

America

La Coka Nostra

Inequality is really unprecedented
Talking about the American dream
It's all collapsed
There was an expectation that things were gonna get better
There isn't today

Half-grinned dotty eyes, shadow by his hat brims
Stocks press red line, shotty in the black benz
Five fetched headlines, followed by a rap fiend
Red blood dripping in a black sink
Bottom line back end, money in a fat link
Gold chain, full drinks spilling on his linens with the cocaine
Women on his tip, made the models nervous
Putting waitresses through college with the bottle service
The kind of drug dealers' dreams you can follow furthest
Using yesterday's bullets for tomorrow's murders
Laughing with the passion with the masterminds, just to pass the time
Raise a glass of wine for the working man, he's asinine
The craft of crime, blue collar tradition
The high class or the two dollar edition
All salute to the man sipping cold whiskey
Where pursuit of the gold could be so risky

Once upon a time in America
We were told that the roads would be paved with gold
But when the well's done drying and the shells come flying
Go to church but it still won't save your soul
Once upon a time in America
We were told that the roads would be paved with gold
But when the blocks get shot up by the cops with product
Go to church but it still won't save your soul

My whole circle is large, barbarians with surgical scars
Send you vertical to the stars while avoiding the murder charge
Blow your brains like Kennedy in convertible cars
We stay trapped on the block like cows herded on farms

Heard the alarm, then my brain froze
I'm marked with plain clothes
Hopping out and popping my peoples giving them halos
The beast feast on fear and power and greed
Powder the weed, planting weapons where the innocent bleed
The ignorant breed descended wicked sons with guns
To shoot first, then interrogate with bloods in my lungs
I swear to Jesus the police are the fiendish serving to Satan
A serpent's forsaken the searches they nervously shaking
The shots shatter sound matter, body splatters and drops
Scatter the block, ain't a predator deadlier than the cop
Night sticks leaving sticky blood stains on my white kicks
For slinging that white bitch, I stay on the night shift

Went from blocks in the sandbox to rocks on my man's block
The only threat, these fag cops
Kept it moving like black ops
Used to be park bench philosophers
The forty ounce bottle mafia, now we sipping wine with tilapia
Whether from Crooklyn or Compton, turn your problems to options

f*ck devils, demons and monsters, American dreaming constant
Building schemes up to profit, built to defeat the nonsense
Either kill them with kindness or pop them and drop them in a ditch
On to the next endeavor, we investing forever
But tomorrow's a lifetime away from this very second
And it only takes a second to fire a gun
Another second to die young
Is this the American dream or a nightmare?
Is life fair? I don't know but I'll be right there
With ya if they try to hit you, standing back to back with pistols in the picture
Eight million stories like the riddles in the scripture