

# My Country

## Julian Thome

American born, American raised, American made  
My country shitted 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 yo  
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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 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 rebel  
There'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 say

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This 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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