

As I look up at the sky,  
I wonder why my momma always cried,  
Was it for how fast we lived and died?  
Or because we never got our piece of the pie?  
Busting at the seams, The American Dream,  
Like Meth said Cream, Boulevard of Broken Dreams,  
Parents with good intentions never mention,  
The Brooklyn House of Detention.

Free to fly, and free to try, to get our peace before we die,  
Free to fly, and free to try, to get our piece of the pie and die.

Locking us down, we got cops all around,  
The sound of sirens drown your own heart's pound,  
But you only wanted a piece of the pie,  
And in your mind's eye momma's still gonna cry,  
No matter how hard you tried, whether it's truth or lies,  
On the day that you die...but we're free to fly,  
And free to try to get our piece of the pie and die.

Freedom, Liberty, The KKK, Modern Democracy, we have no say,  
American Dream, The American Way, Land of the Free, Home of the  
Slave.