

# America (feat. Mos Def & Chali 2na)

## K'naan

(K'NAAN)uh huh uh huh uh huh  
oh this takes me home,  
it makes me think about sitting outside of my old home when I was younger and singing  
something like[Chorus I (with translation)]  
gabar yaroo subhaano [Young beautiful girl]  
maro shabeelo hirato [wearing tiger-patterned]  
maro qafiifa huwato [light, thin clothing]  
maga'aaga ii sheeg [Tell me your name]  
magaeygu waa sharaf [she says: My name is Sharaf]  
sharaf haaji weeyan [Sharaf Haaji, it is]  
aqalada hariirta [Those beautiful houses]  
dhina baan ka jooga [I live beside]  
alla ya u sheega [Somebody please tell them]  
tinta u shanleeya [give them a clue]  
nahoy zamzamey [of you, Zamzam]  
sabaah nuurey [who shines like the morning light]  
adoo kin kin iyo [like the scales]  
kaluun badaneey [of a colorful fish]  
adoo hajka jira [while you were gone on Hajj]  
xasuus badaneey [had many memories]  
sahiiibtaa asho ashaq baa dilay [Your friend, Aisha died of love]  
ugu dambeyntiina [at long last (I realized)]  
aniyo geeluba [both I and the camels]  
wa u banaanbahnay [need love]  
[Chorus II - x2 (with translation)]  
wanagii orodnee [Remember us fleeing]  
nabad barinee [searching for peace?]  
mareykan waa laga soo waayay [3x] [In America, none was found]  
There are certain things fresh, and certain things mesh,  
I got my own sound, I don't sound like the rest,  
And even my attire and my choice of dress,  
And not long ago I don't spoke English  
The point is police pull me over a lot  
They wonder what kind of rap sheet I got.  
And sometimes I take a young girl out to eat,  
And hold the door open, oh you're so sweet,  
Of course my affection's super illustrated  
And I like to give don't reciprocate it  
Unless you could give me someone innovated  
And let's cook it up we don't refrigerate it  
But back to the country of the educated  
Where people get robbed and they celebrate it,

[Chorus II x2](MOS DEF)Maraken,  
 my country 'tis of thee  
 sweet land for robberies  
 dos smokin SUV's  
 red meat and army greens  
 fat and frills  
 thrills and spills  
 eat and sleep  
 hump and kill  
 shop 'til you drop  
 work 'til you dead  
 get all you can  
 then get in the wear (?)  
 outta my face  
 on your knees  
 sleep in the mansion  
 shut out the streets  
 make that cake  
 woop that trick  
 lick my swagger  
 suck my sick  
 get high get low get sticky get rich  
 get yo' own show get down get quick  
 you slow you blow you broke get fixed  
 terror dome, home swag home  
 terror dome, home swag home  
 home swag home  
 home swag home[Repeat Chorus II x2](CHALI 2NA)There are some things pure while certain  
 things blur  
 Dilute it with the lie and you believe when it occur  
 Falsified information got my people in the stir  
 We have to be in search of something equal to the cure  
 Straight out the door, I come to give you more  
 Lay the law keep it raw, when I speak it from the core  
 Get underneath your skin like I scratched you with a claw  
 Conflicted with the rich 'cause I kick it with the poor  
 I laugh in the face of adversity  
 Sound clashed with the bass 'cause it's natural to me  
 But if you pay attention to the past you will see  
 Not long ago you black they'd hang your ass from a tree  
 Certain things change, while some stay the same  
 Some are recluse, others are lovers of the game  
 I'm trying to walk the lane, the siratul mustaqim [Arabic for "the straight path"]  
 Instead of doing things that keep you covered in the flame.[Repeat Chorus II x2]Nanananana  
 that shit was cool in English, but let me get that Somali verse.[Chorus I]

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>