

# 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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 More money that they make  
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 The more that you wanna learn  
 The more that you try to learn  
 The better and better it gets  
 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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 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  
 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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