

Us History

Flipsyde

[Verse 1] Hustlin's in my blood my father's name is Britain
His history consisted of robbery killin' and pimpin
Filthy rich and the biggest killer that you ever seen
Once I'm older I'm takin' over ima be king
I was locked up in jail when he got the new land
Opened his cells I guess that's how the story began
First mission was to clear it out and claim it as mine
Indigenous people were peaceful it took no time
Great grandmother Africa was blind and disabled
Sons was traitors we played divide and conquer invaded
Sold her children into slavery and profited quick
Started makin' side deals and that's how I got rich
Daddy Britain found out and tried to put me in check
He don't understand I'm a man and I deserve some respect
Tried to bring it to me but I play for keeps and I won
Still my daddy but you ain't the only man with a gun
More money More problems little brother is wild
They call 'em The South he's country with a big ass mouth
Tried to show 'em new business but he don't wanna change
I love 'em but I knew eventually I'd blow out his brains
I'm America!

[Chorus]

You know you know God Bless America
You know you know God Bless America
You know you know God Bless

[Verse 2] Me and my daddy still cool and my uncles is with us
France Russia and Italy and we all killas
But it's this nigga named Germany that's out of control
Rollin with Japan and Turkey and them niggas is bold
Started fuckin' with my uncles and we all went to war
Uncle France damn near died at the tip of his sword
When the smoke cleared we won let 'em retreat
Shoulda' killed 'em cause they knew they had us close to defeat
Kicked it off again 20 years later it was on
This time my uncle Italy traded and he was gone
I was neutral when Japan hit me guess that he knew
I aint gone' let my family fight without me jumpin' in too
Woulda' lost if I didn't hit Germany's weapon supply

Kamikaze Japanese was always ready to die
Dropped atomic bomb let them niggas know that it's real
Speak soft with a big stick do what I say or be killed
I'm America!

[CHORUS]

You know you know God Bless America
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[Verse 3] I'm racin' with my uncle Russia we the ones with the guns

He supported the North so I rolled with South Vietnam
Thought it would be easy but almost 60 thousand died
They was harder than Korea so we ran for our lives
It's a family called the Middle East and they got bread
Sellin' oil they don't cut me in then off with their head
I got a nephew named Israel that's right in the middle
Pay his allowance as long as he can dance to my fiddle
I had a patna' named Iraq gave 'em weapons and money
Nigga started getting' power and he start actin' funny
Saudi Arabia's cool gotta son Bin Laden

I was trainin' his soldiers to go against the Russians and stop 'em
Then he tried to say I need to take my soldiers and cut
Gave 'em the finger that's when he flipped and blew my shit up

I took it to 'em, and then I took it back to Iraq and if you ain't my blood brother you gonna be flat on
yo' back

The sons of Africa just invented this shit called rap
Tellin' my secrets that's why I'm puttin' their heads on flat
Built an empire quick and it might not last
But I bet I go down in history as the one that smashed
I'm America!

[Chorus]

You know you know God Bless America
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Hustlin's in my blood my father's name is Britain
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The red the white the red the white the blue
The red the white the red the white the blue

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