

Kanye West, Who Will Survive In America

[Verse: Gil Scott-Heron]

Us living as we do upside-down

And the new word to have is revolution

People don't even want to hear the preacher spill or spiel

Because God's whole card has been thoroughly piqued

And America is now blood and tears instead of milk and honey

The youngsters who were programmed to continue fucking up woke up one night

Digging Paul Revere and Nat Turner as the good guys

America stripped for bed and we had not all yet closed our eyes

The signs of truth were tattooed across our often-entered vagina

We learned to our amazement, the untold tale of scandal

Two long centuries buried in the musty vault

Hosed down daily with a gagging perfume

America was a bastard

The illegitimate daughter of the mother country

Whose legs were then spread around the world

And a rapist known as freedom, free-doom

Democracy, liberty, and justice were revolutionary codenames that preceded the bubbling, bubbling

In the mother country's crotch

What does Webster say about soul?

All I want is a good home and a wife

And a children, and some food to feed them every night

After all is said and done, build a new route to China if they'll have you

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