

That creed reaffirmed by those who planted flags from foreign battlefields to the surface of the moon; a creed at the core of every American whose story is not yet written: Yes We Can, Yes We Did, Yes We Can. Thank you, God bless you

Sugar-free bitch, I ain't goin' out [?]
I just passed out, but my numbers they written
I'm on the land, I'm in the East
DayDay in this bitch, I'll bust in her sheets
Get in these racks like a sweater
Jugg you on the land like a quarter
Finnessin' these racks, that nigga a dork
I'ma pass my partner the torch (I'ma pass my partner the torch,
layup)
I'm with' the shit, pull up with' that drum
You don't want smoke, that's on my mama

Yes we can