

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 th
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
Bring it back, bring it back
Bring it back, Bring it back
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