

# Sins Of Our Fathers

## The Game

Sins of our fathers  
Father, forgive me  
And after all I gave you stole my name  
And took away from me  
Our founding fathers  
What have you gave to me?  
I've been the victim of a broken home  
You stole away from me  
Sins of our fathers  
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I could hit you with the "Yes master", [?]  
Or I could close the box on your ass like cold pizza  
Whips and chains, brain gone, mind in shackles  
Cam Newton, a Black Panther hard to tackle  
Mix the moonshine with the Snapple  
The White House a plantation  
But they're teachin' our kids it's a castle  
Built by slaves, my guilt by trade, the maze  
Lab rats pickin' cotton inside invisible cages  
House nigga, he hate us more than the massa  
Burn his own church and smile in the face of the pastor  
The last days, drinkin' our own sweat in the field  
Either kneel or you get your ass killed

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They gave my great-great grandfather lashes 'cause he stole a fuckin' horse  
Now 500 horsepower in my mothafuckin' Porsche  
As I light my torch on this Mississippi porch  
Let the Mississippi River shatter windows on my [?]  
Corpses is, of course this is, genocide  
I'm in the same church where little kids and women died  
I can hear the voices, ropes around throats  
Separated our families when they stacked us on them boats  
Choke, as your legs shake you start to lose hope  
Wishin' the branch would break, but nope  
Soon as your neck snap, they start laughin' and takin' pictures  
'Cause to them you ain't nothin' but a mothafuckin' nigga  
500 years later, I'm in the club  
Chain on my neck, Harriet Tubman on the dub  
Ben Franklin on the hundred, Hamilton on the ten  
Even in death, she still surrounded by white men

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