

# Dear America - Intro

## Shyne

Dear America  
I'm only what you made me  
Young, black and fuckin' crazy  
Please save me I'm dyin' inside  
Can't you see it in my eyes?  
I'm hopeless, fearless on the outside  
Gun on my side Shit, maybe if y'all niggas build schools instead of prison  
I'll stop livin' the way I'm livin', probably not  
I'm so used to servin' rocks and burnin' blocks  
I ain't never gonna stop Been doin' this shit all my life  
I'm a lost cause  
And what about the rest?  
Don't them suckers deserve a chance? Somethin' better than a shoot-outs, liquor stores and food stamps?  
Maybe if y'all teach them niggas a craft an' a trade  
They wouldn't have to play that corner  
Y'know what I mean? Servin' that yay America, you got a fuckin' problem  
An' I ain't never goin' away  
There's about 20 million other muthafuckers just like me  
Preparations is through, y'all gonna pay

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