

# America

## Trick Daddy

'Posed to be...  
Land of the free  
I don't see how  
Count me in  
Uh  
America  
Oh  
America  
Ha-ha-ha  
America (America)  
Sweet land of liberty y'all

I'm doing this one for the struggle  
And every bad doin' brotha  
Sista, daddy and mother  
Who livin' in the gutter  
You want  
Better cars  
And a better heart  
Another start  
Yo' own yard  
And a place to park  
You wanna  
Trust 'em ??  
And a better li' (life)  
A bigger crib  
And a home cooked meal  
Every single night  
He'll feel with you  
Goin' through  
But I coulda warned you  
When its time to be a man  
Do all you can  
See other lands  
And don't be livin' for the other man  
Take time out and settle in  
Be the better man  
And close ? watch your friends  
And then  
You'll understand  
A lil' better then  
But on the other hand  
You so god damn stubborn  
And you be  
Startin' shit  
And ever since you made president  
We ain't even seen you since  
You need to (You need to)  
Fill our schools  
Rebuild our church and homes  
Stop killin' my own kind  
And leave my Earth alone  
And stop tappin' my phone  
And searchin' my brone  
And keep your personal feelings home  
When you bandin' my chrome  
Do it for the

Weak and the strong  
And to each his own  
We do it for the main goal  
So when all the heat is gone

This game wasn't told to me (Told to me)  
It was sold to me (Sold to me)  
And we are never free (No!)  
No way  
Not in America (Not America)  
Not America (Not in America uh-uh)  
Our country 'tis of thee ('tis of thee)  
Land of Liberty (Liberty)  
But that'll never be (Never Be - NO!)  
No way  
Not in America (uh-uh Not in this America)  
Not in America (No)

You only got 2 bucks and give less than a fuck -- then you a nigga  
Got a nice home and a Lexus truck -- you a nigga  
World champions and you M.V.P -- you a nigga  
4 degrees and a Ph.D -- still a nigga  
You use your platinum ?? for ID's -- then you's a nigga  
If your skin is brown just like me -- then you a nigga  
Got a promotion and a FAT ass raise -- you still a nigga  
You from the islands and your peoples wasn't slaves -- you a nigga  
No matter how much your ass get paid -- you still a nigga  
Shot by the cops at a traffic stop -- cause you a nigga  
That's why I hold toast too  
I sell bi-coastal  
International  
They inter-catching you with satellites in deep space  
Now...Who invented niggaz in the first place?  
And said America is the original birthplace?  
Who gettin' 10 - 20 - Life on they first case?  
My niggaz

I'm doin' this one for the  
Kids in the streets  
Who ain't missed a beat  
Do it for the  
Deaf and the blind  
And those who don't eat meat  
Do it for all the  
Children of the corn  
And the unborn  
Do it for the speedy trials  
And all the lies you done sworn  
How you gon' keep the man  
Old Mr. Crooked ass preachin' man  
When your whole congregation drivin' a brand new Benz  
And writing brand new sins  
Lyin' on a million men  
And all my brothers, sisters, them daddys, and them doin' time in the Penn