

Shyne, Dear America

Dear America,
I'm only what you made me, young, black, and fuckin' crazy
Please save me
I'm dyin' inside, can't you see it in my eyes?
I'm hopeless, and fearless on the outside, gun on my side
Shit, Maby if yall niggas build schools instead of prison,
maybe I'll stop livin' the way I'm livin', probably not.
I'm so used to servin' rocks and burnin' blocks, I ain't never gonna stop.
Been doin' this shit all my life, I'm a lost cause,
And what about the rest? Don't them suckers deserve a chance? Somethin'
better then shoot-outs, liquor stores and food stamps? Maybe if y'all teach
them niggas a craft an' a trade, they wouldn't have to play that corner, know what I mean?
Servin' that yay America, you got a fuckin' problem, an I ain't never goin' away
There's about 20 million other mutha fuckers just like me,
preperattions is through, y'all gonna pay