

American Terrorist (feat. Matthew Santos)

Lupe Fiasco

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 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 ain't learned to walk, already heavily armed
Civilians and little children is especially harmed
Camouflaged Torahs, Bibles and glorious Korans
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
Rich must be blind because they didn't see the poor there Yeah, need to open up a park
Just closed 10 schools, we don't need 'em
Can you please call the Fire Department?
They're down here marching for freedom
Burn down ATV's, turn their TV's on to teach 'em and move 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 it gets
American terrorist Now the poor Klu Klux, man, see that we're all brothers
Not 'cause things are the same
Because we lack the same color
And that's green, now that's mean
Can't burn his cross 'cause he can't 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 Second Coming quicker Nigga, they ain't living 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 ain't giving it up, then they ain't getting none

And don't give 'em all, naw, man, just give 'em some
 It's the paper, some of these cops must be Al-Qaeda, nigga
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 American terrorist
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 American terrorist
 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 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 they red man liquor
 Red man, fool, black man, nigga
 Give yellow man tool, make him railroad builder
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 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
 American, American terrorist
 American, American, American, American
 American, American terrorist
 American, American terrorist
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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