

Crazy, Classic, Life

Janelle Monáe

You told us we hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men and women are created equal; and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; among these are life, liberty, and the—and the pursuit of happiness

Young, black, wild and free
Naked on a limousine (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh)
Riding through the hood real slow
I love it when we smell the trees (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh)
I just wanna party hard
Sex in the swimming pool (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh)
I don't need a lot of cash
I just wanna break the rules (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh)

We don't need another ruler
All of my friends are kings (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh)
I'm not America's nightmare
I'm the American dream (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh)
Just let me live my life

I want a crazy, classic, life
I want a crazy, classic, life
So if the world should end tonight
I had a crazy, classic, life

I don't need a diamond ring
I don't wanna waste my youth (Oh-oh, oh-oh)
I don't wanna live on my knees
I just have to tell the truth, baby (Oh-oh, oh-oh)
I don't wanna be let down
I don't wanna cheat on you (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh)
I just wanna find a God
And I hope she loves me too (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh)

We don't need another ruler
We don't need another fool (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh)
I'm not America's nightmare
I'm the American cool (Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh)
Just let me live my life

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So if the world should end tonight
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Crazy, classic, life

Handcuffed in a bando
White boy in his sandals
Police like a Rambo
Blow it out, blow it out like a candle, Sambo
Me and you was friends, but to them, we the opposite
The same mistake, I'm in jail, you on top of shit
You living life while I'm walking around moppin' shit

Tech kid, backpack, no, you a college kid
All I wanted was to break the rules like you
All I wanted was someone to love me too
But no matter where it was I always stood out
Black Waldo dancing with the thick brows
We was both running naked at the luau
We was both on shrooms praying face down, waist down
Remember when they told you I was too black for ya?
And now my black poppin' like a bra-strap on ya
I was kicked out, said I'm too loud
Kicked out, said I'm too proud
But all I really ever felt was stressed out
Kinda like my afro when it's pressed out