secrets that's why I'm puttin' their heads on flat  
Built an empire quick and it might not last  
But I bet I go down in history as the one that smashed  
I'm America!

CHORUS

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You know you know God Bless  
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Hustlin's in my blood my father's name is Britain  
The red the white the red the white the blue  
The red the white the red the white the blue