

You're Blind

Run DMC

Tenement buildings, and skyscrapers

Are polluted and often invaded
with troubled hearts, and weakened minds
Living their lives and hoping to find
the golden key, to prosperity
Never have a grip on reality
This makes day to day living hard
Trumpin your fate, never peepin the card
You just goin through life without a trace
when the answers you seek are in front of your face

You're blind!
Tell 'em D!

You're headed for the top, or so you think
But that's not true for you, your life is on the brink
of self-destruction, total corruption
You better get out or die from consumption
Sweat for a dollar, to get nothin back
Cause at the end of the week, you still get taxed
You'd even sell your soul to make your life correct
But with the rate of inflation you should eat your check
So you try to make a hustle, to get ahead
But the only thing you manage is to stay in the red
Coppin from John, to sell to Rex
And your jones for success has put your life in check

You're blind!
And you can't see
You need to wear some glasses
like D.M.C.
You're blind!

So you think the facts means you can't win
So you devote your time to a life of sin

Hangin out late is how you survive
Makin deals, talkin jive, and tellin lies
Pressure beatin you down
Like you're not handlin
And all the while, your mind is ramblin
About bein fly
Or even sly
And bein held low in the public eye
You decide these things but you don't know why
You're standin on a corner cold playin the post
Cause another sucker you were chillin the most

You're blind!
Yo you can't see
You need to wear some glasses
like D.M.C.
You're blind!

You (Run) round talkin bout what you hate
Livin your life just to perpetrate

You think your style is chill, because you're always cold
with your platform shoes and your fake gold
So you think you're bad
Sheer dynamite
But if you only knew the crew called you freak's delight

Wearin the tightest jeans, and shortest skirt
You think you're cold chillin, lookin like a jerk
No matter what you do, come out second rate
Thinkin you're on time but you're already late
You're blind

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The moral to the story may not be clear
And the only way to catch it is to lend an ear
Stop frontin so hard
Why don't you peep your card?
And your goals in life may not be far
Because these words I say are meant for you to hear
So if you bust these facts you will persevere

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