

# Amerika

## Trick Daddy

'Posed to be land of the free, I don't see how  
Count me in, oh, Amerika  
Oh, Amerika, Amerika, Amerika  
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 want a truck and ride and a better 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 it's 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 closely 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 visit 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 bro  
And keep your personal feelings home when you bendin' 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, it was sold to me  
And we are never free, no way  
Not in Amerika, not Amerika  
Our country 'tis of thee, land of liberty  
But that'll never be, no way  
Not in Amerika, not in Amerika

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 card, you need 4 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

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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

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