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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