

**I want to live
And at the end of the sun
I stay in a step
Everything was written fake**

Life is full of ambition
For the rich people only

[Instrumental]
When I look in your eyes
And I hold you closer than I ever did
Baby it's gonna feel good

Well, I tried to write an honest song
About the things that I do
And I prayed to God that I'd be a success
And I listened to my friends' versions of the song
And they all said that the Lord would soon answer
But it wasn't to be
So I took the Lord's advice
And I went on my way with the songs that I had written
Telling the world that I was living

We're heading for something
5 minutes or more
Are you ready to go, let's go

We want revolution

Constant change
Give to everyone
Food and clothes

[robot voice]
Kill the government
Kill the system

But there is a price to pay
Just look at the price I pay
For everything I do
I lose sleep, I smoke weed
I'm pretty pumped for the weekend
Cause I'm getting older (older)
And there will be a day
When I look in your eyes
And I hold you closer than I ever did
Baby it's gonna feel good
So wet down your innocence
Baby it's gonna feel good

[Intro]
Where's the dial tone? Please be honest
I'm so tired of all these lies
They stop me from feeling and now it's hurting me

[Verse 1]
Tell me where you from, where you be
Them all gay, they not even straight
Homie you ain't pimpin' shit
All you trying to holla at me, bitch you can't test me

All you bloggers is a pimp
Ok, so you said you wasown before
Now you wanting to come and shove me
Pussy just as tight as the doctors gonna cut me
And you so upset that we connected like the housewives
Boy, you really misunderstanding
As if the word's in your mouth
Bitch just like in, I know that
But still I'm asking you, is it real?
Are you saying that you are a genius?
Do you have a message that you spill?
I'm so sick of being lied to,
I'm so sick of being pitiful
Is there something to believe?
Tell me if it's what you've always dreamed
'Cause I'm asking you, are you right?
Are you saying that you are a genius?
Do you have a message that you spill?
I'm so sick of being lied to,
I'm so sick of being pitiful
Is there something to believe?
I'm asking you, are you right?
Are you saying that you are a genius?
Do you have a message that you spill?
I'm so sick of being lied to,
I'm so sick of being pitiful
Is there something to believe?

The time has come
To make history
'Cause I'm running for my life
I'm running for my life

No matter where I go
I'm running for my life
I'm running for
But in the world of forget
I got a world of stories to tell
Tellin' the story of my life

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And I listened to my friends' versions of the song
And they all said that the Lord would soon answer
But it wasn't to be
So I took the Lord's advice
And I went on my way with the songs that I had written
Telling the world that I was living
And I kept on doing the same
But when I was going through the pains of my sickness
I turned to the music of the night
And I sang a song to cure my ills
'Cause I thought that the Lord would suddenly appear
And give the sickness away
But the Lord's not a saint
And the songs that I've sung
Despite all the preaching
Never made me great
And the Lord's not a saint
And the songs that I've sung
Despite all the preaching
Never made me great
And the Lord's not a saint
But the songs that I've sung
Despite all the preaching

Never made me greatforgotten
We want revolution
Kill the government
Kill the system
We want revolution
Constant change
Give to everyone
Food and clothes
A decent standard of living
Better not be a number 1 victim
All the wealth and the material things
Really piss us off
All the rich vulture dick usurers
Avoid the poverty
All the war and unnecessary goverments
Needs to be forgotten
We want revolution
Kill the government
Kill the system
We want revolution
Constant change
Give to everyone
Food and clothes
A decent standard of living
Better not be a number 1 victim
All the wealth and the material things
Really piss us off
All the rich vulture dick usurers
Avoid