

# Dying Nation

CunninLynguists

"There's an old saying in Tennessee, I know it's in Texas, it's probably in Tennessee  
that says fool me once... shame on... shame on you.  
If you fool me you can't fool me again."

I live in a nation that relies on business and crime  
And the leaders are politician guys livin' a lie  
Who bullshit like everyone else for a nickel and dime  
America ... just as corrupt as it is online  
Using freedom and entertainment just to keep us sedated  
But remember what the declaration of independence stated?  
All men are equal and that's the way they're created?  
But when that was written, black and white people were segregated  
And this country still breeds racism, just not as blatant  
To call us the land of the free is overstatement  
Cause ain't NOBODY free. We all being watched quietly  
National security's an invasion of privacy  
Drug Trafficking, conspiracy, murder and piracy  
What America can't have they take silently  
Sometimes violently, open up your eyes and see  
Even dirty money is supporting our economy  
It's all backwards like negative split photography  
But I guess that's the way it's got to be  
United we stand on this land and we do all crimes  
Facin' a Dyin' Nation ?

"Facin' a dyin' nation. Listen to the retold lies"  
I live in a nation where it ain't what's physical that fights us  
Now it's silent strikes from political insiders  
A black market government where being criminal is righteous  
Ran by bloodlines that were dirty before Isis  
The crisis has even spread to spiritual infestations  
Confessionals filled with sexual molestations  
Professionals so set on capitalization  
They don't notice their children freebasin' in their million  
Dollar basements  
Babies having babies in the hood I grew up in  
Hands are too small for the guns that they be bustin'  
Schools underfunded, graduates retain nothing  
On Capitol Hill it's barely a topic of discussion  
Kids like, why should I think about college  
When this hood situation is holding me hostage  
And even if I fought and bought the knowledge  
I'd prolly get shot 41 times by a cop over my wallet  
Shiiiiit.. So wherever you are  
Don't inhale the second hand smoke from its victory cigar  
Motivate yourself don't just stand on the side  
Facing a dying nation and listening to the new told lies

Somebody dial 9-1-1  
It's mass confusion, mass contusions  
At last we losin' Uncle Sam to a mass of tumors  
And that's the rumor at least, it's soon to be seen  
If its true that the beast is soon to decease  
Catchin' blood clots in the crude oil  
That runs through his veins and up thru his brain  
Its tough to maintain

If he was low income he'd already been gone  
Insurance paperwork gettin handled by Enron  
And scandalous friends call to speak  
Even Bill O'Reilly's wrapped in a hospital bedsheet  
With a pointed hat, where the ointment at?  
Wax the taxpayers backside for a tax hike  
Woulda had a Catholic priest at his bedside  
But they were too busy giving these Boy Scouts a leg ride  
Temperature stay high but no pain  
Cus the presidents Hooked on Phonics and cocaine  
Product of old age and Alzheimers disease  
Medical bills raised from all types of fees  
Looks to the American people to show love  
But his Social Security ran out - pull the plug