

My Country

Nas

American born, American raised, American made
My country shitty on me

She wants to get rid of me

'Cause the things I seen

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Hey it was packed on the Ryker's bus

The tightest cuffs is holdin' me shackled

The life of a thug caught in the Devil's Lasso

On the streets I was invincible

Cowards would duck at a glimpse if they knew

What my pistol would do, a fuckin' killa

Mothers of dope fiend embarrassin' me

All in front of my friends

In the street smile with no teeth

I never knew daddy, heard he had a seventy-two Caddy

Died in a robbery, can't remember him, was probably three

Why didn't my folks just die in this society?

Why wasn't I a child of a doctor, who left stocks for me?

Two little brothers, two sisters, them shorty's goats to eat

Mother's a junkie, she twisted, so all they got is me

I'm the provider, with goals to do much better than my father

Whether through drugs sold, or holdin' revolvers

Blurry visions of dad holdin' me high

It comes to me slowly, the words he would cry
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It is I that step up, me that don't give a fuck

You that bold, then it's all over soldier

Hummers and range's through the desert

Fuck a twenty inch, long as we got gas an' we got water

Troopers lookin' for manslaughter

I gotta get back, for what they owe

Shoot 'em in the back for the get back

Lead through shit bag, hold tie gag

Forget the life had, now we all rebels

Everything burnt down includin' the ghetto
 We can see for miles the land its major rubble
 And debris from the earth as we knew crumble
 Yo you could see the sea and the stars look closer to me
 I'm a mad man, this is a real life movie, mad max
 S.K.'s, A.K's max,,A.B.R's spittin' and it ain't a rap
 My mommy dearest pray for me hopin' I come back but yoMy country shifted on me
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 'Cause the things I seenMy country shifted on me
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 'Cause the things I seenYo, I'm sittin' behind these prison walls
 I got this pen and pad, wishin' on a visit God
 Brothers is here for homicide and yo, it's some for rape
 Some brothers innocent, I pray that I could just escape
 How is the war? And yo I'm wishin' I was in your shoes
 Holdin' machine guns, clean fun, shootin' dudes
 With fatigues on anywhere is better than this
 It's America's plan, every color of man inherits the shit
 Yo I'm startin' to think it's all a scheme, nobody cares
 I know the warden is readin' the scribe but yo I swear
 It's a billion dollar business, courts, lawyers and jails
 We all slaves in this system, I'm 'bout to rebelThere's not a bitch in sight, all black bench, all black gate
 All gray fence, look who fucked it all up, Mr.President
 I remember yesterday, we was on the block gettin' bent
 Now it's state of the art
 I just saw the first dude I met here, his head came apart
 What a bloody mess, a slug fest
 I just buried eight of mine, at night I hear grown man cryin'
 You know I'm spittin' mine, I ain't goin' out here, we gotta win
 Everytime I hear the wind I think a slug went in
 I'm checkin' my chest, holdin' my head
 Catchin' my breath, watchin' my back
 Smokin' this grass, beatin' my dick, thinkin' of ass
 I don't know what they broadcast, the news flash is fake
 Everyday I'm feelin' like you, I wanna escape
 And if y'all niggas feelin' like me, y'all niggas just sayMy country shifted on me
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 'Cause the things I seen
 'Cause the things I seenMy country shifted on me
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 'Cause the things I seenThis goes out to Chek Reveira
 Revolutionary destroyed by his own country

Just tryin' to fight for what's real
This goes out my nigga, Malcolm
How hard relates to bads
Just tryin' to fight for what's real
This goes out to Moin
All about the peace
An' destroyed by his own country
This goes out to everybody in the whole world
Just tryin' to fight for what's real
To Patrice La Mumba
Just tryin' to fight for what's real
Destroyed by his own people
This goes out to my hood niggas
Comin' up everyday just tryin' to survive
The only way we know how
But see we know too much now
And we seen too much now
So ain't no goes travellin' tonight
My country, my country

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