

Everybody's searching
But no one seems to call
A fantasy's not working
They're praying for us all
And at the final landing
I wonder who we'll be
Be the last man standing
On them TV (TV)

Put 'em up
Put 'em up
Let me see 'yuh
Shoot 'em up
Shoot 'em up
Bang bang
The world fiend for the gangsta' slang
I'm supposed to be saying these things or be rockin' a gold chain
Radio all day
Get it out
Descended from a priest so I pray
Let it out
Set it off
I'm on a plateau that's so cold
Canadian with the most soul
And boasts goals
See you're listening
The sun be glistening off my diamonds and thing
I rap and I sing
I'm the king
And what I bring is swag
I swag it out
I swag it out
I swag it out
I swag it out

I love Hip-Hop and you people don't know
What happened to the music of my childhood yo?
I'm going insane and I just don't know
Repeat the Black Thought, Questlove, and CeeLo

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Don't get me wrong
It's the new song
Don't get me hype
My life is this thought
Don't get me drinks at the bar
Don't tell me I'm taking it too far
Don't tell me I need a car
Don't tell me I'm a star

Don't tell me that I can't play guitar
Don't tell me Jimi Hendrix was a God
Don't tell me entertaining is my job
Don't tell me your image is a façade
Don't show me tarot cards when my microphone's large
Check it out
I'm blacker than the blackest in the ball
I'm freaky for these beats so creepy deepest on the prowl
I'm rocking for these people music televisions now
And what we chose to know rogue could go blow (blow blow)

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What happened to the music of my childhood yo?
I'm going insane and I just don't know
Repeat the Q-Tip, Mos Def, and Hyro

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