

## 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  
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 dont 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 dont 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.