

National Anthem

360

Intro: Mix talks while The Star Spangled Banner plays in the background

Huey B. Newton shot in cold blood in west Oakland

Oliver North receives community service hours
for selling weapons to known terrorists

Tawana was brutally raped but two fools said she did it to herself
A six hundred million dollar stealth bomber fails to fly successfully

And you say I should be proud of this song

Think about it AMERICA!

Verse One: Sir Mix-a-Lot

I'm living like hell in a world of death

Protectors of the people wear bullet-proof vests

Your little nephew, flipped him a Uzi

Took to the streets, shot em up and then "Who me?"

Locked in a trunk by Republican villains

Pinstripe suits, experts at killin

Civil war, but some want out

Trapped in a box called the ghetto we shout

Headin for the strip 'cause the squares ain't hip

Sell a couple keys, make the home boys trip

The president is a dope man's friend

The governments strong but the dope got in

Punish the accused, but the trial was short

A black man's dogged in a all white court

The jury dismissed, prosecutor says, "Can em"

Now I'm ashamed of my national anthem

Verse Two: Sir Mix-a-Lot

The pentagon had a plan for a rescue

They said intelligence never makes miscues

The thirty-first was a day of death

Lieutenant Colonel Higgins, you know the rest

No negotiations with a terrorist force

But Iran's still buzzin' offa Oliver North

The Ayatollah's dead but the hearts not gone

The burning of the flag in Iran goes on

Anti-American, we're loved by few

We pay big money to the ones that do

The christian militia, they give us big knowledge

But the pentagon messed up and wouldn't acknowledge

Ollie took orders from the number one man

But the crap hit the fan and superiors ran
Democrats tripped, the committee said can em
Now I'm ashamed of my national anthem

Verse Three: Sir Mix-a-Lot

Am I a communist? No. But my brain ain't slow
Not long ago, Mix-a-Lot was po'
Never helped out by the ones with clout
I was mad at the world cause I felt left out
Stealin hub caps, stereos, anything to get paid
I realize I'm a modern day slave
Posse downtown, the sight was set
I saw my home boys mother with a buggy and a bag
People walk by, laughin at poverty
I looked in her face and I soon saw me
College educated, but she can't get a job
The american dream once again got robbed
Vietnam vets on the street, that's a shame
Fight for the man, and the man plays games
Dogged by the hippies, dope smokin' critics
You blame it on the soldier, but your government did it
My national anthem
My national anthem
You gonna teach me now about the care and feedin of politicians
Verse Four: Sir Mix-a-Lot
Bolivia, Columbia, the CIA
Any similarities, I won't say
But the dope gets in, uncut like P-Funk
Headin over borders in a scent-free trunk
Coffee over dope, but the dog can't sniff it
Remember that lady that was broke, she's widdit
Started with a key, clocked 17 G's
Then got another shipment, pure D
Headin for Brumlen, the money was betta
Rollin in a Porsche, in a cashmere sweater
Crime, revenge, I'm tellin you this
The people that laugh are the people that knows
Her community complained, callin the police
But where was the community when she was in the street
Dope's comin in, it's killin em at random
And I'm ashamed of my national anthem
My national anthem
My national anthem
My national anthem
I'm ashamed of my national anthem

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