

America (feat. Mos Def & Chali 2na)

K'naan

(K'NAAN)uh huh uh huh uh huh
oh this takes me home,
it makes me think about sitting outside of my old home when I was younger and singing
something like[Chorus I (with translation)]
gabar yaroo subhaano [Young beautiful girl]
maro shabeelo hirato [wearing tiger-patterned]
maro qafiifa huwato [light, thin clothing]
maga'aaga ii sheeg [Tell me your name]
magaeygu waa sharaf [she says: My name is Sharaf]
sharaf haaji weeyan [Sharaf Haaji, it is]
aqalada hariirta [Those beautiful houses]
dhina baan ka jooga [I live beside]
alla ya u sheega [Somebody please tell them]
tinta u shanleeya [give them a clue]
nahoy zamzamey [of you, Zamzam]
sabaah nuurey [who shines like the morning light]
adoo kin kin iyo [like the scales]
kaluun badaneey [of a colorful fish]
adoo hajka jira [while you were gone on Hajj]
xasuus badaneey [had many memories]
sahiiibtaa asho ashaq baa dilay [Your friend, Aisha died of love]
ugu dambeyntiina [at long last (I realized)]
aniyo geeluba [both I and the camels]
wa u banaanbahnay [need love]
[Chorus II - x2 (with translation)]
wanagii orodnee [Remember us fleeing]
nabad barinee [searching for peace?]
mareykan waa laga soo waayay [3x] [In America, none was found]
There are certain things fresh, and certain things mesh,
I got my own sound, I don't sound like the rest,
And even my attire and my choice of dress,
And not long ago I don't spoke English
The point is police pull me over a lot
They wonder what kind of rap sheet I got.
And sometimes I take a young girl out to eat,
And hold the door open, oh you're so sweet,
Of course my affection's super illustrated
And I like to give don't reciprocate it
Unless you could give me someone innovated
And let's cook it up we don't refrigerate it
But back to the country of the educated
Where people get robbed and they celebrate it,

[Chorus II x2](MOS DEF)Maraken,
my country 'tis of thee
sweet land for robberies
dos smokin SUV's
red meat and army greens
fat and frills
thrills and spills
eat and sleep
hump and kill
shop 'til you drop
work 'til you dead
get all you can
then get in the wear (?)
outta my face
on your knees
sleep in the mansion
shut out the streets
make that cake
woop that trick
lick my swagger
suck my sick
get high get low get sticky get rich
get yo' own show get down get quick
you slow you blow you broke get fixed
terror dome, home swag home
terror dome, home swag home
home swag home
home swag home[Repeat Chorus II x2](CHALI 2NA)There are some things pure while certain
things blur
Dilute it with the lie and you believe when it occur
Falsified information got my people in the stir
We have to be in search of something equal to the cure
Straight out the door, I come to give you more
Lay the law keep it raw, when I speak it from the core
Get underneath your skin like I scratched you with a claw
Conflicted with the rich 'cause I kick it with the poor
I laugh in the face of adversity
Sound clashed with the bass 'cause it's natural to me
But if you pay attention to the past you will see
Not long ago you black they'd hang your ass from a tree
Certain things change, while some stay the same
Some are recluse, others are lovers of the game
I'm trying to walk the lane, the siratul mustaqim [Arabic for "the straight path"]
Instead of doing things that keep you covered in the flame.[Repeat Chorus II x2]Nanananana
that shit was cool in English, but let me get that Somali verse.[Chorus I]

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