

Uncle Sam Goddamn

Brother Ali

The name of this song is "Uncle Sam Goddamn"
It's a show tune, but the show ain't been written for it yet
We gonna see if Tony Jerome and the band can maybe work this shit out for me
Straighten me out right quick
I like it so far, man Yeah Come on, let's go Welcome to the United Snakes
Land of the Thief, Home of the Slave
Grand imperial guard
where the dollar is sacred and proud Let's do this shit for real, come on now Smoke and mirrors,
stripes and stars
Stoning for the cross in the name of God
Bloodshed, genocide, rape and fraud
Writ into the pages of the law, good lord
The cold continent latchkey child
Ran away one day and started acting foul
King of where the wild things are, daddy's proud
Cause the Roman Empire done passed it down Imported and tortured a workforce
and never healed the wounds or shook the curse off
Now the grown up Goliath nation
holding open auditions for the part of David, can you feel it? Nothing can save you, you
question the reign
You get rushed in and chained up
Fists raised but I must be insane
'cause I can't figure a single goddamn way to change it But welcome to the United Snakes
Land of the Thief, Home of the Slave
The grand imperial guard
where the dollar is sacred and power is god
Welcome to the United Snakes
Land of the Thief, Home of the Slave
The grand imperial guard
where the dollar is sacred and power is god All must bow to the fat and lazy
The fuck you obey me and why do they hate me, who me
Only two generations away from the
world's most despicable slavery trade Pioneered so many ways to degrade a human being
That it can't be changed to this day
Legacy so ingrained in the way that we think
We no longer need chains to be slaves Lord, it's a shameful display
The overseers even got raped along the way
Cause the children can't escape from the pain
And they born with the poisonous hatred in their veins Try and separate a man from his soul
You only strengthen him and lose your own
But shoot that fucker if he walk near the throne
Remind him that this is my home (now I'm gone) Welcome to the United Snakes

Land of the Thief, Home of the Slave
The grand imperial guard
where the dollar is sacred and power is godWelcome to the United Snakes
Land of the Thief, Home of the Slave
The grand imperial guard
where the dollar is sacredHold up, gimme one right here, hold upYou don't give money to the
bums
On the corner with a sign, bleeding from their gums
Talking about you don't support a crackhead
What you think happens to the money from your taxes?Shit, the government's an addict
With a billion dollar a week kill-brown-people habit
And even if you ain't on the front line
When massa yell crunch time, you right back at itYou ain't look at how you hustling backwards
At the end of the year add up what they subtracted
Three out of twelve months your salary
Paid for that madness, man that's sadnessWhat's left? Get a big assed plasma
To see where they made Dan Rather point the damn camera
Only approved questions get answered
Now stand your ass up for that national anthemWelcome to the United Snakes
Land of the Thief, Home of the Slave
The grand imperial guard
where the dollar is sacred and power is godWelcome to the United Snakes
Land of the Thief, Home of the Slave
The grand imperial guard
where the dollar is sacred and power is godCustom made
to consume the news
Keep saying we're free
But we're all just blues

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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