

Amerika

Trick Daddy

'Posed to be land of the free, I don't see how
Count me in, oh, Amerika
Oh, Amerika, Amerika, Amerika
Sweet land of liberty, y'all

I'm doing this one for the struggle
And every bad doin' brotha, sista, daddy and mother
Who livin' in the gutter you want better cars
And a better heart, another start
Yo' own yard and a place to park

You want a truck and ride and a better life
A bigger crib and a home cooked meal
Every single night, he'll feel with you
Goin' through but I coulda warned you
When it's time to be a man, do all you can

See other lands and don't be livin' for the other man
Take time out and settle in, be the better man
And closely watch your friends
And then you'll understand a lil' better then
But on the other hand, you so God damn stubborn

And you be startin' shit
And ever since you made President we ain't even seen you since
You need to visit our schools
Rebuild our church and homes, stop killin' my own kind
And leave my Earth alone

And stop tappin' my phone and searchin' my bro
And keep your personal feelings home when you bendin' my chrome
Do it for the weak and the strong and to each his own
We do it for the main goal so when all the heat is gone

This game wasn't told to me, it was sold to me
And we are never free, no way
Not in Amerika, not Amerika
Our country 'tis of thee, land of liberty
But that'll never be, no way
Not in Amerika, not in Amerika

You only got 2 bucks and give less than a fuck, then you a nigga
Got a nice home and a Lexus truck, you a nigga
World champions and you M.V.P. you a nigga
4 degrees and a Ph.D, still a nigga

You use your platinum card, you need 4 ID's, then you's a nigga
If your skin is brown just like me, then you a nigga
Got a promotion and a fat ass raise, you still a nigga
You from the islands and your peoples wasn't slaves, you a nigga

No matter how much your ass get paid, you still a nigga
Shot by the cops at a traffic stop 'cause you a nigga
That's why I hold toast too, I sell bi coastal, international
They inter-catching you with satellites in deep space

Now who invented niggaz in the first place

And said America is the original birthplace
Who gettin' 10 20 life on they first case, my niggaz

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I'm doin' this one for the kids in the streets who ain't missed a beat
Do it for the deaf and the blind and those who don't eat meat
Do it for all the children of the corn and the unborn
Do it for the speedy trials and all the lies you done sworn

How you gon' keep the man, old Mr. Crooked ass preachin' man
When your whole congregation drivin' a brand new Benz
And writing brand new sins, lyin' on a million men
And all my brothers, sisters, them daddys
And them doin' time in the Penn

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