

American Funeral by Alexa Da Kid and Joseph Angel

Give me my freedom
Run from these demons
Please don't give 'em a reason
To spill blood on my sneakers
So I just put my hand up
Then they put me in handcuffs
They just scared 'cause they don't understand us
Try to beat us down when we try to stand up
I didn't even do nothin'
America, the beautiful
America, the murderer
America, the funeral
Oh
America , God bless America
They say they want freedom
But I don't believe 'em
'Cause they'll find any reason
To kill off they own people
If they'd just put they hands up
Wouldn't reach for my handgun
They just scared 'cause they don't understand us
Maybe if they tried pullin' they pants up
Oh
(Make it easier to run)
America, the beautiful
America, the murderer
America, the funeral
Oh
America, God bless America
Give me my freedom, yeah
Oh, baby
Yeah
Just give me my freedom
Oh, unh
America, the beautiful
America, (Oh, say the truth of-) the murderer
(What's it like living in-)
-America, the funeral
Oh
America, God bless America
America, the beautiful
America, the murderer
America, the funeral
Oh
America, God bless America