

The Roots, False Media

[Chorus]

America's lost somewhere inside of Littleton
Eleven million children are on Ritalin
That's whay I don't rhyme for the sake of riddlin
False media, we don't need it, do we?
Pilgrims, Slaves, Indian, Mexican
It looks real fucked up for your next of kin
That's why I don't rhyme for the sake of riddlin
False media

[Black Thought]

If I can't work to make it, I'll rob and take it
Either that or me and my children are starving and naked
Rather be a criminal pro than to follow the Matrix
Hey it's me a monster y'all done created
I've been inaugurated
Keep the bright lights out of our faces
You can't shake it, it ain't no way to swallow the hatred
Aim, fire, holla about a dollar, nothin in sacred
We gone pimp, the shit out of nature
Send our troops to get my paper
Tell 'em stay away from them skyscrapers
Ain't long for you get y'all acres
I'ma show 'em who's the global gangster
Sentence me to four more years, thank you
I'ma make you feel a little bit safer
Because it ain't over
See that's how we get your fear to control you
But ain't nobody under more control than the soldier
And how could you expect a kid to keep his composure
When all sorts of thoughts fought for exposure again

[Chorus 3X]

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False media, we don't need it, do we [repeat 4X]