"Land of the Free" by Joey BadA$$



Part I

Yeah  
You know sometimes I think they don't truly understand me you know  
'Cause they don't

Can't change the world 'less we change ourselves  
Die from the sicknesses if we don't seek the health  
All eyes be my witness when I speak what's felt  
Full house on my hands, the cards I was dealt  
Three K's, Two A's in AmeriKKKa  
I'm just a black spade spawn out the nebula  
And everything I do or say today that's worthwhile  
Will for sure inspire action in your first child  
I'll begin my verse now

Part 2

Sometimes I speak and I feel like it ain't my words  
Like I'm just a vessel channeling inside this universe  
I feel my ancestors arrested inside of me  
It's like they want me to shoot my chance and change society  
But how do I go about it? Tell me where I start?  
My destiny rerouted when I chose to follow heart  
You told to follow suit, but tell me what it do for you?  
Except weigh you down, now you trapped inside the cubicle they built for us  
The first step in the change is to take notice  
Realize the real games that they tried to show us  
300 plus years of them cold shoulders  
Yet 300 million of us still got no focus  
Sorry America, but I will not be your soldier  
Obama just wasn't enough, I just need some more closure  
And Donald Trump is not equipped to take this country over  
Let’s face facts 'cause we know what’s the real motives

Part 3

In the land of the free, is for the free loaders  
Leave us dead in the street then be your organ donors  
They disorganized my people, made us all loners  
Still got the last names of our slave owners  
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Part 4

Trickery in the system, put my niggas in prison  
All our history hidden, ain't no liberty given  
We all fit the description of what the documents written  
We been lacking the vision and barely making a living  
We too worried to fit in while they been benefitin'  
Every time you submittin', we all guilty admit it  
The Lord won't get you acquitted, but you still ask for forgiveness  
Put opiates in syringes then inject his religion  
How many times do I gotta tell you I'm a man on a mission  
Many times I gotta tell you I don't need no permission  
Or human with supervision, ain't no livin' condition  
I'm reaching out to my children, just hoping that they will listen  
Start a new coalition against corrupt politicians  
It's not enough pots to piss in, too many murder convictions  
Another family evicted, another black man a victim  
That's as real as it's getting, you should take recognition

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