Amanda Diva Skit

Pitbull

[Amanda Diva:]
These words are written in blood, on red and white lines
Rhymes to the beat of a war drum that cries
Like mothers whose sons were sent to fight
And widows whose spouses souls are all that keep them warm at night
Underneath spacious skies where stars look more like bulletholes
And the haze of the clouds more like shrouds
I swear I smell gunsmoke, when I inhale too deep
Cause cheap lies have caused the loss of priceless lives
Bush is duckin the truth while the few and the proud dodge landmines
Niggaz is doin time for gettin caught with a dime
but he will never be indicted for his crimes against this nation
Impatient with waiting it's time we fall in line
and STOP, falling for the lies
The war ain't only in Iraq
It's time we fight back, for control of our minds

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