

# Lupe Fiasco, American Terrorists

(feat. Matthew Santos)

Close your mind  
Close your 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

We came through the storm  
Nooses on our necks And a smallpox blanket to keep us warm  
On a 747 on the Pentagon Lawn  
Wake up the alarm clock is connected to a bomb  
Anthrax lab on a West Virginia farm  
Shorty aint learned to walk already heavily armed  
Civilians and little children is especially harmed  
Camouflaged Torahs, Bibles and Glorious qurans  
The Books that take you to heaven and let you meet the Lord there  
Have become Misinterpreted, reasons for Warfare  
We read em with blind eyes I guarantee you there's more there  
The Rich must be blind because they didnt see the Poor there  
Need to open up a Park, just close 10 schools  
We dont need em  
Can u please call the Fire Department they're down here Marchin for Freedom  
Burn down their TV's, turn their TV's on to teach em

[CHORUS:]

The More Money that They Make, The More Money that They Make  
The better (the better) they live  
Whatever they Wanna take, Whatever they Wanna take, Whatever whatever it is  
The more You wanna learn, the more that You try to learn, the better, better it gets  
American Terrorist

Now the poor Klu Klux Man see that we're all brothers  
Not because things are the same  
Because we like the same color  
Now that's green, that's mean  
Cant Burn his Cross cause He Cant afford The Gasoline  
Now if a Muslim Woman strapped with a bomb on a bus  
With the seconds running give you the jitters?  
Just imagine a American-based christian organization planning to Poison water supplies to bring the  
Nigga they aint livin properly  
Break em off a little Democracy  
Turn their whole Culture to a Mockery  
Give em Coca-Cola for their Property  
Give em Gum, Give em Guns, Get em Young, Give em fun  
If they aint Givin it up, Tthen they aint gettin None  
And dont give em all naw, Man, just give em some  
Its the paper some of these Cops must be Al-Qaeda nigga uh

[CHORUS x2]

It's Like  
Don't give the Black man Food, Give Red Man liquor  
Red Man fool, Black Man nigga  
Give Yellow man tool, make him railroad builda  
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 [x2]