

American Hypnosis

SABA

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

Ahem!

Huh, ah, ah

Ah, American hypnotize, been sad since about '09
Was scared of shit in my mind, now I smile in my pic's online
Isolation taught me patience 'bout the way to go
Had to learn my mama depression wasn't my own
Had to feel the pressures of the pessimism
Trying to convince me that realism was a better vision
Never been accepted in the ghetto, but I'm on Division
And I'm livin', inability to be myself in a room full of niggas
Focused on hittin stains and gettin' bitches
I don't speak, I'm silent as a mouse by my own house
With a bit of bitterness, worried about fittin' in
And my uncle in the pen taught me how to be a man
But he failed to mention why he did what he did
Why my dad had to dip 'fore I learned how to tie my sneakers?
While my mama boyfriend think he hiding the fact he sell reefer
We was kids, that ain't mean we was stupid
First time I'd seen a gun, thinking if he'd shoot it
Shotgun in my mama mouth, please don't do it
She ran home naked and came right to us
And I go to school the next day like ain't shit happen, excelled in great grades and they ain't matter
Standardized tests educate data
You love the hype shit, but they ain't Saba
You ain't seen addicts until my family
Granny lost her brother, her other brother, her daddy
You wonder why I don't drink, wonder why I don't smoke
Wonder why I don't live, wonder why I'm so gray
Wonder what's a fun night, waiting for the punchlines
Want the beat quantized, you should play some other shit
Nigga, we was traumatized, you talkin' 'bout the government?
Had to get my ass whooped, fight's how we settle it
I wish I didn't have to be famous to be important
I used to wish that my parents could keep it cordial
I hated my life until I played the piano
They raided my best friend, he red-handed
Scene of this shit like a scene of a movie
Meanwhile, I'm the kid in the private schooling
Wearing my glasses, playing my computer
Drawing cartoons, was a straight-A student
On a scholarship and I hated that
Left the hood, somehow I made it back

Back to life, back to reality

Will my life, ever belong to me?

Hypothesize the definition of free

Realize this dream wasn't meant to be

Hey, boss, how ya doin'? It's Pops, here's my bucket list; it's pretty short
. I want us to go see Vatican City, I wanna go see Mecca, I wanna visit Israel, I wanna visit Morocco, I wanna see the Egyptian pyramids, the Mayan pyramids in South America. But most importantly, what I'm saying is that I want us to all do this together. I'm proud of you, man. Peace

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I too dream of American freedom
I too sing an American plea
I too scream 'til liberty rings and

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