

Where were you when we were dying?
Flying to Trump rallies, sipping the finest wine and
We fought off the Five-Percenter
They called him White Jesus, lowkey started to believe 'em
Why you ain't march on Selma?
Why you ain't tell the refugees "please stay with me"?
Why when you take communion, it don't remind you of your union?
That you too were once undocumented too
Why do you love your guns more than our sons?
Why you patriots first? Why you worshipping the flag?
It swims in my brainstem when acid baptists
Rehearse the worst like practice makes perfect
I'm out here on some world relief
Huh, what's a Twitter beef?
I play Monopoly with refugees
Who know they ain't gon' ever again see they home country
I'm out here on some world relief
What's a Twitter beef?
My boy Jeremy packed up, moved his family to Fallujah
You argue over bathrooms

So if I sound cynical
If I sound cynical
If I sound cynical
It's 'cause I'm cynical

When you lookin' at it all wrong
But you don't care to fix it, you prefer to write a song
Scramblin' ramblings of PTSD
The distrust is a drug, why you don't believe the best of me?
With ample examples of those who overcame generational sin stains
Rearranged brainstem, read New Jim Crow
You call 'em "white and woke," you say that you're kinfolk
How can you speak of hope?
With deep gulps of the irony
That even this tune is produced by three white dudes
It rattles in your rib cage, human echo chamber
Balled up in a rage and tossed up on a stage
Boy, you out here on some world relief?
You asking what's a Twitter beef?
You play Monopoly with refugees but never with your neighbors
You ain't even trying
You out here on some world relief?
You asking what's a Twitter beef?
Your boy Jeremy packed up, moved his family to Fallujah
And you argue over bathrooms
I'm cynical

I don't take too kindly to being lied to
I could look inside you
And I'll hate you if I fear you
And we fear what we're blind to
So if I sound cynical
If I sound cynical
If I sound cynical
It's 'cause I'm cynical

I don't want reconciliation, I want your gun
Take the privilege and power and then I pass it to my son
Do I believe my enemies are too far from grace?
My idea of a safe space is just blow them all away
Pray to my Savior, middle finger to my neighbor
Create a theology that helps promote that behavior
I'm an activist who hates change (cynical!)
I'm a doctor who wants pain (cynical!)
I'm a charity who profits off the generous
I am Jonah who wants the fall of Nineveh
Pendulum swinging, narrow minded, ignore the middle
Screaming for peace, turn around and I sell them missiles
Hurt for pride is pain, idols are struggle whores
Don't appropriate my space, we can argue who struggles more
He said, "disagreement doesn't mean that I hate you"
If you're intolerant of my views then what does that make you?
Cynical

We don't take too kindly to being lied to
(I think that makes 'em cynical)
I could look inside you
(Intolerant and miserable)
And I'll hate you if I fear you
And we fear what we're blind to
So if I sound cynical
If I sound cynical
If I sound cynical
It's 'cause I'm cynical