

Sir Mix A Lot, National Anthem

Huey B. Newton shot in cold blood in west Oakland
Oliver North receives community service hours
for selling weapons to known terrorists
Tawana was brutally raped, but two fools said she did it to herself
A six hundred million dollar stealth bomber fails to fly successfully
And you say I should be proud of this song
Think about it AMERICA!

I'm living like hell in a world of death
Protectors of the people wear bullet-proof vests
Your little nephew, flipped him a Uzi
Took to the streets, shot em up and then "Who me?"
Locked in a trunk by Republican villains
Pinstripe suits, experts at killin'
Civil war, but some want out
Trapped in a box called the ghetto we shout
Headin' for the strip 'cause the squares ain't hip
Sell a couple keys, make the home boys trip
The president is a dope man's friend
The governments strong but the dope got in
Punish the accused, but the trial was short
A black man's dogged in a all white court
The jury dismissed, prosecutor says, "Can em"
Now I'm ashamed of my national anthem

The pentagon had a plan for a rescue
They said intelligence never makes miscues
The thirty-first was a day of death
Lieutenant Colonel Higgins, you know the rest
No negotiations with a terrorist force
But Iran's still buzzin' offa Oliver North
The Ayatollah's dead but the hearts not gone
The burning of the flag in Iran goes on
Anti-American, we're loved by few
We pay big money to the ones that do
The christian militia, they give us big knowledge
But the pentagon messed up and wouldn't acknowledge
Ollie took orders from the number one man
But the crap hit the fan and superiors ran
Democrats tripped, the committee said can em
Now I'm ashamed of my national anthem

Am I a communist? No. But my brain ain't slow
Not long ago, Mix-a-Lot was po'
Never helped out by the ones with clout
I was mad at the world cause I felt left out
Stealin' hub caps, stereos, anything to get paid
I realize I'm a modern day slave
Posse downtown, the sight was set
I saw my home boys mother with a buggy and a bag
People walk by, laughin' at poverty
I looked in her face and I soon saw me
College educated, but she can't get a job
The American Dream once again got robbed
Vietnam vets on the street, that's a shame
Fight for the man, and the man plays games
Dogged by the hippies, dope smokin' critics
You blame it on the soldier, but your government did it

My national anthem
My national anthem
You gonna teach me now about the care and feedin' of politicians

Bolivia, Columbia, the CIA

Any similarities, I won't say
But the dope gets in, uncut like P-Funk
Headin' over borders in a scent-free trunk
Coffee over dope, but the dog can't sniff it
Remember that lady that was broke, she's widdit
Started with a key, clocked 17 G's
Then got another shipment, pure D
Headin' for Brumlen, the money was betta
Rollin in a Porsche, in a cashmere sweater
Crime, revenge, I'm tellin' you this
The people that laugh are the people that knows
Her community complained, callin' the police
But where was the community when she was in the street
Dope's comin' in, it's killin' em at random
And I'm ashamed of my national anthem

My national anthem
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