Made In Black America (Feat. Ab-Soul)

Common

(Intro)
The Los Angeles Leakers,
That is an amazing name
Whomever came up with that name
Is a f...freaking genius
Tearing this bitch up!
This is another Los Angeles Leaker
You fucking corkscrew face-having ass motherfucker!(Verse)
Made in Black America, metaphor for a predator
Been to the Mediterranean, on my papers like a editor
I flow like a reservoir, dog
Rap Tarantino, off the chain like Django
Still let the chain glow, where they bang known
And niggas get shot like camera angles
In rap videos put up on Vimeo
I'm where the buck 50 bicentennial perennial all-star
Fruit that don't fall far from Islam
When rap is dead, I had the fluid that embalmed
I speak, you know I'm in the building like an intercom
Enter Com, the world's most...
Intricate, integrated with imminent
Domain, I'm feeling myself like a sentiment-
-tal letter written to myself, aspirin' for greatness, wellness and wealth
I'm cold, I'm hard to melt
I'm more than a hot song, or a hot album
Ask my ex, I still live on like Malcolm
My spirit and style done a transformation
Make room, I don't need reservations
You suite as a hotel, I stay presidential
Strange to be sinful and know that Heaven sent you
To rearrange the mental, I've seen things we've been through
It's hard for a man to claim gentile, let me change the tempo
I be with broads that got they shit together
Even if it ain't meant forever, still smoke the spliff together
The essence of the herbs, the presence of the words
Yeah you got a chest but I'm treasurin' your curves
You walk past, I'ma look behind you
Look you up and down to find you
Can see I was designed to, give you power and refine you

You fucking with me we can grind to
Gather the better Black America(Verse)
Made in Black America, takin' threats from a terrorist
We will never meet but the media feed hysteria
And I be inferior, if I be in fear of ya
More godly than gluttonous but my supper's superior
You know the difference 'tween the kids with the lunch tickets
And the ones with the money, in the cafeteria
I break bread with with my brethren like a pizzeria
Spinnin' dough, you'll find red dots over cheese, be a-
-ware of your whereabouts, don't be feeble
I'm pissed off, tinkle is the onomatopoeia
You's just a little star (twinkle) sure ain't me
Been a superstar since ma made me
My president is black
I wonder if Pac thought we was ready for that, or did we move too fast?
I don't give a fuck, shit my grandpa glad
They pass that gun law or not, niggas still gon' pop up dead
Yeah, I'm the Morpheus in this hip-hop matrix,
Exposin' fake shit
Used to borrow dollars, now my sense ain't so common
Went across the whole nation screamin' Hiiipower
Never been a racist, but I love horsepower, I'm hot
That's why I got the fans in the stands
Em fans googlin', enemies shakin' hands
Restorin' the balance, detourin' the malice
We kill you motherfuckin' mice with a mallet
This is Huey P Newton with a QP
Bobby with a Seale, Fred Hampton on pills
In the Hamptons, now that's real, what's happenin'?
I'm just trying to teach my homies 'bout the Emerald tablets
Stop the war in Syria over a bowl of cereal
Kill a instrumental then book a flight on Expedia
To the nation's capital, Golf Wang radical
Black lip pastor, tip the usher when he pass yah
Welcome to Black America

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

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