

For What It's Worth

Skyzoo

It so, basic that we all want to be famous and noticed and watched
And we all want money and riches and want
We all want the finest out of life
From a, from the most heartless gangbanger
To the most ah, virtuous police officer
AND we're all um, human beings
So we're all susceptible to our own weaknesses
Temptation is a very strong weakness

There's too much money in cocaine for me to be playin the broke game
Or at the nine to five with the no names
But here I be, nine to fiftin it with all of them no names
Tryin to figure out who I'm gon' blame
For where I be and where I be is nothin that I ever dreamed
Everything I'm turnin into was never me
None of this was scripted
Or maybe it was and I was too blind to get this
And maybe because I was too blind to get this
I threw it to the street
But look at me, I'm makin up excuses as we speak
See the reality of it is, it's easier to be cold out then bundled in
And he who be on the slow route is runnin thin
Or so it seems and now I'm treadmillin my life on a lower speed
All that really matters is a profit
Tomorrow I handle the aftermath of how I got it
Fuck all of the worryin and all of the second guessin
I don't got time to deal with a second question
Life is what you make it be and everything in life is shaped to be
I vow to turn it 'round and then bow gracefully
Not enough reasons to say no
And too many reasons to say yes and I ain't pressed to say so
Been dealin with the same dollar and the same dream
Lost between Plans A and B

And this is for what it's worth
I'm just tryin to be what I can be
I'm just tryin to be what I can be
But it feels like time keeps walkin
Time keeps walkin, walkin away from me

Huh, so for what it's worth
I'm just tryin to make what I can make
I'm just tryin to make what I can make
But it feels like time keeps talkin
Time keeps talkin and I don't understand what it say

There's too much money in heroin for me to pretend to be negligent
I'm ignorin it more than I ever did
And I can't lie, they say all it take is time to better it
But my clock is lookin foreverish
Like why can't I, be blessed with a more blessed set of wings
I see less as more or less everything
More or less everything that I ever wanted is all gone
And replaced with what I've been runnin from all along
So why even entertain the chase?
Why even pretend I was built to stay in this race?
The truth is my sweetest dream

Is so far from my hands that I don't even reach
I'm so far from a plan that right now, anything'll do
Cause if the lullabies that the corner sing is true
Then hit the play button and I'll be down until it's gone
All the hopes that use to be become the sounds within the songs
And with that said, I say "Good Morning America"
Say it once more just in case it wasn't clear enough
"Good Morning America", this is what your dreams are made from
As well as what your dreams could break from
Ignorin all the risks, all the cops, all the enemies
All the nameless bullets that could be namelessly sent to me
All the fame from pullin it and all of the fame
From bein on the wrong side, which one do you claim?

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Turned down every offer I was given
Regardless of the wrath or the temp, I'm pivot
And I'm just tryin to keep it straight and narrow
But I'm seein Satan's arrow and it's hard not to get hit with it
I'm duckin low and prayin that it all pays at the finish line
And that I don't have to pay for it when it's dinner time
But bein honest, left never looked so right
And that corner never looked so bright
The outcome ain't worth tryin not to be not outdone
Outrun what you can but where you run out from'll
Always be your home base
Until you lookin back home with a stone face
All the shit that you fall for is twinge with your dreams, all gone
You question if your questions were all wrong
You seein how it changed, each side of the game
Cause your pink slips is they bullets, neither got a name, damn

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