

## So Much Better.

Phony Ppl

They've got all of us confused I know we could be doing so much better

We are in the state of unnaturalness  
So I wear the hat of an activist  
We are all the same and they got our names on the blackest list  
Money ain't shit, it's the way they package it  
So, do what your passionate  
About time that you realize that we can fly  
Float your soul up and reach the sky  
The universe has ears and eyes  
It's watching you, what you say and what you do  
(It's way past due)  
I hate these things they piss me off  
They take our dreams and give us jobs  
Vibrations are way more than songs  
Subliminal conditioning's involved

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I've been stranded in the middle of a broken bridge  
In the middle of the ocean where hopeless lives  
But most of these folks don't know what it is  
To be hopeless and regain hope as a kid (shit)  
Ain't nothing to fix I'm as broke as it is  
Another cut open and rope tied around my throat  
Can I live?!  
Cause most of us smoking and choking and hoping that one day we  
'll be rich  
There's too many coffins to be talking about your losses  
We all getting sick (unfortunate)  
We slaves getting paid to these cooperates  
Just pork on a flame to this 'government change'  
And the way we take off with this  
I'm off of this...

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