

Team America Fuck Yeah Anthem

Bishop Lamont

{Samples taken from the film Team America}

America. America
America, f*ck YEAH!

America
America, f*ck YEAH!

I love the smell of napalm in the mornin'
Drink my hot cocoa to f*ckin' get to waring
Kiss my wife goodbye, sniff a couple grams of coke
Can't wait to get in the tank and blow me up a bunch of folks (I'LL f*ck YOU UP!)

Drive through the streets sittin' on top of the Jeeps
Anybody diss America, we got beef (f*ck YOU AND YOUR
Hear Obama pop a lot of pills with Biden
Kumbaya, motherf*ckers we ridin'
What's wrong with the world?
What's wrong with the world?
When you can't marry your cousin?
Uncle, I love that little girl (I LOVE HER!)

Rappers lovin' auto-tune, gay parade beats
I will destroy you, no surrender, no retreat
Hop on a plane, take a trip with Bill Clinton
Savin' poor bitches from Korea, got 'em strippin'
Straight dick lickin'
Girls goin' wild
It's Team America, we do it doggy style!

There was a time when America would've dropped a nuclear bomb on Iraq
And we would have had a big fancy party down in Time Square. (f*ck yeah!)

You see, America is getting soft on me
Right now as we speak there's little nappy niggers pubes on the presidential pillow cases
And God forbid the Oval Office start to smell like cocoa butter. (America, f*ck yeah!)

f*ck that shit

That's what I'm talkin' 'bout, yeah
WHOOOOO!

Ignorance is bliss
You only take baths and always smell like cumbermint (you smell like a bitch)

I heard you tried to grow nuts and try to assassinate
I don't know, but those shots a bit belligerent
I get loaded and blow away an innocent (sorry)
But Dick Chaney aim, and call the death an accident
Vanessa Hudgens and a bag of sand matchstick (I like 'em young!)

Her 18th birthday and a box of Cealasis

American as apple pie
Cross my heart twice and hope you f*ckin' die
We gunnin' through the jungle, like FarCry
Bulletproof doors, stampedes and evil eyes
Keep it pushin' like drive-bys
Hit the blunt and blow the rest of the smoke to the sky
I got grenades and they're all live

And you about to blow, so have a good f*ckin' time buddy

You see, my daddy used to always say, "Never do business with a jigaboo."
And that's exactly why I'm breakin' apart from President Obama and putting t
ogether an elite team of spys
These spys will be called Team America: Special Forces
This team will be the last branch of government that is truly American

I live Michael Jackson even though he was a nigger
America's the best that's why he made Thriller
f*ck Deb Berrow, I'll kill that ho
Granny go the kids you ain't gettin' no doe
Got to kill with these terrorists right now but I'll be back
To kill you, John & Kate and all them rugrats
That ain't a show
That shit's f*ckin' square
A real American show is Golden Girls, hell yeah!

Eat McDonalds till my heart clogs
Crush Vicodin and sniff it through a drink straw
Let it sink till my sanity stops
Then order a hundred candy bars and chips through pink dot
And cruise the Gaza Strip in a T-top
And let 'em all have it, man we won't stop
I'mma shoot you in the stomach till your shit drops
John Ritter syndrome, make your heart stop

Okay fellas, what I'm about to tell you is top secret
For years Adam Sandler has been foolin' America into believing all Jews are
friendly
If Adam Sandler makes one more movie, everyone will become Jewish
Your first mission is to find Adam Sandler and destroy him. Good luck
(America, f*ck YEAH!) (Bitch)