

Welcome to America

Kembe X

I want it, I want it, I want it, I already got it
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I want it, I want it, I want it, I already got it
I want it, I want it, I want it, I already got it
Regardless gon' get it, regardless it's already mine
I can't vibe with none of your nonsense
It's stay out my noggin, since Nick's at Nite in like 09
Motherfuckers programmed and channeled
But I'm no complainin', I'm on that
I'm gon' set examples, bitch
I feel like Hypnotize Minds mixed with like Nas
Waging war ain't wore no camo
Started from SoHo to Carson, and landed on Landale
I feel like a Lambo, thoughts on fast foward
I twist up a Backwood, I bend over backwards
I'm always in limbo, my name Dikembe
I wag my finger at fuck niggas
All my shit sealed like a window
Oh okay, think I won't? Watch me then
Prove that a posse ain't shit to Apaches
Bitch, who gon' stop me then?
It's a police state, rap like the army
Most these new niggas steal styles and just "copy" them
I do it better, my shit more obvious
Honestly, trying' to tell you something you gotta hear
I'm not a product, not merchandise, you can not buy me
But I got OH YA for sale
First pictured Harleys, then orange and black bikes
The first time I heard it was a chopper sale
I'm taxin'
I want it, I want it, I want it, I already got it
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I want it, I want it, I want it, I already got it
I want it, I want it, I want it, I already got it

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

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