

My Country (Remix) (Feat. Lo Keys)

Nas

American born, American raised, American made[Chorus 2X]

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)

Cause the things I seen (We seen too much)[Verse 1 (Nas)]

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

[Repeat Chorus][Verse 2 (Millenium Thug)]

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, hold tie gag

Forget the life had, now we all rebels

Everything burnt down includin' the ghetto

We can see 4 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, AK's max, ABR's spittin' and it ain't a rap
My mommy dearest pray for me hopin' I come back
But yo

[Repeat Chorus][Verse 3 (Nas + Millenium Thug)]

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

[MT] 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[Verse 4 (Millenium Thug)]

There'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

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[Repeat Chorus][Nas talking...]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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