(Bring you out the... out the darkness)

Sweet King Martin
Sweet Queen Coretta
Sweet Brother Malcolm
Sweet Queen Betty
Sweet Mother Mary
Sweet Father Joseph,

Sweet Jesus
We made it in America
Sweet baby Jesus, ooh
Oh sweet baby Jesus
We made it in America
Sweet baby Jesus, ooh
Oh, sweet baby Jesus,
We made it in America

I told my mama I was on the come up She said "you going to school I'll give you a summer" Then she met NO ID and gave me his number 10 years later she driving a Hummer Niggas hustle every day for a beat from Ye What I do? Turn around, gave them beats to Jay And I'm rapping on the beat they was supposed to buy I guess I'm getting high off my own supply Downtown mixing fabrics trying to find the magic Started a little blog just to get some traffic Old folks'll tell you not to play in traffic A million hits and the web crashes - damn! South Park had 'em all laughing Now all my niggas designing and we all swaggin' Ignore the critics just to say we did it This ain't no fashion show, motherfucker, we live it

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I pledge allegiance, uh, to my Grandma
For that banana pudding, our piece of Americana
Our apple pie was supplied through Arm & Hammer
Straight out the kitchen, shh don't wake Nana!
Built a republic, that still stands
I'm trying to lead a nation, to leave to my little man's

Or my daughter, so I'm boiling this water
The scales was lopsided, I'm just restoring order
Hold up, here comes grandma, what's up YaYa?
What's that smell? Oh I'm just boiling some agua
No papa, bad Santa
The streets raised me, pardon my bad manners
I got my liberty, chopping grams up
Street justice, I pray God understand us
I pledge allegiance to all the scramblers
This is the Star Spangled Banner

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