Lupe Fiasco, American Terrorist

Uh, close mind...close yo eyes, see with your heart How do you forgive the murderer of your father?....

The ink of a scholar is worth a thousand times more than the blood of a martyr.. Terrorist...

[Verse 1]

We came through the storm

Nooses on our necks, and a small pox blanket to keep us warm

On a seven forty-seven on the pentagon lawn - wake up!

The alarm clock is connected to a bomb

Anthrax lab on a West Virginia farm

Shorty aint learn to walk, already heavily armed

Civilians and lil' children is especially harmed

Camouflage Torahs, Bibles, and glorious Qu'rans

The books that take you to heaven and let you meet the Lord there

Have become misinterpretation reasons for warfare

We read 'em with blind eyes, i guarantee you there's more there

Rich must be blind cause they aint see poor there!...yea

Need to open up a park, just close ten schools we dont need them

Can you please call the fire department they down here marchin' for freedom

Burn down all they tepees, turn the TVs on to teach them and move!

[Chorus]

The more money that they make, the more money that they make

The better and better they live

Whatever they wanna take, whatever they wanna take

Whatever, whatever it is

The more that you wanna learn, the more that you try to learn

The better and better they get

American Ter-ro-rist.....

[Verse 2]

Now a poor Klu Klux man see that we all brothers

Not cause things the same, but cause we lack the same color

And thats green, now thats mean

Can't burn his cross, cause he can't afford the gasoline

Now if a Muslim woman's trapped with a bomb on the bus with the seconds runnin' give you the jitt Just imagine an American-based Christian organization plannin' to poison water supplies to bring the seconds running the seconds running to poison water supplies to bring the seconds running the second running runnin

Nigga, they aint livin' properly

Break 'em off with a lil' democracy

Turn they whole culture to a mockery

Give 'em Coke-a-Cola for they property

Give 'em gum, give 'em guns, get 'em young, give 'em fun

But if they aint givin' it up, then they aint gettin none

And don't give 'em all, naw man, just give 'em some

Its the paper, some of these cops must be Al' Qaeda nigga, uh!

[Chorus] x2

[Verse 3]

Dont give the black man food, give red man liquor

Red man fool, black man nigga

Give yellow man tool, make him railroad builder

Also give him pan, make him pull gold from river

Give black man crack, glocks and things

Give red man craps, slot machines

Now bring it back, bring it back

Don't give the black man food, give the red man liquor

Red man fool, black man nigga

Give yellow man tool, make him railroad builder

Also give him pan, Make him pull gold from river

Give the black man crack, glocks and things Give the red man craps, slot machines Now bring it back, Bring it back Bring it back, Bring it back Bring it back, Bring it back Bring it back, Bring it back