

# 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]