

My Country (ft. Millennium Thug)

Nas

American born, American raised, American made
My country shitty on me (My country)
She wants to get rid of me (Naw, never)
'Cause the things I seen (We know too much)
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It was packed on the Ryker's bus
The tight 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 72 caddy
Died in a robbery, can't remember him, was probably 3
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 shortiez gots 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 20 inch, long as we got gas and 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, hog tie gag
Forget the life we had, now we all rebels

Everything burnt down includin' the ghetto
We can see for miles the land it's 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, AK's max, ABR's spittin' and it ain't a rap
My mommy dearest pray for me hopin' I come back
But yoMy country shitted on me (My country)
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'Cause the things I seen (We know too much)
'Cause the things I seen (We seen too much)Yo, 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 scribeBut 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 block bench, all block gates
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 8 of mine, at night I hear grown man cryin'
You know I'm spittin' mine
I ain't goin' out here, we gotta win
Every time 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 want to escape
And if y'all niggas feelin' like me, y'all niggas just sayMy country shitted on me (My country)
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Songwriters

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