

Dear America

Shyne

Dear america, im only what you made me...
Young, black, and fuckin crazy.
Please save me.

Im dyin inside,
Cant you see it in my eyes?
Im hopeless, fearless on the outside
Gun on my side, shit

Maybe if y'all niggas build schools instead of prison,
Id stop livin the way in livin.
Probably not.
Im so used to servin rocks and burnin blocks
I aint never goin stop.
Been doin this shit all my life.
Im a lost cause.
But what bout the rest?
Don't them suckas deserve a chance?
Somethin better then shoot outs, liquor stores, and food stamps
Maybe if y'all teach them niggas a craft and a trade they would
n't have to play that corner,
You know wha i mean, servin that yay

America, you got a fuckin problem and i aint never goin away.
There's bout 20 million other motha fuckas just like me.
Reperations is due,
And y'all goin pay