

Wild

eleventyseven

Sisyphus and the boulder
Getting mixed up messages out here pushing for closure
Sick of being told to
Get ass, get cash, get blasted up till the casket knows you
Bought and sold to stock the broker
Like commodities just a product of the culture
Us on a missing poster
Funny how I've never seen a cop pull world peace from a holster

I could get wild
I could get loose
I could serve time like the rich kids do
I could stockpile
Guns to the roof
Stack'em like Yahweh taught us to
I could break ties
I could make do
Pop a glass roof with a number two
Or I could get high
I could get through
Can't get the joke then the joke's on you
The joke's on you

Shaken up running over
Every soul is a voter closer to your booth
Mister shareholder
What's another bi-polar soldier worth to you?
Cause there's a price on thinking and a tax on dreaming
And a pox on the home grown phony king screaming
"I'm doing what I'm able" like Cain said to Abel
I'm a Go Fish card on the Blackjack table

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Can I rise above my miseducation?
Pry my lips away from your conversation?
Paid off all your friends not to judge you but you
Rush to defend your fundament
Just to crush the underclass under it

I could get wild
I could get loose
I could show up on the evening news
I could stockpile feelings in you
Til you show up on TV too

I could break ties
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