

# National Anthem

Sir Mix-A-Lot

Huey B. Newton shot in cold blood in west Oakland  
Oliver North receives community service hours  
for selling weapons to known terrorists  
Tawana was brutally raped, but two fools said she did it to herself  
A six hundred million dollar stealth bomber fails to fly successfully  
And you say I should be proud of this song  
Think about it AMERICA!

I'm living like hell in a world of death  
Protectors of the people wear bullet-proof vests  
Your little nephew, flipped him a Uzi  
Took to the streets, shot em up and then "Who me?"  
Locked in a trunk by Republican villains  
Pinstripe suits, experts at killin  
Civil war, but some want out  
Trapped in a box called the ghetto we shout  
Headin for the strip cuz the squares ain't hip  
Sell a couple keys, make the home boys trip  
The president is a dope man's friend  
The governments strong but the dope got in  
Punish the accused, but the trial was short  
A black man's dogged in a all white court  
The jury dismissed, prosecutor says, "Can em"  
Now I'm ashamed of my national anthem

The pentagon had a plan for a rescue  
They said intelligence never makes miscues  
The thirty-first was a day of death  
Lieutenant Colonel Higgins, you know the rest  
No negotiations with a terrorist force  
But Iran's still buzzin' offa Oliver North  
The Ayatollah's dead but the hearts not gone  
The burning of the flag in Iran goes on  
Anti-American, we're loved by few  
We pay big money to the ones that do  
The christian militia, they give us big knowledge  
But the pentagon messed up and wouldn't acknowledge  
Ollie took orders from the number one man  
But the crap hit the fan and superiors ran  
Democrats tripped, the committee said can em  
Now I'm ashamed of my national anthem

Am I a communist? No. But my brain ain't slow  
Not long ago, Mix-a-Lot was po'  
Never helped out by the ones with clout  
I was mad at the world cause I felt left out  
Stealin hub caps, stereos, anything to get paid  
I realize I'm a modern day slave  
Posse downtown, the sight was set  
I saw my home boys mother with a buggy and a bag  
People walk by, laughin at poverty  
I looked in her face and I soon saw me  
College educated, but she can't get a job  
The american dream once again got robbed  
Vietnam vets on the street, that's a shame  
Fight for the man, and the man plays games  
Dogged by the hippies, dope smokin' critics

You blame it on the soldier, but your government did it

My national anthem

My national anthem

You gonna teach me now about the care and feedin of politicians

Bolivia, Columbia, the CIA

Any similarities, I won't say

But the dope gets in, uncut like P-Funk

Headin over borders in a scent-free trunk

Coffee over dope, but the dog can't sniff it

Remember that lady that was broke, she's widdit

Started with a key, clocked 17 G's

Then got another shipment, pure D

Headin for Brumlen, the money was betta

Rollin in a Porsche, in a cashmere sweater

Crime, revenge, I'm tellin you this

The people that laugh are the people that knows

Her community complained, callin the police

But where was the community when she was in the street

Dope's comin in, it's killin em at random

And I'm ashamed of my national anthem

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