

American Terrorist (feat. Matthew Santos)

Lupe Fiasco

(Close your mind, close your eyes, see with your heart
How do you forgive the murderer of your father?
The ink of a scholar is worth a thousand times more than the blood of a martyr) We came through the storm,
nooses on our necks
And a smallpox blanket to keep us warm
On a 747 on the pentagon lawn
Wake up, the alarm clock is connected to a bomb Anthrax lab on a west Virginia farm
Shorty ain't learned to walk already heavily armed
Civilians and little children is especially harmed
Camouflaged Torahs, bibles and glorious Qu'rans
The books that take you to heaven and let you meet the Lord there
Have become misinterpreted, reasons for warfare
We read em with blind eyes I guarantee you there's More there
The rich must be blind because they didn't see the poor there Need to open up a park? Just close 10 schools
We don't need em
Can you please call the fire department they're down here marching for freedom
Burn down their TV's, turn their TV's on to teach 'em The more money that they make
The more money that they make
The better and better they live
Whatever they want to take
Whatever they want to take
Whatever, whatever it is
The more that you want to learn
The more that you try to learn
The better and better it gets
American Terrorist Now the poor Klu Klux man say that we're all brothers
Not because things are the same because
we lack the same color that's green, now that's mean
Can't burn his cross cause he can't afford the gasoline
Now if a Muslim woman strapped with a bomb on a bus,
With the seconds running give you the jitters?
Just imagine a American-based Christian organization
planning to poison water supplies to bring the second-coming quicker
Nigga, that ain't livin' properly
Break 'em off a little democracy
Turn their whole culture to a mockery
Give em coca-cola for their property
Give em gum, give em guns, get em young, give em fun
But if they ain't giving it up, then they ain't getting none

And don't give em all, no ,man, just give em some
It's the paper, then these cops must be Al-Qaeda
The more money that they make
The better and better they live
Whatever they want to take
Whatever they want to take
Whatever, whatever it is
The more that you want to learn
The more that you try to learn
The better and better it gets
American Terrorist
It's like
Don't give the black man food, give red man liquor
Red man fool, black man nigga
Give yellow man tool, make him railroad builder
Also give him pan, make him pull gold from river
Give black man crack, glocks and things
Give red man craps, slot machines

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>