

# Paper Trails

Wrekonize

These social networks are really not that social. Uh-huh.

Log on login build yourself a colony to fall on fall in  
Welcome to the grid  
I'm an 80's baby so it was seldom as kid  
That we could welcome all who live who into my family room like this  
What a concept that something so intangible could object  
And have a teenage girl hanging herself from lack of prospect  
They call them your friends I call em connections  
Cause once the cables cut their no longer there for protection  
At times the web can counter your conception  
Break your spirit down and have you losing your direction  
Wander through the wire flying high over the cuckoos nest  
And try to dodge the squatters who be comment bombing you to death  
Does that seem like what friends would really do?  
Back stabbing slash a massive bashing on your breathing too  
Hide behind a firewall and firebomb your demon's fuse  
Leaving only paper trails which burn up in the ether  
Here's what you need to do

If you're losing friends don't let that bother ya  
Cause it's hard to tell the friends from followers  
It's real it's ill  
It's a long paper trail

Earn a friend lose a friend buy a friend foe  
Cellophane sentiments watch the seed go  
Maybe I'm the bad one maybe I just don't know  
But when I cop a stash my list of buddies will grow 10 fold  
So I try not to step on toes cause really the circle shrinks  
The larger my circle grows  
I hit up the botanica for mommas favorite wish list  
And tell her to make a potion that'll turn reality to fiction  
These fuckers think it's for the fame  
But really it's for reasons that I can't easily explain  
Losing more than I gain when I pander to what they say  
They ain't a part of my clique just cause they a clique away nah  
They rely on a book of faces  
But only get some love in fragments and small traces  
Too busy on our own while bitches will paper chase us  
Steady looking for cheese like rodents inside of cages

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I'll settle for 20 friends or the below  
How many of em are actually up For the roughest of roughest see we'll never  
know  
The circle of bodily changes  
It's personal modification  
No modesty and it's amazing  
The hazing is strange an it grows  
In the city we know to be home  
I get so busy that as I get old  
I feel the drone get above my zone

It's been a minute and this is a dividend of a significant trend it's ridiculous and I'm oblivious but I been lifting up on this curtain for so long Wrong

This book of the faces strong so shook and evasive I'm getting the feeling we're never alone

I'm walking around an stompin the ground

The Popular sounds a bottle of nouns you talk up the town an ya momma is proud cause oooh you got some followers now

Wow

I lose friends like it's a sickness

They bend like it's for fitness

But ben is never the witness

Get this kiddie so dizzy he's ready to gimme his every penny and beg for the ending and now for so long they been gettin us on with a method that they actually want us to call friendly

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Come one come all

Come down log on

Come one come all

Come one come all

Come down log on

Come one come all

Come down log

On

Log on