

The American Dream

Afroman

Yes! Yes! Thank you for inviting me here for my final speech.
Ladies and gentlemen, homosexuals, lesbians, and transvestites,
allow me to introduce myself as the Hungry Hustler, Afroman.
I am the American Dream. Even though the government tried to experiment with me
by placing me in the projects, I'm still the American Dream.
Surrounded by drugs,
jeopardized my life by living around thugs,
but I'm still the American Dream.
Kicked outta Palmdale High School
because I was considered a distraction to the educational process.
I've traveled through the complete metamorphosis of the justice system,
and I'm still the American Dream.
Entered Juvenile Hall as a tadpole;
hopped outta prison as a bull frog,
but I'm still the American Dream.
The most rejected, disrespected,
when I went for a job I was never selected,
but I am still the American Dream.
And right about now,
I find it quite serendipitous to see that all of you some-timin',
wishy-washy, two-faced, back-stabbin',
coniving hypocrites have accumulated here in my midst to persecute my character
with such flagrant slanderousity,
but I counter-attack by calling it constructive criticism,
and all of your negativity has been recycled into motivation,
and I am still the American Dream.
Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I'm found; was blind, but now I see.
There's a lot of people out there who can identify with me.
Young lady right here, you may be a single teenaged mother,
but you are still the American Dream.
The lady next to you, yes. Your breasts may not be as big as men think they should be,
but you are still the American Dream.
Young man, you may not be a baller, shot caller,
with 20 inch blades on the impala, but you are still the American Dream.
Young man right here, you may have spent all your money on a hood rat bitch
and didn't get no pussy last night, but you are still the American Dream.
Yes sir, I am just like Ham. I'm for the black man,
the mexican, and even poor white,
all human beings that have no rights. So put down your past, pick up your future,
follow me as we journey through the Red Sea,
cause I have been to the mountain top,

I've seen the Promised Land,
mine eyes have seen the glory of the Underground Category.
My mind has been delivered.
My spirit has been reinstated from the Corporate World's modern-day slavery.
I've been emancipated. Free at last! Free at last! Fuck a drug test,
I'm fittin' to roll some grass. Love, peace, and Afro grease, Fro-ever! Buccoooc!
A-E-I-O-U, and sometimes W. 'Cuz I'm high, cuz I'm high, cuz I'm high
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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