

# Nas, My Country Feat Millenium Thug

American born, American raised, American made

[Chorus: (2x)]

My country shitted on me (My country)

She wants to get rid of me (Naw, never)

Cause the things I seen (We know too much)

Cause the things I seen (We seen too much)

[Verse 1 (Nas)]

It was packed on the Ryker's bus

The tight cuffs is holdin' me shackled

The life of a thug caught in the devil's lap

On the streets I was invincible

Cowards would duck at a glimpse if they knew

What my pistol would do, a fuckin' killa

Mothers of dope fiend embarrassin' me

All in front of my friends

In the street smile with no teeth

I never knew daddy, heard he had a 72 caddy

Died in a robbery, can't remember him, was probably 3

Why didn't my folks just die in this society

Why wasn't I a child of a doctor, who left stocks for me

Two little brothers, two sisters, them shortiez gots to eat

Mother's a junkie, she twisted, so all they got is me

I'm the provider, with goals to do much better than my father

Whether through drugs sold, or holdin' revolvers

Blurry visions of dad holdin' me high

It comes to me slowly, the words he would cry

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 2 (Millenium Thug)]

It is I that step up

Me that don't give a fuck, you that bold, then it's all over soldier

Hummers and Range's through the desert

Fuck a 20 years, long as we got gas and we got water

Troopers lookin' for manslaughter

I gotta get back, for what they owe

Shoot'em in the back for the get back

Lead through shit bag, hold tie gag

Forget the life had, now we all rebels

Everything burnt down includin' the ghetto

We can see 4 miles the land its major rubble

And debris from the earth as we knew crumble

Yo you could see the sea

And the stars look closer to me

I'm a mad man, this is a real life movie Mad Max

S-K's, AK's max, ABR's spittin' and it ain't a rap

My mommy dearest pray for me hopin' I come back

But yo

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 3 (Nas + Millenium Thug)]

Yo, I'm sittin' behind these prison walls

I got this pen and pad wishin' on a visit, God

Brothers is here for homicide and yo, it's some for rape

Some brothers innocent, I pray that I could just escape

How is the war

And yo I'm wishin' I was in your shoes

Holdin' machine guns

Clean fun shootin' ducks with fatigues on

Anywhere is better than this

It's America's plan every color of man inherits the shit

Yo I'm startin to think it's all a scheme, nobody cares

I know the warden is readin' the scribe

[MT] But yo I swear, it's a billion dollar business

Courts, lawyers and jails

We all slaves in this business, I'm bout to rebel

[Verse 4 (Millenium Thug)]

There's not a bitch in sight  
All block bench, all block gates  
All gray fence, look who fucked it all up, Mr. President  
I remember yesterday we was on the block gettin' bent  
Now it's state of the art  
I just saw the first dude I met here, his head came apart  
What a bloody mess, a slug fest  
I just buried 8 of mine, at night I hear grown men cryin'  
You know I'm spittin' mine  
I ain't goin' out here, we gotta win  
Everytime I hear the wind I think a slug went in  
I'm checkin' my chest, holdin' my head  
Catchin' my breath, watchin' my back  
Smokin' this grass, beatin' my dick, thinkin' of ass  
I don't know what they broadcast, the news hash is fake  
Everyday I'm feelin' like you, I wanna escape  
And if y'all niggas feelin' like me, y'all niggas just say  
[Repeat Chorus]  
[Nas talking...]