

America

K'naan

uh huh uh huh uh huh
oh this takes me home,
it makes me think about sitting outside of my old home when I was younger and
d singing something like

gabar yaroo subhaano maro shabeelo hirato maro qafiifa huwato maga'aaga ii s
heeg magaeygu waa sharaf sharaf haaji weeyan aqalada hariirta dhina baan ka
jooga alla ya u sheega tinta u shanleeya nahoy zamzamey sabaah nuurey adoo k
in kin iyo kaluun badaneey adoo hajka jira xasuus badaneey sahiibtaa asho as
haq baa dilay ugu dambeyntiina aniyo geeluba wa u banaanbahnay
wanagii orodnee nabad barinee mareykan waa laga soo waayay

There are certain things fresh,
and certain things mesh,
I got my own sound I don't sound like the rest,
and even my attire and my choice of dress,
and not long ago I don't spoke English
my point is police pull me over a lot
they wonder what kind of rap sheet I got.
and sometimes I take a young girl out to eat,
and hold the door open oh your so sweet,
of course my affection's super illustrated
and I like to give don't reciprocate it
unless you could give me someone innovated
well lets cook it up we don't refrigerate it
but back to the country of the educated
where people get robbed and they celebrate it,

Maraken,
my country tis of thee
sweet land for robberies
dos smokin SUV's
grab me an army green
fat and frills
thrills and spills
eat and sleep
hump and kill
shop til you drop
work til you dead
get all you can
then get in the wear
outta my face
on your knees
sleep in the mansion
shut out the streets
make that cake
woop that trick
lick my swagger
suck my sick
get high get low get stcky get rich
get yo own show get down get quick
you slow you blow you broke your fix
terror dome, home swag home
terror dome, home swag home
home swag home
home swag home

There are some things pure while certain things blur

dilute it with the lie and you believe when it occur
falsified information got my people in the stir
we have to be in search of something equal to the cure
straight out the door, I come to give you more
lay the law keep it raw, when I speak it from the core
get underneath your skin like especially with the claw
conflicted with the rich cuz i kick it with the poor
I laugh in the face of adversity
sound clashed with the bass cuz its natural to me
but if you pay attention to the past you will see
not long ago you black they'd hang your ass from a tree
but certain things things change, while some stay the same
some are recluse others are lovers of the game
I'm trying to walk the lane, the serahtal mustakeen instead of doing things
that keep you covered in the flame.

Nanananana that shit was cool in English, but let me get that Somali verse.