

Winding Road

Wrekonize

Tie an army to your bootstraps, coffee in your cup
Walking with an ancient boombox, screaming
What the fuck
In 2009 critics line is net form and kids want fans before they even sweat f
or em
Forced into a basement that's baking in the sun
With million other vagrants, they pay us just to run
See, planet earth's a treadmill, I'm tryna get my gun
Before they drop flights and stop air travel to my lungs
Dial an operator, got a problem with the matrix
Tired of being overlooked because we never say shit
Some might even go as far to say I lack passion
That's probably because I stowed it on a friendship that's crashing
Asking for a little respect and ration
While we get the lashing for seeking compassion
I once begged to use Compuserve as a teen
Yesterday I saw a murder on my computer screen
You see, fads and phases have swept the ages
Turning real places into a digital day trip
The basic nature is a devilish component
That forces us to capture the moment, and own it

But have you ever reached out on your own
For a dream that you could hold?
Looked 'round at what was going down
Seemed just out of control
And if you ever looked down deep inside but couldn't even find a soul
Then you know that this Truman show is like stumbling down a winding road

Got friends having kids in a world that don't support them
Picking up the paper, point of view is post-mortem
Each breath's a gift, wrapped in all kinds of boredom
So I contort them, then deport them in the morning
Exhale, flying through a tunnel with a set sail
Playing Miami heat and hope to God that I don't get hail
Feeling the blues because my hip hop mood is just not true
I'm lost, which door do I choose?
One side is underground hip hop fans
Too stubborn to raise his hands or support sound scams
The other side is Nickelodeon
Teenie-Bopping Jonas
Where you make popcorn with some big fucking bonuses
But it's too late, I left my theater camp
And plus I cheer for a chance to leave your ear in a slant
Putting me inside a Strange lame-brain purgatory
Where I can't go back to basement, so move the further stories
Unbe-fucking-lievable, flesh wound is bleeding through test tubes
And needles to get through; what's eating you?
My view is retro, Motown switched around
Type of shit to make you say, "Bitch, get down," like you're Chris Brown
I'd love some pot money but the rules are domestic
Making independent moves that fill your groove with asbestos
So here we are, locked late and top shape
Breaking my cuffs, still stuck between a rock and a hard place

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